THE WORKS OF LORD BYRON.

PARIS: PRINTED BY A. BELIN.

THE

WORKS

OF

LORD BYRON,

COMPREHENDING THE

SUPPRESSED POEMS.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT, AND A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

VOL. XV.

PARIS:

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DON JUAN.

"Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more Cakes and Ale?—Yes, by St. Anne; and Ginger shall be hot i' the mouth, too!"—*Twelfth Night; or What you Will.*—SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. XV.

DON JUAN.

CANTO XII.

I.

Of all the barbarous Middle Ages, that
   Which is most barbarous is the middle age
Of man; it is—I really scarce know what;
   But when we hover between fool and sage,
And don't know justly what we would be at—
   A period something like a printed page,
Black letter upon foolscap, while our hair
Grows grizzled, and we are not what we were;—

II.

Too old for youth—too young, at thirty-five,
  To herd with boys, or hoard with good threescore—
I wonder people should be left alive;
  But, since they are, that epoch is a bore:
Love lingers still, although 'twere late to wive;
  And as for other love, the illusion's o'er;
And money, that most pure imagination,
Gleams only through the dawn of its creation.

III.

Oh Gold! why call we misers miserable?
  Theirs is the pleasure that can never pall;
Theirs is the best bower-anchor, the chain-cable
  Which holds fast other pleasures great and small.
Ye who but see the saving man at table,
  And scorn his temperate board, as none at all,
And wonder how the wealthy can be sparing,
Know not what visions spring from each cheese-paring

IV.

Love or lust makes man sick, and wine much sicker ;
Ambition rends, and gaming gains a loss ;
But making money, slowly first, then quicker,
And adding still a little through each cross
(Which *will* come over things), beats love or liquor,
The gamester's counter, other statesman's *dross*.
Oh Gold ! I still prefer thee unto paper,
Which makes bank credit like a bark of vapour.

V.

Who hold the balance of the world ? Who reign
O'er Congress, whether royalist or liberal ?
Who rouse the shirtless patriots of Spain ?
(That make old Europe's journals squeak and gibber all.)
Who keep the world, both old and new, in pain
Or pleasure ? Who make politics run glibber all ?
The shade of Bonaparte's noble daring ?—
Jew Rothschild, and his fellow Christian Baring.

VI.

Those, and the truly liberal Lafitte,
Are the true lords of Europe. Every loan
Is not a merely speculative hit,
But seats a nation or upsets a throne.
Republics also get involved a bit;
Columbia's stock hath holders not unknown
On 'Change; and even thy silver soil, Peru,
Must get itself discounted by a Jew.

VII

Why call the miser miserable? as
I said before: the frugal life is his,
Which in a saint or cynic ever was
The theme of praise: a hermit would not miss
Canonization for the self-same cause,
And wherefore blame gaunt wealth's austerities?
Because, you'll say, nought calls for such a trial;—
Then there's more merit in his self-denial.

VIII.

He is your only poet ;—passion, pure
  And sparkling on from heap to heap, displays,
Possess'd, the ore, of which *mere hopes* allure
  Nations athwart the deep: the golden rays
Flash up in ingots from the mine obscure ;
  On him the diamond pours its brilliant blaze ;
While the mild emerald's beam shades down the dyes
Of other stones, to soothe the miser's eyes.

IX.

The lands on either side are his ! the ship
  From Ceylon, Inde, or far Cathay, unloads
For him the fragrant produce of each trip ;
  Beneath his cars of Ceres groan the roads,
And the vine blushes like Aurora's lip ;
  His very cellars might be kings' abodes ;
While he, despising every sensual call,
Commands—the intellectual lord of all.

X.

Perhaps he hath great projects in his mind;
To build a college, or to found a race,
An hospital, a church,—and leave behind
Some dome surmounted by his meagre face:
Perhaps he fain would liberate mankind
Even with the very ore which makes them base;
Perhaps he would be wealthiest of his nation,
Or revel in the joys of calculation.

XI.

But whether all, or each, or none of these
May be the hoarder's principle of action,
The fool will call such mania a disease:—
What is his *own?* Go—look at each transaction,
Wars, revels, loves—do these bring men more ease
Than the mere plodding through each "vulga
fraction?"
Or do they benefit mankind? Lean miser!
Let spendthrifts' heirs inquire of yours—who's wiser?

XII.

How beauteous are rouleaus! how charming chests
Containing ingots, bags of dollars, coins
(Not of old Victors, all whose heads and crests
Weigh not the thin ore where their visage shines,
But) of fine unclipp'd gold, where dully rests
Some likeness which the glittering cirque confines,
Of modern, reigning, sterling, stupid stamp:—
Yes! ready money *is* Aladdin's lamp.

XIII.

"Love rules the camp, the court, the grove,"—"for Love
"Is Heaven, and Heaven is Love:"—so sings the bard
Which it were rather difficult to prove
(A thing with poetry in general hard).
Perhaps there may be something in "the grove,"
At least it rhymes to "Love;" but I'm prepared
To doubt (no less than landlords of their rental)
If "courts" and "camps" be quite so sentimental.

XIV.

But if Love don't, *Cash* does, and Cash alone:
Cash rules the grove, and fells it too besides;
Without cash, camps were thin, and courts were none,
Without cash, Malthus tells you—"take no brides."
So Cash rules Love the ruler, on his own
High ground, as Virgin Cynthia sways the tides;
And, as for "Heaven" being "Love," why not say honey
Is wax? Heaven is not Love, 'tis Matrimony.

XV.

Is not all love prohibited whatever,
Excepting marriage? which is love, no doubt,
After a sort; but somehow people never
With the same thought the two words have help'd out:
Love may exist *with* marriage and *should* ever,
And marriage also may exist without;
But love *sans* banns is both a sin and shame,
And ought to go by quite another name.

XVI.

Now if the "court" and "camp" and "grove" be not
Recruited all with constant married men,
Who never coveted their neighbour's lot,
I say *that* line's a lapsus of the pen;—
Strange too in my "buon camerado" Scott,
So celebrated for his morals, when
My Jeffrey held him up as an example
To me;—of which these morals are a sample.

XVII.

Well, if I don't succeed, I *have* succeeded,
And that's enough; succeeded in my youth,
The only time when much success is needed:
And my success produced what I in sooth
Cared most about; it need not now be pleaded—
Whate'er it was, 'twas mine; I've paid, in truth,
Of late the penalty of such success,
But have not learn'd to wish it any less.

XVIII.

That suit in Chancery,—which some persons plead
In an appeal to the unborn, whom they,
In the faith of their procreative creed,
Baptize Posterity, or future clay,—
To me seems but a dubious kind of reed
To lean on for support in any way;
Since odds are that Posterity will know
No more of them, than they of her, I trow

XIX.

Why, I'm Posterity—and so are you;
And whom do we remember? Not a hundred.
Were every memory written down all true,
The tenth or twentieth name would be but blunder'd:
Even Plutarch's Lives have but pick'd out a few,
And 'gainst those few your annalists have thunder'd,
And Mitford, in the nineteenth century,
Gives, with Greek truth, the good old Greek the lie.

XX.

Good people all, of every degree,
Ye gentle readers and ungentle writers,
In this twelfth Canto 'tis my wish to be
As serious as if I had for inditers
Malthus and Wilberforce:—the last set free
The Negroes, and is worth a million fighters;
While Wellington has but enslaved the whites,
And Malthus does the thing 'gainst which he writes.

XXI.

I'm serious—so are all men upon paper;
And why should I not form my speculation,
And hold up to the sun my little taper?
Mankind just now seem wrapt in meditation
On Constitutions and Steam-boats of vapour;
While sages write against all procreation,
Unless a man can calculate his means
Of feeding brats the moment his wife weans.

XXII.

That's noble! that's romantic! For my part,
I think that "philo-genitiveness" is—
(Now here's a word quite after my own heart,
Though there's a shorter a good deal than this,
If that politeness set it not apart;
But I'm resolved to say nought that's amiss)—
I say, methinks that "philo-genitiveness"
Might meet from men a little more forgiveness.

XXIII.

And now to business. Oh, my gentle Juan!
Thou art in London—in that pleasant place
Where every kind of mischief's daily brewing,
Which can await warm youth in its wild race.
'Tis true, that thy career is not a new one;
Thou art no novice in the headlong chase
Of early life; but this is a new land
Which foreigners can never understand.

XXIV.

What with a small diversity of climate,
  Of hot or cold, mercurial or sedate,
I could send forth my mandate like a primate,
  Upon the rest of Europe's social state;
But thou art the most difficult to rhyme at,
  Great Britain, which the Muse may penetrate:
All countries have their "Lions," but in thee
There is but one superb menagerie.

XXV.

But I am sick of politics. Begin,
  "Paulo Majora." Juan, undecided
Amongst the paths of being "taken in,"
  Above the ice had like a skaiter glided:
When tired of play, he flirted without sin
  With some of those fair creatures who have prided
Themselves on innocent tantalization,
And hate all vice except its reputation.

XXVI.

But these are few, and in the end they make
Some devilish escapade or stir, which shows
That even the purest people may mistake
Their way through virtue's primrose paths of snows;
And then men stare, as if a new ass spake
To Balaam, and from tongue to ear o'erflows
Quick-silver Small Talk, ending (if you note it)
With the kind world's Amen!—"Who would have thought it?"

XXVII.

The little Leila, with her orient eyes
And taciturn Asiatic disposition
(Which saw all Western things with small surprise,
To the surprise of people of condition,
Who think that novelties are butterflies
To be pursued as food for inanition),
Her charming figure and romantic history,
Became a kind of fashionable mystery.

XXVIII.

The women much divided—as is usual
   Amongst the sex in little things or great.
Think not, fair creatures, that I mean to abuse you all-
   I have always liked you better than I state:
Since I've grown moral, still I must accuse you all
   Of being apt to talk at a great rate;
And now there was a general sensation
Amongst you, about Leila's education.

XXIX.

In one point only were you settled—and
   You had reason; 'twas that a young Child of Grace,
As beautiful as her own native land,
   And far away, the last bud of her race,
Howe'er our friend Don Juan might command
   Himself for five, four, three, or two years' space,
Would be much better taught beneath the eye
Of peeresses whose follies had run dry.

XXX.

So first there was a generous emulation,
And then there was a general competition
To undertake the orphan's education.
As Juan was a person of condition,
It had been an affront on this occasion
To talk of a subscription or petition ;
But sixteen dowagers, ten unwed she sages,
Whose tale belongs to "Hallam's Middle Ages,"

XXXI.

And one or two sad, separate wives, without
A fruit to bloom upon their withering bough—
Begg'd to bring *up* the little girl, and "*out*,"—
For that's the phrase that settles all things now,
Meaning a virgin's first blush at a rout,
And all her points as thorough-bred to show :
And I assure you, that like virgin honey
Tastes their first season (mostly if they have money).

XXXII.

How all the needy honourable misters,
Each out-at-elbow peer, or desperate dandy,
The watchful mothers and the careful sisters
(Who, by the bye, when clever, are more handy
At making matches, where " 'tis gold that glisters,"
Than their *he* relatives), like flies o'er candy
Buzz round " *the* Fortune" with their busy battery,
To turn her head with waltzing and with flattery!

XXXIII.

Each aunt, each cousin hath her speculation;
Nay, married dames will now and then discover
Such pure disinterestedness of passion,
I've known them court an heiress for their lover.
" Tantæne!" Such the virtues of high station,
Even in the hopeful isle, whose outlet's "Dover!"
While the poor rich wretch, object of these cares,
Has cause to wish her sire had had male heirs.

XXXIV.

Some are soon bagg'd, but some reject three dozen.
'Tis fine to see them scattering refusals
And wild dismay o'er every angry cousin
(Friends of the party) who begin accusals
Such as—" Unless Miss (Blank) meant to have chosen
" Poor Frederick, why did she accord perusals
" To his billets? *Why* waltz with him? Why, I pray,
" Look *yes* last night, and yet say *no* to day?

XXXV.

" Why?—Why?——Besides, Fred. really was *attach'd;*
" 'Twas not her fortune—he has enough without:
" The time will come she'll wish that she had snatch'd
" So good an opportunity, no doubt:—
" But the old marchioness some plan had hatch'd,
" As I'll tell Aurea at to-morrow's rout:
" And after all poor Frederick may do better—
" Pray, did you see her answer to his letter?"

XXXVI.

Smart uniforms and sparkling coronets
Are spurn'd in turn, until her turn arrives,
After male loss of time, and hearts, and bets
Upon the sweep-stakes for substantial wives:
And when at last the pretty creature gets
Some gentleman who fights, or writes, or drives,
It soothes the awkward squad of the rejected
To find how very badly she selected.

XXXVII.

For sometimes they accept some long pursuer,
Worn out with importunity; or fall
(But here perhaps the instances are fewer)
To the lot of him who scarce pursued at all.
A hazy widower turn'd of forty's, sure [2]
(If 'tis not vain examples to recal)
To draw a high prize: now, howe'er he got her, I
See nought more strange in this than t'other lottery.

XXXVIII.

I, for my part—(one " modern instance" more,
  " True, 'tis a pity—pity 'tis, 'tis true")—
Was chosen from out an amatory score,
  Albeit my years were less discreet than few ;
But, though I also had reform'd before
  Those became one who soon were to be two,
I'll not gainsay the generous public's voice—
That the young lady made a monstrous choice.

XXXIX.

Oh, pardon me digression—or at least
  Peruse! 'Tis always with a moral end
That I dissert, like Grace before a feast :
  For like an aged aunt, or tiresome friend,
A rigid guardian, or a zealous priest,
  My Muse by exhortation means to mend
All people, at all times, and in most places,
Which puts my Pegasus to these grave paces.

XL.

But now I'm going to be immoral; now
I mean to show things really as they are,
Not as they ought to be: for I avow,
That till we see what's what in fact, we're far
From much improvement with that virtuous plough
Which skims the surface, leaving scarce a scar
Upon the black loam long manured by Vice,
Only to keep its corn at the old price.

XLI.

But first of little Leila we'll dispose;
For like a day-dawn she was young and pure,
Or like the old comparison of snows,
Which are more pure than pleasant to be sure,
Like many people every body knows,
Don Juan was delighted to secure
A goodly guardian for his infant charge,
Who might not profit much by being at large.

XLII.

Besides, he had found out that he was no tutor
(I wish that others would find out the same):
And rather wish'd in such things to stand neuter,
For silly wards will bring their guardians blame:
So, when he saw each ancient dame a suitor
To make his little wild Asiatic tame,
Consulting the "Society for Vice
"Suppression," Lady Pinchbeck was his choice.

XLIII.

Olden she was—but had been very young:
Virtuous she was—and had been, I believe:
Although the world has such an evil tongue
That——but my chaster ear will not receive
An echo of a syllable that's wrong:
In fact, there's nothing makes me so much grieve
As that abominable tittle tattle,
Which is the cud eschew'd by human cattle.

XLIV.

Moreover I've remark'd (and I was once
A slight observer in a modest way),
And so may every one except a dunce,
That ladies in their youth a little gay,
Besides their knowledge of the world, and sense
Of the sad consequence of going astray,
Are wiser in their warnings 'gainst the woe
Which the mere passionless can never know.

XLV.

While the harsh prude indemnifies her virtue
By railing at the unknown and envied passion,
Seeking far less to save you than to hurt you,
Or, what's still worse, to put you out of fashion,—
The kinder veteran with calm words will court you,
Entreating you to pause before you dash on;
Expounding and illustrating the riddle
Of Epic Love's beginning, end, and middle.

XLVI.

Now, whether it be thus, or that they are stricter,
As better knowing why they should be so,
I think you'll find from many a family picture,
That daughters of such mothers as may know
The world by experience rather than by lecture,
Turn out much better for the Smithfield show
Of vestals brought into the marriage mart,
Than those bred up by prudes without a heart.

XLVII.

I said that Lady Pinchbeck had been talk'd about—
As who has not, if female, young, and pretty?
But now no more the ghost of Scandal stalk'd about;
She merely was deem'd amiable and witty,
And several of her best bon-mots were hawk'd about
Then she was given to charity and pity,
And pass'd (at least the latter years of life)
For being a most exemplary wife.

XLVIII.

High in high circles, gentle in her own,
She was the mild reprover of the young
Whenever—which means every day—they'd shown
An awkward inclination to go wrong.
The quantity of good she did's unknown,
Or at the least would lengthen out my song:—
In brief, the little orphan of the East
Had raised an interest in her which increased.

XLIX.

Juan too was a sort of favourite with her,
Because she thought him a good heart at bottom,
A little spoil'd, but not so altogether;
—Which was a wonder, if you think who got him,
And how he had been toss'd, he scarce knew whither:
Though this might ruin others, it did *not* him,
At least entirely—for he had seen too many
Changes in youth to be surprised at any.

L.

And these vicissitudes tell best in youth;
For when they happen at a riper age,
People are apt to blame the Fates, forsooth,
And wonder Providence is not more sage.
Adversity is the first path to truth:
He who hath proved war, storm, or woman's rage,
Whether his winters be eighteen or eighty,
Hath won the experience which is deem'd so weighty.

LI.

How far it profits is another matter.—
Our hero gladly saw his little charge
Safe with a lady, whose last grown-up daughter
Being long married, and thus set at large,
Had left all the accomplishments she taught her
To be transmitted, like the lord mayor's barge,
To the next comer; or—as it will tell
More Muse-like—like Cytherea's shell.

LII.

I call such things transmission ; for there is
A floating balance of accomplishment
Which forms a pedigree from Miss to Miss,
According as their minds or backs are bent.
Some waltz; some draw ; some fathom the abyss
Of metaphysics ; others are content
With music ; the most moderate shine as wits,
While others have a genius turn'd for fits.

LIII.

But whether fits, or wits, or harpsichords,
Theology, fine arts, or finer stays
May be the baits for gentlemen or lords
With regular descent, in these our days
The last year to the new transfers its hoards ;
New vestals claim men's eyes with the same praise
Of "elegant," *et cetera*, in fresh batches—
All matchless creatures and yet bent on matches.

LIV.

But now I will begin my poem. 'Tis
Perhaps a little strange, if not quite new,
That from the first of Cantos up to this
I've not begun what we have to go through.
These first twelve books are merely flourishes,
Preludios, trying just a string or two
Upon my lyre, or making the pegs sure;
And when so, you shall have the overture.

LV.

My Muses do not care a pinch of rosin
About what's call'd success, or not succeeding:
Such thoughts are quite below the strain they've chosen
'Tis a "great moral lesson" they are reading
I thought, at setting off, about two dozen
Cantos would do; but, at Apollo's pleading,
If that my Pegasus should not be founder'd,
I think to canter gently through a hundred.

LVI.

Don Juan saw that microcosm on stilts,
  Yclept the Great World; for it is the least,
Although the highest: but as swords have hilts
  By which their power of mischief is increased,
When man in battle or in quarrel tilts,
  Thus the low world, north, south, or west, or east,
Must still obey the high—which is their handle,
Their moon, their sun, their gas, their farthing candle.

LVII.

He had many friends who had many wives, and was
  Well look'd upon by both, to that extent
Of friendship which you may accept or pass;
  It does nor good nor harm, being merely meant
To keep the wheels going of the higher class,
  And draw them nightly when a ticket's sent:
And what with masquerades, and fêtes, and balls,
For the first season such a life scarce palls.

LVIII.

A young unmarried man, with a good name
And fortune, has an awkward part to play;
For good society is but a game,
"The royal game of goose," as I may say,
Where every body has some separate aim,
An end to answer, or a plan to lay—
The single ladies wishing to be double,
The married ones to save the virgins trouble.

LIX.

I don't mean this as general, but particular
Examples may be found of such pursuits:
Though several also keep their perpendicular
Like poplars, with good principles for roots;
Yet many have a method more *reticular*—
"Fishers for men," like sirens with soft lutes:
For talk six times with the same single lady,
And you may get the wedding dresses ready.

LX.

Perhaps you'll have a letter from the mother,
To say her daughter's feelings are trepann'd,
Perhaps you'll have a visit from the brother,
All strut, and stays, and whiskers, to demand
What "your intentions are?"—One way or other
It seems the virgin's heart expects your hand;
And, between pity for her case and yours,
You'll add to Matrimony's list of cures.

LXI.

I've known a dozen weddings made even *thus*,
And some of them high names: I have also known
Young men who—though they hated to discuss
Pretensions which they never dream'd to have shown—
Yet neither frighten'd by a female fuss,
Nor by mustachios moved, were let alone,
And lived, as did the broken-hearted fair,
In happier plight than if they form'd a pair.

LXII.

There's also nightly, to the uninitiated,
A peril—not indeed like love or marriage,
But not the less for this to be depreciated:
It is—I meant and mean not to disparage
The show of virtue even in the vitiated—
It adds an outward grace unto their carriage—
But to denounce the amphibious sort of harlot,
"Couleur de rose," who's neither white nor scarlet.

LXIII.

Such is your cold coquette, who can't say "No,"
And won't say "Yes," and keeps you on and off-ing
On a lee shore, till it begins to blow—
Then sees your heart wreck'd, with an inward scoffing.
This works a world of sentimental woe,
And sends new Werters yearly to their coffin;
But yet is merely innocent flirtation,
Not quite adultery, but adulteration.

LXIV.

"Ye Gods, I grow a talker!" Let us prate.
The next of perils, though I place it *stern*est,
Is when, without regard to "Church or State,"
A wife makes or takes love in upright earnest.
Abroad, such things decide few women's fate—
(Such, early traveller! is the truth thou learnest,—
But in old England when a young bride errs,
Poor thing! Eve's was a trifling case to her's;

LXV.

For 'tis a low, newspaper, humdrum, lawsuit
Country, where a young couple of the same ages
Can't form a friendship but the world o'erawes it.
Then there's the vulgar trick of those d—d damages!
A verdict—grievous foe to those who cause it!—
Forms a sad climax to romantic homages;
Besides those soothing speeches of the pleaders,
And evidences which regale all readers!

LXVI.

But they who blunder thus, are raw beginners;
A little genial sprinkling of hypocrisy
Has saved the fame of thousand splendid sinners,
The loveliest Oligarchs of our Gynocrasy;
You may see such at all the balls and dinners,
Among the proudest of our Aristocracy,
So gentle, charming, charitable, chaste—
And all by having *tact* as well as taste.

LXVII.

Juan, who did not stand in the predicament
Of a mere novice, had one safeguard more;
For he was sick——no, 'twas not the word *sick* I meant—
But he had seen so much good love before,
That he was not in heart so very weak;—I meant
But thus much, and no sneer against the shore
Of white cliffs, white necks, blue eyes, bluer stockings,
Tithes, taxes, duns, and doors with double knockings

LXVIII.

But coming young from lands and scenes romantic,
Where lives, not lawsuits, must be risk'd for Passion,
And Passion's self must have a spice of frantic,
Into a country where 'tis half a fashion,
Seem'd to him half commercial, half pedantic,
Howe'er he might esteem this moral nation;
Besides (alas! his taste—forgive and pity!)
At first he did not think the women pretty.

LXIX.

I say at *first*—for he found out at *last*,
But by degrees, that they were fairer far
Than the more glowing dames whose lot is cast
Beneath the influence of the Eastern star—
A further proof we should not judge in haste;
Yet inexperience could not be his bar
To taste:—the truth is, if men would confess,
That novelties *please* less than they *impress*.

LXX.

Though travel'd, I have never had the luck to
  Trace up those shuffling negroes, Nile or Niger,
To that impracticable place, Timbuctoo,
  Where Geography finds no one to oblige her
With such a chart as may be safely stuck to—
  For Europe ploughs in Afric like " bos piger:"
But if I *had been* at Timbuctoo, there
No doubt I should be told that black is fair.

LXXI.

It is. I will not swear that black is white;
  But I suspect in fact that white is black,
And the whole matter rests upon eye-sight.
  Ask a blind man, the best judge. You'll attack
Perhaps this new position—but I'm right;
  Or if I'm wrong, I'll not be ta'en aback:—
He hath no morn nor night, but all is dark
Within; and what see'st thou? A dubious spark.

LXXII.

But I'm relapsing into metaphysics,
That labyrinth, whose clue is of the same
Construction as your cures for hectic ptisics,
Those bright moths fluttering round a dying flame:
And this reflection brings me to plain physics,
And to the beauties of a foreign dame,
Compared with those of our pure pearls of price,
Those Polar summers, *all* sun, and some ice.

LXXIII.

Or say they are like virtuous mermaids, whose
Beginnings are fair faces, ends mere fishes;—
Not that there's not a quantity of those
Who have a due respect for their own wishes.
Like Russians rushing from hot baths to snows [3]
Are they, at bottom virtuous even when vicious:
They warm into a scrape, but keep of course,
As a reserve, a plunge into remorse.

LXXIV.

But this has nought to do with their outsides.
   I said that Juan did not think them pretty
At the first blush; for a fair Briton hides
   Half her attractions—probably from pity—
And rather calmly into the heart glides,
   Than storms it as a foe would take a city;
But once there (if you doubt this, prithee try)
She keeps it for you like a true ally.

LXXV.

She cannot step as does an Arab barb,
   Or Andalusian girl from mass returning,
Nor wear as gracefully as Gauls her garb,
   Nor in her eye Ausonia's glance is burning;
Her voice, though sweet, is not so fit to warb-
   le those bravuras (which I still am learning
To like, though I have been seven years in Italy,
And have, or had, an ear that served me prettily);-

LXXVI.

She cannot do these things, nor one or two
   Others, in that off-hand and dashing style
Which takes so much—to give the devil his due;
   Nor is she quite so ready with her smile,
Nor settles all things in one interview
   (A thing approved as saving time and toil);—
But though the soil may give you time and trouble,
Well cultivated, it will render double.

LXXVII.

And if in fact she takes to a "grande passion,"
   It is a very serious thing indeed:
Nine times in ten 'tis but caprice or fashion,
   Coquetry, or a wish to take the lead,
The pride of a mere child with a new sash on,
   Or wish to make a rival's bosom bleed;
But the tenth instance will be a Tornado,
For there's no saying what they will or may do.

LXXVIII.

The reason's obvious: if there's an eclât,
They lose their caste at once, as do the Parias;
And when the delicacies of the law
Have fill'd their papers with their comments various,
Society, that china without flaw,
(The hypocrite!) will banish them like Marius,
To sit amidst the ruins of their guilt:
For Fame's a Carthage not so soon rebuilt.

LXXIX.

Perhaps this is as it should be;—it is
A comment on the Gospel's "Sin no more,
"And be thy sins forgiven:"—but upon this
I leave the saints to settle their own score.
Abroad, though doubtless they do much amiss,
An erring woman finds an open door
For her return to Virtue—as they call
The lady who should be at home to all.

LXXX.

For me, I leave the matter where I find it,
  Knowing that such uneasy Virtue leads
People some ten times less in fact to mind it,
  And care but for discoveries and not deeds.
And as for Chastity, you'll never bind it
  By all the laws the strictest lawyer pleads,
But aggravate the crime you have not prevented,
By rendering desperate those who had else repented.

LXXXI.

But Juan was no casuist, nor had ponder'd
  Upon the moral lessons of mankind:
Besides, he had not seen, of several hundred,
  A lady altogether to his mind.
A little "blasé"—'tis not to be wonder'd
  At, that his heart had got a tougher rind:
And though not vainer from his past success,
No doubt his sensibilities were less.

LXXXII.

He also had been busy seeing sights—
  The Parliament and all the other houses;
Had sate beneath the gallery at nights,
  To hear debates whose thunder *roused* (not *rouses*)
The world to gaze upon those northern lights [4]
  Which flash'd as far as where the musk-bull browses:
He had also stood at times behind the throne—
But Grey was not arrived, and Chatham gone.

LXXXIII.

He saw, however, at the closing session,
  That noble sight, when *really* free the nation,
A king in constitutional possession
  Of such a throne as is the proudest station,
Though despots know it not—till the progression
  Of freedom shall complete their education.
'Tis not mere splendour makes the show august
To eye or heart—it is the people's trust.

LXXXIV.

There too he saw (whate'er he may be now)
  A Prince, the prince of princes, at the time
With fascination in his very bow,
  And full of promise, as the spring of prime.
Though royalty was written on his brow,
  He had *then* the grace too, rare in every clime,
Of being, without alloy of fop or beau,
A finish'd gentleman from top to toe.

LXXXV.

And Juan was received, as hath been said,
  Into the best society: and there
Occurr'd what often happens, I'm afraid,
  However disciplined and debonnaire:
The talent and good humour he display'd,
  Besides the mark'd distinction of his air,
Exposed him, as was natural, to temptation,
Even though himself avoided the occasion.

LXXXVI.

But what, and where, with whom, and when, and why,
Is not to be put hastily together ;
And as my object is morality
(Whatever people say) I don't know whether
I'll leave a single reader's eyelid dry,
But harrow up his feelings till they wither,
And hew out a huge monument of pathos,
As Philip's son proposed to do with Athos. [5]

LXXXVII.

Here the twelfth Canto of our introduction
Ends. When the body of the book's begun,
You'll find it of a different construction
From what some people say 'twill be when done :
The plan at present 's simply in concoction.
I can't oblige you, reader! to read on ;
That's your affair, not mine : a real spirit
Should neither court neglect, nor dread to bear it.

LXXXVIII.

And if my thunderbolt not always rattles,
  Remember, reader! you have had before
The worst of tempests and the best of battles
  That e'er were brew'd from elements or gore,
Besides the most sublime of—Heaven knows what else
  An usurer could scarce expect much more—
But my best Canto, save one on Astronomy,
Will turn upon "Political Economy."

LXXXIX.

That is your present theme for popularity:
  Now that the Public Hedge hath scarce a stake,
It grows an act of patriotic charity,
  To show the people the best way to break.
My plan (but I, if but for singularity,
  Reserve it) will be very sure to take.
Mean time read all the National Debt-sinkers,
And tell me what you think of your great thinkers.

NOTES TO CANTO XII.

NOTE 1.

Gives, with Greek truth, the good old Greek the lie.
Stanza xix. last line.

See MITFORD's *Greece*. "Graciæ *Verax*." His great pleasure consists in praising tyrants, abusing Plutarch, spelling oddly, and writing quaintly: and what is strange after all, *his* is the best modern history of Greece in any language, and he is perhaps the best of all modern historians whatsoever. Having named his sins, it is but fair to state his virtues—learning, labour, research, wrath, and partiality. I call the latter virtues in a writer, because they make him write in earnest.

NOTE 2.

A hazy widower turn'd of forty's sure.
Stanza xxxvii. line 5

This line may puzzle the commentators more than the present generation.

NOTE 3.

Like Russians rushing from hot baths to snows.
Stanza lxxiii. line 5.

The Russians, as is well known, run out from their hot baths to plunge into the Neva; a pleasant practical antithesis, which it seems does them no harm.

Note 4.

The world to gaze upon those northern lights.
Stanza lxxxii. line 5.

For a description and print of this inhabitant of the polar region and native country of the aurora boreales, see PARRY's *Voyage in search of a North-West Passage.*

Note 5.

As Philip's son proposed to do with Athos.
Stanza lxxxvi. last line.

A sculptor projected to hew Mount Athos into a statue of Alexander, with a city in one hand, and, I believe, a river in his pocket, with various other similar devices. But Alexander's gone, and Athos remains, I trust ere long to look over a nation of freemen.

DON JUAN.

CANTO XIII.

I.

I now mean to be serious;—it is time,
Since laughter now-a-days is deem'd too serious.
A jest at Vice by Virtue's call'd a crime,
And critically held as deleterious:
Besides, the sad's a source of the sublime,
Although when long a little apt to weary us;
And therefore shall my lay soar high and solemn,
As an old temple dwindled to a column.

II.

The Lady Adeline Amundeville
  ('Tis an old Norman name, and to be found
In pedigrees by those who wander still
  Along the last fields of that Gothic ground)
Was high-born, wealthy by her father's will,
  And beauteous, even where beauties most abound,
In Britain—which of course true patriots find
The goodliest soil of body and of mind.

III

I'll not gainsay them; it is not my cue,
  I leave them to their taste, no doubt the best:
An eye's an eye, and whether black or blue,
  Is no great matter, so 'tis in request:
'Tis nonsense to dispute about a hue—
  The kindest may be taken as a test.
The fair sex should be always fair; and no man,
Till thirty, should perceive there's a plain woman.

IV.

And after that serene and somewhat dull
   Epoch, that awkward corner turn'd for days
More quiet, when our moon's no more at full,
   We may presume to criticise or praise;
Because indifference begins to lull
   Our passions, and we walk in wisdom's ways;
Also because the figure and the face
Hint, that 'tis time to give the younger place.

V.

I know that some would fain postpone this era,
   Reluctant as all placemen to resign
Their post; but theirs is merely a chimera,
   For they have pass'd life's equinoctial line:
But then they have their claret and madeira
   To irrigate the dryness of decline;
And county meetings and the Parliament,
And debt, and what not, for their solace sent.

VI.

And is there not religion, and reform,
Peace, war, the taxes, and what's call'd the "Nation?"
The struggle to be pilots in a storm?
The landed and the money'd speculation?
The joys of mutual hate to keep them warm,
Instead of love, that mere hallucination?
Now hatred is by far the longest pleasure;
Men love in haste, but they detest at leisure.

VII.

Rough Johnson, the great moralist, profess'd,
Right honestly, "he liked an honest hater"—
The only truth that yet has been confess'd
Within these latest thousand years or later.
Perhaps the fine old fellow spoke in jest:—
For my part, I am but a mere spectator,
And gaze where'er the palace or the hovel is,
Much in the mode of Goëthe's Mephistopheles;

VIII.

But neither love nor hate in much excess;
Though 'twas not once so. If I sneer sometimes,
It is because I cannot well do less,
And now and then it also suits my rhymes.
I should be very willing to redress
Men's wrongs, and rather check than punish crimes,
Had not Cervantes, in that too true tale
Of Quixote, shown how all such efforts fail.

IX.

Of all tales 'tis the saddest—and more sad,
Because it makes us smile; his hero's right,
And still pursues the right;—to curb the bad,
His only object, and 'gainst odds to fight,
His guerdon: 'tis his virtue makes him mad!
But his adventures form a sorry sight;—
A sorrier still is the great moral taught
By that real Epic unto all who have thought.

X.

Redressing injury, revenging wrong,
To aid the damsel and destroy the caitiff;
Opposing singly the united strong,
From foreign yoke to free the helpless native,—
Alas! must noblest views, like an old song,
Be for mere Fancy's sport a theme creative?
A jest, a riddle, Fame through thin and thick sought?
And Socrates himself but Wisdom's Quixote?

XI.

Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away;
A single laugh demolish'd the right arm
Of his own country;—seldom since that day
Has Spain had heroes. While Romance could charm
The world gave ground before her bright array;
And therefore have his volumes done such harm,
That all their glory, as a composition,
Was dearly purchased by his land's perdition.

XII.

I'm "at my old Lunes"—digression, and forget
The Lady Adeline Amundeville;
The fair most fatal Juan ever met,
Although she was not evil nor meant ill;
But Destiny and Passion spread the net
(Fate is a good excuse for our own will),
And caught them;—what do they *not* catch, methinks?
But I'm not OEdipus, and life's a sphinx.

XIII.

I tell the tale as it is told, nor dare
To venture a solution: "Davus sum!"
And now I will proceed upon the pair.
Sweet Adeline, amidst the gay world's hum,
Was the queen-bee, the glass of all that's fair;
Whose charms made all men speak, and women dumb.
The last's a miracle, and such was reckon'd,
And since that time there has not been a second.

XIV.

Chaste was she, to detraction's desperation,
And wedded unto one she had loved well—
A man known in the councils of the nation,
Cool, and quite English, imperturbable,
Though apt to act with fire upon occasion,
Proud of himself and her; the world could tell
Nought against either, and both seem'd secure—
She in her virtue, he in his hauteur.

XV.

It chanced some diplomatical relations,
Arising out of business, often brought
Himself and Juan in their mutual stations
Into close contact. Though reserved, nor caught
By specious seeming, Juan's youth, and patience,
And talent, on his haughty spirit wrought,
And form'd a basis of esteem, which ends
In making men what courtesy calls friends.

XVI.

And thus Lord Henry, who was cautious as
  Reserve and pride could make him, and full slow
In judging men—when once his judgment was
  Determined, right or wrong, on friend or foe,
Had all the pertinacity pride has,
  Which knows no ebb to its imperious flow,
And loves or hates, disdaining to be guided,
Because its own good pleasure hath decided.

XVII.

His friendships therefore, and no less aversions,
  Though oft well founded, which confirm'd but more
His prepossessions, like the laws of Persians
  And Medes, would ne'er revoke what went before.
His feelings had not those strange fits, like tertians,
  Of common likings, which make some deplore
What they should laugh at—the mere ague still
Of men's regard, the fever or the chill.

XVIII.

" 'Tis not in mortals to command success;
  " But *do you more*, Sempronius—*don't* deserve it."
And take my word, you won't have any less:
  Be wary, watch the time, and always serve it;
Give gently way, when there's too great a press;
  And for your conscience, only learn to nerve it,—
For, like a racer or a boxer training,
'Twill make, if proved, vast efforts without paining

XIX.

Lord Henry also liked to be superior,
  As most men do, the little or the great;
The very lowest find out an inferior,
  At least they think so, to exert their state
Upon: for there are very few things wearier
  Than solitary pride's oppressive weight,
Which mortals generously would divide,
By bidding others carry while they ride.

XX.

In birth, in rank, in fortune likewise equal,
O'er Juan he could no distinction claim;
In years he had the advantage of time's sequel;
And, as he thought, in country much the same—
Because bold Britons have a tongue and free quill.
At which all modern nations vainly aim;
And the Lord Henry was a great debater,
So that few members kept the House up later.

XXI.

These were advantages: and then he thought—
It was his foible, but by no means sinister—
That few or none more than himself had caught
Court mysteries, having been himself a minister:
He liked to teach that which he had been taught,
And greatly shone whenever there had been a stir;
And reconciled all qualities which grace man,
Always a patriot, and sometimes a placeman.

XXII.

He liked the gentle Spaniard for his gravity;
He almost honour'd him for his docility,
Because, though young, he acquiesced with suavity,
Or contradicted but with proud humility.
He knew the world, and would not see depravity
In faults which sometimes show the soil's fertility,
If that the weeds o'erlive not the first crop,—
For then they are very difficult to stop.

XXIII.

And then he talk'd with him about Madrid,
Constantinople, and such distant places;
Where people always did as they were bid,
Or did what they should not with foreign graces.
Of coursers also spake they: Henry rid
Well, like most Englishmen, and loved the races;
And Juan, like a true-born Andalusian,
Could back a horse, as despots ride a Russian.

XXIV.

And thus acquaintance grew, at noble routs,
And diplomatic dinners, or at other—
For Juan stood well both with Ins and Outs,
As in Freemasonry a higher brother.
Upon his talent Henry had no doubts,
His manner show'd him sprung from a high mother;
And all men like to show their hospitality
To him whose breeding marches with his quality.

XXV.

At Blank-Blank Square;—for we will break no squares
By naming streets: since men are so censorious,
And apt to sow an author's wheat with tares,
Reaping allusions private and inglorious,
Where none were dreamt of, unto love's affairs,
Which were, or are, or are to be notorious,
That therefore do I previously declare,
Lord Henry's mansion was in Blank-Blank Square.

XXVI.

Also there bin [2] another pious reason
For making squares and streets anonymous ;
Which is, that there is scarce a single season
Which doth not shake some very splendid house
With some slight heart-quake of domestic treason—
A topic scandal doth delight to rouse:
Such I might stumble over unawares,
Unless I knew the very chastest squares.

XXVII.

'Tis true, I might have chosen Piccadilly,
A place where peccadillos are unknown ;
But I have motives, whether wise or silly,
For letting that pure sanctuary alone.
Therefore I name not square, street, place, until I
Find one where nothing naughty can be shown,
A vestal shrine of innocence of heart :
Such are——but I have lost the London Chart.

XXVIII.

At Henry's mansion then in Blank-Blank Square,
Was Juan a recherché, welcome guest,
As many other noble scions were;
And some who had but talent for their crest;
Or wealth, which is a passport every where;
Or even mere fashion, which indeed's the best
Recommendation, and to be well dress'd
Will very often supersede the rest.

XXIX.

And since "there's safety in a multitude
"Of counsellors," as Solomon has said,
Or some one for him, in some sage grave mood;—
Indeed we see the daily proof display'd
In senates, at the bar, in wordy feud,
Where'er collective wisdom can parade,
Which is the only cause that we can guess,
Of Britain's present wealth and happiness;—

XXX.

But as " there's safety grafted in the number
" Of counsellors" for men,—thus for the sex
A large acquaintance lets not virtue slumber ;
Or should it shake, the choice will more perplex-
Variety itself will more encumber.
'Midst many rocks we guard more against wrecks ;
And thus with women: howsoe'er it shock some's
Self-love, there's safety in a crowd of coxcombs.

XXXI.

But Adeline had not the least occasion
For such a shield, which leaves but little merit
To virtue proper, or good education.
Her chief resource was in her own high spirit,
Which judged mankind at their due estimation ;
And for coquetry, she disdain'd to wear it :
Secure of admiration, its impression
Was faint, as of an every-day possession.

XXXII.

To all she was polite without parade;
  To some she show'd attention of that kind
Which flatters, but is flattery convey'd
  In such a sort as cannot leave behind
A trace unworthy either wife or maid;—
  A gentle, genial courtesy of mind,
To those who were, or pass'd for, meritorious,
Just to console sad Glory for being glorious;

XXXIII.

Which is in all respects, save now and then,
  A dull and desolate appendage. Gaze
Upon the shades of those distinguish'd men,
  Who were or are the puppet-shows of praise,
The praise of persecution. Gaze again
  On the most favour'd; and, amidst the blaze
Of sunset halos o'er the laurel-brow'd,
What can ye recognize?—A gilded cloud.

XXXIV.

There also was of course in Adeline
   That calm patrician polish in the address,
Which ne'er can pass the equinoctial line
   Of any thing which Nature would express:
Just as a Mandarin finds nothing fine,—
   At least his manner suffers not to guess
That any thing he views can greatly please.
Perhaps we have borrow'd this from the Chinese-

XXXV.

Perhaps from Horace: his "*Nil admirari*"
   Was what he call'd the "Art of Happiness;'
An art on which the artists greatly vary,
   And have not yet attain'd to much success.
However, 'tis expedient to be wary:
   Indifference certes don't produce distress;
And rash enthusiasm in good society
Were nothing but a moral inebriety.

XXXVI.

But Adeline was not indifferent: for,
(*Now* for a common-place!) beneath the snow,
As a volcano holds the lava more
Within—*et cætera.* Shall I go on?—No!
I hate to hunt down a tired metaphor:
So let the often-used volcano go.
Poor thing! how frequently, by me and others,
It hath been stirr'd up till its smoke quite smothers!

XXXVII.

I'll have another figure in a trice:—
What say you to a bottle of champagne?
Frozen into a very vinous ice,
Which leaves few drops of that immortal rain,
Yet in the very centre, past all price,
About a liquid glassful will remain;
And this is stronger than the strongest grape
Could e'er express in its expanded shape:

XXXVIII.

'Tis the whole spirit brought to a quintessence ;
And thus the chilliest aspects may concentre
A hidden nectar under a cold presence.
And such are many—though I only meant her,
From whom I now deduce these moral lessons,
On which the Muse has always sought to enter :-
And your cold people are beyond all price,
When once you have broken their confounded ice.

XXXIX.

But after all they are a North-West passage
Unto the glowing India of the soul ;
And as the good ships sent upon that message
Have not exactly ascertain'd the Pole
(Though Parry's efforts look a lucky presage)
Thus gentlemen may run upon a shoal ;
For, if the Pole's not open, but all frost
(A chance still), 'tis a voyage or vessel lost.

XL.

And young beginners may as well commence
With quiet cruising o'er the ocean woman;
While those who are not beginners, should have sense
Enough to make for port, ere time shall summon
With his grey signal flag: and the past tense,
The dreary "*Fuimus*," of all things human,
Must be declined, while life's thin thread's spun out
Between the gaping heir and gnawing gout.

XLI.

But Heaven must be diverted: its diversion
Is sometimes truculent—but never mind:
The world upon the whole is worth the assertion
(If but for comfort) that all things are kind:
And that same devilish doctrine of the Persian,
Of the two Principles, but leaves behind
As many doubts as any other doctrine
Has ever puzzled Faith withal, or yoked her in.

XLII.

The English winter—ending in July,
To recommence in August—now was done
'Tis the postilion's Paradise: wheels fly;
On roads, East, South, North, West, there is a run.
But for post-horses who finds sympathy?
Man's pity for himself, or for his son,
Always premising that said son at college
Has not contracted much more debt than knowledge.

XLIII.

The London winter's ended in July—
Sometimes a little later. I don't err
In this: whatever other blunders lie
Upon my shoulders, here I must aver
My Muse a glass of Weatherology;
For Parliament is our barometer:
Let Radicals its other acts attack,
Its sessions form our only almanack.

XLIV.

When its quicksilver's down at zero,—lo!
Coach, chariot, luggage, baggage, equipage!
Wheels whirl from Carlton Palace to Soho,
And happiest they who horses can engage;
The turnpikes glow with dust; and Rotten Row
Sleeps from the chivalry of this bright age;
And tradesmen, with long bills and longer faces,
Sigh—as the postboys fasten on the traces.

XLV.

They and their bills, "Arcadians both,"[3] are left
To the Greek kalends of another session.
Alas! to them of ready cash bereft,
What hope remains? Of *hope* the full possession,
Or generous draft, conceded as a gift,
At a long date—till they can get a fresh one,—
Hawk'd about at a discount, small or large;—
Also the solace of an overcharge.

XLVI.

But these are trifles. Downward flies my Lord
  Nodding beside my Lady in his carriage.
Away! away! "Fresh horses!" are the word,
  And changed as quickly as hearts after marriage;
The obsequious landlord hath the change restored;
  The postboys have no reason to disparage
Their fee; but, ere the water'd wheels may hiss hence,
The ostler pleads for a reminiscence.

XLVII.

'Tis granted; and the valet mounts the dickey—
  That gentleman of lords and gentlemen;
Also my Lady's gentlewoman, tricky,
  Trick'd out, but modest more than poet's pen
Can paint, "*Cosi Viaggino i Ricchi!*"
  (Excuse a foreign slipslop now and then,
If but to show I've travel'd; and what's travel,
Unless it teaches one to quote and cavil?)

XLVIII.

The London winter and the country summer
Were well nigh over. 'Tis perhaps a pity,
When Nature wears the gown that doth become her,
To lose those best months in a sweaty city,
And wait until the nightingale grows dumber,
Listening debates not very wise or witty,
Ere patriots their true *country* can remember ;—
But there's no shooting (save grouse) till September.

XLIX.

I've done with my tirade. The world was gone ;
The twice two thousand, for whom earth was made,
Were vanish'd to be what they call alone,—
That is, with thirty servants for parade,
As many guests or more ; before whom groan
As many covers, duly, daily laid.
Let none accuse old England's hospitality—
Its quantity is but condensed to quality.

L.

Lord Henry and the Lady Adeline
  Departed, like the rest of their compeers,
The peerage, to a mansion very fine;
  The Gothic Babel of a thousand years.
None than themselves could boast a longer line,
  Where time through heroes and through beauties steers;
And oaks, as olden as their pedigree,
Told of their sires, a tomb in every tree.

LI.

A paragraph in every paper told
  Of their departure: such is modern fame:
'Tis pity that it takes no further hold
  Than an advertisement, or much the same;
When ere the ink be dry, the sound grows cold.
  The Morning Post was foremost to proclaim—
"Departure, for his country seat to-day,
"Lord H. Amundeville and Lady A.

LII.

"We understand the splendid host intends
"To entertain, this autumn, a select
"And numerous party of his noble friends;
"'Midst whom, we have heard from sources quite correct,
"The Duke of D—— the shooting season spends,
"With many more by rank and fashion deck'd;
"Also a foreigner of high condition,
"The envoy of the secret Russian mission."

LIII.

And thus we see—who doubts the Morning Post?
(Whose articles are like the "Thirty Nine,"
Which those most swear to who believe them most)—
Our gay Russ Spaniard was ordain'd to shine,
Deck'd by the rays reflected from his host,
With those who, Pope says, "greatly daring dine."
'Tis odd, but true,—last war, the news abounded
More with these dinners than the kill'd or wounded;—

LIV.

As thus: "On Thursday there was a grand dinner;
"Present, Lords A. B. C."—Earls, dukes, by name
Announced with no less pomp than victory's winner·
Then underneath, and in the very same
Column: "Date, Falmouth. There has lately been here
"The Slap-Dash Regiment, so well known to fame:
"Whose loss in the late action we regret:
"The vacancies are fill'd up—see Gazette."

LV.

To Norman Abbey whirl'd the noble pair,—
An old, old monastery once, and now
Still older mansion, of a rich and rare
Mix'd Gothic, such as artists all allow
Few specimens yet left us can compare
Withal: it lies perhaps a little low,
Because the monks preferr'd a hill behind,
To shelter their devotion from the wind.

LVI.

It stood embosom'd in a happy valley,
Crown'd by high woodlands, where the Druid oak
Stood like Caractacus in act to rally
His host, with broad arms 'gainst the thunder-stroke;
And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally
The dappled foresters—as day awoke,
The branching stag swept down with all his herd,
To quaff a brook which murmur'd like a bird.

LVII.

Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,
Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed
By a river, which its soften'd way did take
In currents through the calmer water spread
Around: the wild fowl nestled in the brake
And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed:
The woods sloped downwards to its brink, and stood
With their green faces fix'd upon the flood.

LVIII.

Its outlet dash'd into a deep cascade,
Sparkling with foam, until again subsiding
Its shriller echoes—like an infant made
Quiet—sank into softer ripples, gliding
Into a rivulet; and, thus allay'd,
Pursued its course, now gleaming, and now hiding
Its windings through the woods; now clear, now blue,
According as the skies their shadows threw.

LIX.

A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile
(While yet the church was Rome's), stood half apar
In a grand arch, which once screen'd many an aisle.
These last had disappear'd—a loss to art:
The first yet frown'd superbly o'er the soil,
And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,
Which mourn'd the power of time's or tempest's marcl
In gazing on that venerable arch.

LX.

Within a niche, nigh to its pinnacle,
Twelve saints had once stood sanctified in stone:
But these had fallen, not when the friars fell,
But in the war which struck Charles from his throne,
When each house was a fortalice—as tell
The annals of full many a line undone,—
The gallant cavaliers, who fought in vain
For those who knew not to resign or reign.

LXI.

But in a higher niche, alone, but crown'd,
The Virgin Mother of the God-born child,
With her son in her bless'd arms, look'd round,
Spared by some chance when all beside was spoil'd
She made the earth below seem holy ground.
This may be superstition, weak or wild,
But even the faintest relics of a shrine
Of any worship, wake some thoughts divine.

LXII.

A mighty window, hollow in the centre,
  Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,
Through which the deepen'd glories once could enter,
  Streaming from off the sun like seraph's wings,
Now yawns all desolate: now loud, now fainter,
  The gale sweeps through its fretwork, and oft sings
The owl his anthem, where the silenced quire
Lie with their hallelujahs quench'd like fire.

LXIII.

But in the noontide of the moon, and when
  The wind is wing'd from one point of Heaven,
There moans a strange unearthly sound, which then
  Is musical—a dying accent driven
Through the huge arch, which soars and sinks again
  Some deem it but the distant echo given
Back to the night-wind by the waterfall,
And harmonized by the old choral wall:

LXIV.

Others, that some original shape or form,
Shaped by decay perchance, hath given the power
(Though less than that of Memnon's statue, warm
In Egypt's rays, to harp at a fix'd hour)
To this grey ruin, with a voice to charm.
Sad, but serene, it sweeps o'er tree or tower:
The cause I know not, nor can solve; but such
The fact:—I've heard it,—once perhaps too much.

LXV.

Amidst the court a Gothic fountain play'd,
Symmetrical, but deck'd with carvings quaint—
Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,
And here perhaps a monster, there a saint:
The spring gush'd through grim mouths, of granite made,
And sparkled into basins, where it spent
Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,
Like man's vain glory, and his vainer troubles.

LXVI.

The mansion's self was vast and venerable,
   With more of the monastic than has been
Elsewhere preserved: the cloisters still were stable,
   The cells too and refectory, I ween:
An exquisite small chapel had been able,
   Still unimpair'd, to decorate the scene;
The rest had been reform'd, replaced, or sunk,
And spoke more of the baron than the monk.

LXVII.

Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers, join'd
   By no quite lawful marriage of the arts,
Might shock a connoisseur; but, when combined,
   Form'd a whole which, irregular in parts,
Yet left a grand impression on the mind,
   At least of those whose eyes are in their hearts.
We gaze upon a giant for his stature,
Nor judge at first if all be true to Nature.

LXVIII.

Steel barons, molten the next generation
To silken rows of gay and garter'd earls,
Glanced from the walls in goodly preservation;
And Lady Marys, blooming into girls,
With fair long locks, had also kept their station;
And countesses mature in robes and pearls:
Also some beauties of Sir Peter Lely,
Whose drapery hints we may admire them freely:

LXIX.

Judges, in very formidable ermine
Were there, with brows that did not much invite
The accused to think their lordships would determine
His cause by leaning much from might to right:
Bishops, who had not left a single sermon;
Attorneys-General, awful to the sight,
As hinting more (unless our judgments warp us)
Of the "Star Chamber" than of "Habeas Corpus."

LXX.

Generals, some all in armour, of the old
  And iron time, ere Lead had ta'en the lead ;
Others in wigs of Marlborough's martial fold,
  Huger than twelve of our degenerate breed :
Lordlings, with staves of white or keys of gold :
  Nimrods, whose canvas scarce contain'd the steed
And here and there some stern high patriot stood,
Who could not get the place for which he sued.

LXXI.

But, ever and anon, to soothe your vision,
  Fatigued with these hereditary glories,
There rose a Carlo Dolce or a Titian,
  Or wilder group of savage Salvatore's : [4]
Here danced Albano's boys, and here the sea shone
  In Vernet's ocean lights ; and there the stories
Of martyrs awed, as Spagnoletto tainted
His brush with all the blood of all the sainted.

LXXII.

Here sweetly spread a landscape of Lorraine;
There Rembrandt made his darkness equal light,
Or gloomy Caravaggio's gloomier stain
Bronzed o'er some lean and stoic anchorite:—
But lo! a Teniers woos, and not in vain,
Your eyes to revel in a livelier sight:
His bell-mouth'd goblet makes me feel quite Danish [5]
Or Dutch with thirst—What ho! a flask of Rhenish.

LXXIII.

Oh, reader! if that thou can'st read,—and know
'Tis not enough to spell, or even to read,
To constitute a reader; there must go
Virtues of which both you and I have need.
Firstly, begin with the beginning (though
That clause is hard), and secondly, proceed;
Thirdly, commence not with the end—or, sinning
In this sort, end at least with the beginning.

LXXIV.

But, reader, thou hast patient been of late,
While I, without remorse of rhyme, or fear,
Have built and laid out ground at such a rate,
Dan Phœbus takes me for an auctioneer
That poets were so from their earliest date,
By Homer's "Catalogue of Ships" is clear;
But a mere modern must be moderate—
I spare you, then, the furniture and plate.

LXXV

The mellow autumn came, and with it came
The promised party, to enjoy its sweets.
The corn is cut, the manor full of game;
The pointer ranges, and the sportsman beats
In russet jacket:—lynx-like is his aim,
Full grows his bag, and wonder*ful* his feats.
Ah, nutbrown partridges! ah, brilliant pheasants!
And ah, ye poachers!—'Tis no sport for peasants.

LXXVI.

An English autumn, though it hath no vines,
  Blushing with Bacchant coronals along
The [illegible]s, o'er [illegible]hich the far festoon entwines
  [illegible]ed grape in the sunny lands of song,
Hath yet a pu[illegible]ased choice of choicest wines;
  The claret light, and the madeira strong.
If Britain mourn her bleakness, we can tell her,
The very best of vineyards is the cellar.

LXXVII.

Then, if she hath not that serene decline
  Which makes the Southern Autumn's day appear
As if 'twould to a second spring resign
  The season, rather than to winter drear,—
Of in-door comforts still she hath a mine,—
  The sea-coal fires, the earliest of the year;
Without doors too she may complete in mellow,
As what is lost in green is gain'd in yellow.

LXXVIII.

And for the effeminate *villeggiatura*—
Rife with more horns than hounds—she hath the chase,
So animated that it might allure a
Saint from his beads to join the jocund race;
Even Nimrod's self might leave the plains of Dura,[6]
And wear the Melton jacket for a space:—
If she hath no wild boars, she hath a tame
Preserve of bores, who ought to be made game.

LXXIX.

The noble guests, assembled at the abbey,
Consisted of—we give the sex the *pas*—
The Duchess of Fitz-Fulke; the Countess Crabbey;
The Ladies Scilly, Busey;—Miss Eclât,
Miss Bombazeen, Miss Mackstay, Miss O'Tabby,
And Mrs. Rabbi, the rich banker's squaw:
Also the Honourable Mrs. Sleep,
Who look'd a white lamb, yet was a black-sheep:

LXXX.

With other Countesses of Blank—but rank ;
  At once the " lie" and the " elite" of crowds ;
Who pass like water filter'd in a tank,
  All purged and pious from their native clouds .
Or paper turn'd to money by the Bank :
  No matter how or why, the passport shrouds
The " passée" and the past ; for good society
Is no less famed for tolerance than piety :

LXXXI.

That is, up to a certain point ; which point
  Forms the most difficult in punctuation.
Appearances appear to form the joint
  On which it hinges in a higher station ;
And so that no explosion cry " Aroint
  " Thee, Witch !" or each Medea has her Jason ;
Or (to the point with Horace and with Pulci),
" *Omne tulit punctum,* quæ *miscuit utile dulci.*"

LXXXII.

I can't exactly trace their rule of right,
Which hath a little leaning to a lottery:
I've seen a virtuous woman put down quite
By the mere combination of a coterie;
Also a So-So Matron boldly fight
Her way back to the world by dint of plottery,
And shine the very *Siria* of the spheres,
Escaping with a few slight, scarless sneers.

LXXXIII.

I have seen more than I'll say:—but we will see
How our *villeggiatura* will get on.
The party might consist of thirty-three
Of highest caste—the Bramins of the ton.
I have named a few, not foremost in degree,
But ta'en at hazard as the rhyme may run.
By way of sprinkling, scatter'd amongst these,
There also were some Irish absentees.

LXXXIV.

There was Parolles, too, the legal bully,
  Who limits all his battles to the bar
And senate: when invited elsewhere, truly,
  He shows more appetite for words than war.
There was the young bard Rackrhyme, who had newly
  Come out and glimmer'd as a six-weeks' star.
There was Lord Pyrrho, too, the great free-thinker.
And Sir John Pottledeep, the mighty drinker.

LXXXV.

There was the Duke of Dash, who was a—duke,
  "Ay, every inch a" duke; there were twelve peers
Like Charlemagne's—and all such peers in look
  And intellect, that neither eyes nor ears
For commoners had ever them mistook.
  There were the six Miss Rawbolds—pretty dears!
All song and sentiment; whose hearts were set
Less on a convent than a coronet.

LXXXVI.

There were four Honourable Misters, whose
  Honour was more before their names than after;
There was the preux Chevalier de la Ruse,
  Whom France and Fortune lately deign'd to waft here,—
Whose chiefly harmless talent was to amuse;
  But the clubs found it rather serious laughter,
Because—such was his magic power to please—
The dice seem'd charm'd too with his repartees.

LXXXVII.

There was Dick Dubious the metaphysician,
  Who loved philosophy and a good dinner;
Angle, the soi-disant mathematician;
  Sir Henry Silvercup, the great race-winner.
There was the Reverend Rodomont Precisian,
  Who did not hate so much the sin as sinner;
And Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet,
Good at all things, but better at a bet.

LXXXVIII.

There was Jack Jargon the gigantic guardsman;
And General Fireface, famous in the field,
A great tactician, and no less a swordsman,
Who ate, last war, more Yankees than he kill'd.
There was the waggish Welch Judge, Jefferies Hardsman,
In his grave office so completely skill'd,
That when a culprit came for condemnation,
He had his judge's joke for consolation.

LXXXIX.

Good company's a chess-board—there are kings,
Queens, bishops, knights, rooks, pawns; the world's a game;
Save that the puppets pull at their own strings;
Methinks gay Punch hath something of the same.
My Muse, the butterfly hath but her wings,
Not stings, and flits through ether without aim,
Alighting rarely: were she but a hornet,
Perhaps there might be vices which would mourn it.

XC.

I had forgotten—but must not forget—
   An orator, the latest of the session,
Who had deliver'd well a very set
   Smooth speech, his first and maidenly transgression
Upon debate: the papers echoed yet
   With this debût, which made a strong impression,
And rank'd with what is every day display'd—
" The best first speech that ever yet was made."

XCI.

Proud of his " Hear hims!" proud too of his vote
   And lost virginity of oratory,
Proud of his learning (just enough to quote)
   He revel'd in his Ciceronian glory:
With memory excellent to get by rote,
   With wit to hatch a pun or tell a story,
Graced with some merit and with more effrontery,
" His Country's pride," he came down to the countr

XCII.

There also were two wits by acclamation,
  Longbow from Ireland, Strongbow from the Tweed,
Both lawyers and both men of education;
  But Strongbow's wit was of more polish'd breed:
Longbow was rich in an imagination
  As beautiful and bounding as a steed,
But sometimes stumbling over a potatoe,—
While Strongbow's best things might have come from
    Cato.

XCIII.

Strongbow was like a new-tuned harpsichord;
  But Longbow wild as an Æolian harp,
With which the winds of Heaven can claim accord,
  And make a music, whether flat or sharp.
Of Strongbow's talk you would not change a word;
  At Longbow's phrases you might sometimes carp:
Both wits—one born so, and the other bred,
This by his heart—his rival by his head.

XCIV.

If all these seem a heterogeneous mass
  To be assembled at a country seat,
Yet think, a specimen of every class
  Is better than a humdrum tête-à-tête.
The days of comedy are gone, alas!
  When Congreve's fool could vie with Molière's *bête*
Society is smoothed to that excess,
That manners hardly differ more than dress.

XCV.

Our ridicules are kept in the back-ground—
  Ridiculous enough, but also dull;
Professions too are no more to be found
  Professional; and there is nought to cull
Of folly's fruit; for though your fools abound,
  They're barren and not worth the pains to pull.
Society is now one polish'd horde,
Form'd of two mighty tribes, the *Bores* and *Bored*.

XCVI.

But from being farmers, we turn gleaners, gleaning
The scanty but right-well thrash'd ears of truth ;
And, gentle reader! when you gather meaning,
You may be Boaz, and I—modest Ruth.
Further I'd quote, but Scripture, intervening,
Forbids. A great impression in my youth
Was made by Mrs. Adams, where she cries
" That Scriptures out of church are blasphemies."

XCVII.

But when we can, we glean in this vile age
Of chaff, although our gleanings be not grist.
I must not quite omit the talking sage,
Kit-Cat, the famous conversationist,
Who, in his common-place book, had a page
Prepared each morn for evenings. " List, oh list!"-
" Alas, poor Ghost!"—What unexpected woes
Await those who have studied their bons-mots!

XCVIII.

Firstly, they must allure the conversation
By many windings to their clever clinch;
And secondly, must let slip no occasion,
Nor *bate* (abate) their hearers of an *inch*,
But take an ell—and make a great sensation,
If possible; and thirdly, never flinch
When some smart talker puts them to the test,
But seize the last word, which no doubt's the best.

XCIX.

Lord Henry and his lady were the hosts;
The party we have touch'd on were the guests:
Their table was a board to tempt even ghosts
To pass the Styx for more substantial feasts.
I will not dwell upon ragoûts or roasts,
Albeit all human history attests,
That happiness for man—the hungry sinner!—
Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner.

C.

Witness the lands which "flow'd with milk and honey,"
Held out unto the hungry Israelites:
To this we have added since, the love of money,
The only sort of pleasure which requites.
Youth fades, and leaves our days no longer sunny;
We tire of mistresses and parasites;
But oh, ambrosial Cash! ah! who would lose thee?
When we no more can use, or even abuse thee!

CI.

The gentlemen got up betimes to shoot,
Or hunt: the young, because they liked the sport-
The first thing boys like, after play and fruit:
The middle-aged, to make the day more short;
For *ennui* is a growth of English root,
Though nameless in our language:—we retort
The fact for words, and let the French translate
That awful yawn which sleep cannot abate.

CII.

The elderly walk'd through the library,
  And tumbled books, or criticised the pictures,
Or saunter'd through the gardens piteously,
  And made upon the hot-house several strictures,
Or rode a nag which trotted not too high,
  Or on the morning papers read their lectures,
Or on the watch their longing eyes would fix,
Longing, at sixty, for the hour of six.

CIII.

But none were " *gêné* :" the great hour of union
  Was rung by dinner's knell; till then all were
Masters of their own time—or in communion,
  Or solitary, as they chose to bear
The hours, which how to pass is but to few known.
  Each rose up at his own, and had to spare
What time he chose for dress, and broke his fast
When, where, and how he chose for that repast.

CIV.

The ladies—some rouged, some a little pale—
   Met the morn as they might. If fine, they rode,
Or walk'd ; if foul, they read, or told a tale ;
   Sung, or rehearsed the last dance from abroad ;
Discuss'd the fashion which might next prevail ;
   And settled bonnets by the newest code ;
Or cramm'd twelve sheets into one little letter,
To make each correspondent a new debtor.

CV.

For some had absent lovers, all had friends.
   The earth has nothing like a she epistle,
And hardly Heaven—because it never ends.
   I love the mystery of a female missal,
Which, like a creed, ne'er says all it intends,
   But full of cunning as Ulysses' whistle,
When he allured poor Dolon :—you had better
Take care what you reply to such a letter.

CVI.

Then there were billiards; cards too, but *no* dice;-
Save in the Clubs no man of honour plays;—
Boats when 'twas water, skaiting when 'twas ice,
And the hard frost destroy'd the scenting days:
And angling too, that solitary vice,
Whatever Isaac Walton sings or says:
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it. [8]

CVII.

With evening came the banquet and the wine;
The conversazione; the duet,
Attuned by voices more or less divine
(My heart or head aches with the memory yet).
The four Miss Rawbolds in a glee would shine;
But the two youngest loved more to be set
Down to the harp—because to music's charms
They added graceful necks, white hands and arms.

CVIII.

Sometimes a dance (though rarely on field days,
For then the gentlemen were rather tired)
Display'd some sylph-like figures in its maze :
Then there was small-talk ready when required ;
Flirtation—but decorous ; the mere praise
Of charms that should or should not be admired.
The hunters fought their fox-hunt o'er again,
And then retreated soberly—at ten.

CIX.

The politicians, in a nook apart,
Discuss'd the world, and settled all the spheres ;
The wits watch'd every loop-hole for their art,
To introduce a bon-mot head and ears ;
Small is the rest of those who would be smart,
A moment's good thing may have cost them years
Before they find an hour to introduce it,
And then, even *then*, some bore may make them lose it.

CX.

But all was gentle and aristocratic
  In this our party; polish'd, smooth, and cold,
As Phidian forms cut out of marble Attic.
  There now are no Squire Westerns as of old;
And our Sophias are not so emphatic,
  But fair as then, or fairer to behold.
We have no accomplish'd blackguards, like Tom Jones,
But gentlemen in stays, as stiff as stones.

CXI.

They separated at an early hour;
  That is, ere midnight—which is London's noon:
But in the country ladies seek their bower
  A little earlier than the waning moon.
Peace to the slumbers of each folded flower—
  May the rose call back its true colours soon!
Good hours of fair cheeks are the fairest tinters,
And lower the price of rouge—at least some winters.

NOTES TO CANTO XIII.

NOTE 1.

ht horestly, "he liked an honest hater."
Stanza vii. line 3.

S. lik good hater."—See the *Life of Dr. Johnson*, et

NOTE 2.

Also there bin another pious reason.
Stanza xxvi. first line.

"With every thing that pretty *bin*,
"My lady sweet arise."—SHAKESPEARE.

NOTE 3.

They and their bills, "Arcadians both," are left.
Stanza xlv. first line.

"Arcades Ambo."

NOTE 4.

Or wilder group of savage Salvatore's.
Stanza lxxi. line 4.

Salvator Rosa.

NOTE 5.

His bell-mouth'd goblet makes me feel quite Danish.
Stanza lxxii. line 7.

If I err not, "Your Dane" is one of Iago's Catalogue of Nations "exquisite in their drinking."

Note 6.

Even Nimrod's self might leave the plains of Dura.
Stanza lxxviii. line 5.

In Assyria.

Note 7.

" *That Scriptures out of church are blasphemies.*"
Stanza xcvi. last line.

" Mrs. Adams answered Mr. Adams, that it was blasphemous to talk of Scripture out of church." This dogma was broached to her husband—the best Christian in any book. See *Joseph Andrews*, in the latter chapters.

Note 8.

The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.
Stanza cvi. lines 7, 8.

It would have taught him humanity at least. This sentimental savage, whom it is a mode to quote (amongst the novelists) to show their sympathy for innocent sports and old songs, teaches how to sew up frogs, and break their legs by way of experiment, in addition to the art of angling, the cruellest, the coldest, and the stupidest of pretended sports. They may talk about the beauties of nature, but the angler merely thinks of his dish of fish; he has no leisure to take his eyes from off the streams, and a single *bite* is worth to him more than all the scenery around. Besides, some fish bite best on a rainy day. The whale, the shark, and the tunny fishery have somewhat of noble and perilous in them; even net fishing, trawling, etc. are more humane and useful—but angling!—No angler can be a good man.

"One of the best men I ever knew—as humane, delicate-minded, generous, and excellent a creature as any in the world—was an angler: true, he angled with painted flies, and would have been incapable of the extravagances of I. Walton."

The above addition was made by a friend in reading over the MS.—"Audi alteram partem"—I leave it to counterbalance my own observation.

DON JUAN.

CANTO XIV.

I.

IF from great Nature's or our own abyss
  Of thought, we could but snatch a certainty,
Perhaps mankind might find the path they miss—
  But then 'twould spoil much good philosophy.
One system eats another up, and this
  Much as old Saturn ate his progeny;
For when his pious consort gave him stones
In lieu of sons, of these he made no bones.

II.

But System doth reverse the Titan's breakfast,
And eats her parents, albeit the digestion
Is difficult. Pray tell me, can you make fast,
After due search, your faith to any question?
Look back o'er ages, ere unto the stake fast
You bind yourself, and call some mode the best one.
Nothing more true than *not* to trust your senses;
And yet what are your other evidences?

III.

For me, I know nought; nothing I deny,
Admit, reject, contemn; and what know *you*,
Except perhaps that you were born to die?
And both may after all turn out untrue.
An age may come, Font of Eternity,
When nothing shall be either old or new.
Death, so call'd, is a thing which makes men weep,
And yet a third of life is pass'd in sleep.

IV.

A sleep without dreams, after a rough day
Of toil, is what we covet most; and yet
How clay shrinks back from more quiescent clay!
The very suicide that pays his debt
At once without instalments (an old way
Of paying debts, which creditors regret)
Lets out impatiently his rushing breath,
Less from disgust of life than dread of death.

V.

'Tis round him, near him, here, there, every where;
And there's a courage which grows out of fear,
Perhaps of all most desperate, which will dare
The worst to *know* it:—when the mountains rear
Their peaks beneath your human foot, and there
You look down o'er the precipice, and drear
The gulf of rock yawns,—you can't gaze a minute
Without an awful wish to plunge within it.

VI.

'Tis true, you don't—but, pale and struck with terror,
Retire: but look into your past impression!
And you will find, though shuddering at the mirror
Of your own thoughts, in all their self confession,
The lurking bias, be it truth or error,
To the *unknown*; a secret prepossession,
To plunge with all your fears—but where? You know not,
And that's the reason why you do—or do not.

VII.

But what's this to the purpose? you will say.
Gent. reader, nothing; a mere speculation,
For which my sole excuse is—'tis my way.
Sometimes *with* and sometimes without occasion
I write what's uppermost, without delay;
This narrative is not meant for narration,
But a mere airy and fantastic basis,
To build up common things with common places.

VIII.

You know, or don't know, that great Bacon saith,
  "Fling up a straw, 'twill show the way the wind
      blows;"
And such a straw, borne on by human breath,
  Is poesy, according as the mind glows;
A paper-kite which flies 'twixt life and death,
  A shadow which the onward soul behind throws:
And mine's a bubble not blown up for praise,
But just to play with, as an infant plays.

IX.

The world is all before me—or behind;
  For I have seen a portion of that same,
And quite enough for me to keep in mind;—
  Of passions too, I have proved enough to blame,
To the great pleasure of our friends, mankind,
  Who like to mix some slight alloy with fame:
For I was rather famous in my time,
Until I fairly knock'd it up with rhyme.

X.

I have brought this world about my ears, and eke
  The other: that's to say, the Clergy—who
Upon my head have bid their thunders break
  In pious libels by no means a few.
And yet I can't help scribbling once a week,
  Tiring old readers, nor discovering new.
In youth I wrote because my mind was full,
And now because I feel it growing dull.

XI.

But "why then publish?"—There are no rewards
  Of fame or profit, when the world grows weary.
I ask in turn,—why do you play at cards?
  Why drink? Why read?—To make some hour les
      dreary.
It occupies me to turn back regards
  On what I've seen or ponder'd, sad or cheery;
And what I write I cast upon the stream,
To swim or sink—I have had at least my dream.

XII.

I think that were I *certain* of success,
I hardly could compose another line:
So long I've battled either more or less,
That no defeat can drive me from the Nine.
This feeling 'tis not easy to express,
And yet 'tis not affected, I opine.
In play, there are two pleasures for your choosing—
The one is winning, and the other losing.

XIII.

Besides, my Muse by no means deals in fiction:
She gathers a repertory of facts,
Of course with some reserve and slight restriction,
But mostly sings of human things and acts—
And that's one cause she meets with contradiction;
For too much truth, at first sight, ne'er attracts;
And were her object only what's call'd glory,
With more ease too, she'd tell a different story.

XIV.

Love, war, a tempest—surely there's variety;
Also a seasoning slight of lucubration;
A bird's-eye view too of that wild, Society;
A slight glance thrown on men of every station.
If you have nought else, here's at least satiety
Both in performance and in preparation;
And though these lines should only line portmanteaus
Trade will be all the better for these Cantos.

XV.

The portion of this world which I at present
Have taken up to fill the following sermon,
Is one of which there's no description recent:
The reason why, is easy to determine:
Although it seems both prominent and pleasant,
There is a sameness in its gems and ermine,
A dull and family likeness through all ages,
Of no great promise for poetic pages.

XVI.

With much to excite, there's little to exalt;
Nothing that speaks to all men and all times;
A sort of varnish over every fault;
A kind of common-place, even in their crimes;
Factitious passions, wit without much salt,
A want of that true nature which sublimes
Whate'er it shows with truth; a smooth monotony
Of character, in those at least who have got any.

XVII.

Sometimes, indeed, like soldiers off parade,
They break their ranks and gladly leave the drill;
But then the roll-call draws them back afraid,
And they must be or seem what they were: still
Doubtless it is a brilliant masquerade;
But when of the first sight you have had your fill,
It palls—at least it did so upon me,
This Paradise of pleasure and ennui.

XVIII.

When we have made our love, and gamed our gamin
  Dress'd, voted, shone, and, may be, something more
With dandies dined; heard senators declaiming;
  Seen beauties brought to market by the score;
Sad rakes to sadder husbands chastely taming;
  There's little left but to be bored or bore.
Witness those "*ci-devant jeunes hommes*" who stem
The stream, nor leave the world which leaveth them.

XIX.

'Tis said—indeed a general complaint—
  That no one has succeeded in describing
The *monde* exactly as they ought to paint.
  Some say, that authors only snatch, by bribing
The porter, some slight scandals strange and quaint,
  To furnish matter for their moral gibing;
And that their books have but one style in common—
My lady's prattle, filter'd through her woman.

XX.

But this can't well be true, just now; for writers
  Are grown of the *beau monde* a part potential:
I've seen them balance even the scale with fighters,
  Especially when young, for that's essential.
Why do their sketches fail them as inditers
  Of, what they deem themselves most consequential,
The *real* portrait of the highest tribe?
'Tis that, in fact, there's little to describe.

XXI.

" *Haud ignara loquor:*" these are *Nugæ*, " *quarum*
  " *Pars* parva *fui*," but still art and part.
Now I could much more easily sketch a harem,
  A battle, wreck, or history of the heart,
Than these things; and besides, I wish to spare 'em,
  For reasons which I choose to keep apart.
" *Vetabo Cereris sacrum qui vulgaret*"—
Which means, that vulgar people must not share it.

XXII.

And therefore what I throw off is ideal—
Lower'd, leaven'd, like a history of Freemasons;
Which bears the same relation to the real,
As Captain Parry's voyage may do to Jason's.
The grand Arcanum's not for men to see all;
My music has some mystic diapasons;
And there is much which could not be appreciated
In any manner by the uninitiated.

XXIII.

Alas! worlds fall—and woman, since she fell'd
The world (as, since that history, less polite
Than true, hath been a creed so strictly held),
Has not yet given up the practice quite.
Poor thing of usages! coerced, compell'd,
Victim when wrong, and martyr oft when right,
Condemn'd to child-bed, as men for their sins
Have shaving too entail'd upon their chins,—

XXIV.

A daily plague which, in the aggregate,
  May average on the whole with parturition.
But as to women, who can penetrate
  The real sufferings of their she condition?
Man's very sympathy with their estate
  Has much of selfishness and more suspicion.
Their love, their virtue, beauty, education,
But form good housekeepers, to breed a nation.

XXV.

All this were very well and can't be better;
  But even this is difficult, Heaven knows!
So many troubles from her birth beset her,
  Such small distinction between friends and foes,
The gilding wears so soon from off her fetter,
  That——but ask any woman if she'd choose
(Take her at thirty, that is) to have been
Female or male? a school-boy or a queen?

XXVI.

"Petticoat influence" is a great reproach,
Which even those who obey would fain be thou
To fly from, as from hungry pikes a roach;
But, since beneath it upon earth we are brought
By various joltings of life's hackney-coach,
I for one venerate a petticoat—
A garment of a mystical sublimity,
No matter whether russet, silk, or dimity.

XXVII.

Much I respect, and much I have adored,
In my young days, that chaste and goodly veil,
Which holds a treasure, like a miser's hoard,
And more attracts by all it doth conceal—
A golden scabbard on a Damasque sword,
A loving letter with a mystic seal,
A cure for grief—for what can ever rankle
Before a petticoat and peeping ancle?

XXVIII.

And when upon a silent, sullen day,
With a Sirocco, for example, blowing,—
When even the sea looks dim with all its spray,
And sulkily the river's ripple's flowing,
And the sky shows that very ancient gray,
The sober, sad antithesis to glowing,—
'Tis pleasant, if *then* any thing is pleasant,
To catch a glimpse even of a pretty peasant.

XXIX.

We left our heroes and our heroines
In that fair clime which don't depend on climate,
Quite independent of the Zodiac's signs,
Though certainly more difficult to rhyme at,
Because the sun and stars, and aught that shines,
Mountains, and all we can be most sublime at,
Are there oft dull and dreary as a *dun*—
Whether a sky's or tradesman's is all one.

XXX.

And in-door life is less poetical ;
And out of door hath showers, and mists, and sleet
With which I could not brew a pastoral.
But be it as it may, a bard must meet
All difficulties, whether great or small,
To spoil his undertaking or complete,
And work away like spirit upon matter,
Embarrass'd somewhat both with fire and water.

XXXI.

Juan—in this respect at least like saints—
Was all things unto people of all sorts,
And lived contentedly, without complaints,
In camps, in ships, in cottages, or courts—
Born with that happy soul which seldom faints,
And mingling modestly in toils or sports.
He likewise could be most things to all women,
Without the coxcombry of certain *she* men.

XXXII.

A fox-hunt to a foreigner is strange ;
 'Tis also subject to the double danger
Of tumbling first, and having in exchange
 Some pleasant jesting at the awkward stranger :
But Juan had been early taught to range
 The wilds, as doth an Arab turn'd Avenger,
So that his horse, or charger, hunter, hack,
Knew that he had a rider on his back.

XXXIII.

And now in this new field, with some applause,
 He clear'd hedge, ditch, and double post, and rail,
And never *craned*, [1] and made but few "*faux pas*,"
 And only fretted when the scent 'gan fail.
He broke, 'tis true, some statutes of the laws
 Of hunting—for the sagest youth is frail ;
Rode o'er the hounds, it may be, now and then,
And once o'er several country gentlemen.

XXXIV.

But, on the whole, to general admiration
He acquitted both himself and horse: the 'squires
Marvell'd at merit of another nation;
The boors cried "Dang it! who'd have thought it?"—
Sires,
The Nestors of the sporting generation,
Swore praises, and recall'd their former fires;
The huntsman's self relented to a grin,
And rated him almost a whipper-in.

XXXV.

Such were his trophies;—not of spear and shield,
But leaps, and bursts, and sometimes foxes' brushes
Yet I must own,—although in this I yield
To patriot sympathy a Briton's blushes,—
He thought at heart like courtly Chesterfield,
Who, after a long chase o'er hills, dales, bushes,
And what not, though he rode beyond all price,
Ask'd, next day, "If men ever hunted *twice*?"

XXXVI.

He also had a quality uncommon
To early risers after a long chase,
Who wake in winter ere the cock can summon
December's drowsy day to his dull race,—
A quality agreeable to woman,
When her soft, liquid words run on apace,
Who likes a listener, whether saint or sinner,—
He did not fall asleep just after dinner.

XXXVII.

But, light and airy, stood on the alert,
And shone in the best part of dialogue,
By humouring always what they might assert,
And listening to the topics most in vogue;
Now grave, now gay, but never dull or pert;
And smiling but in secret—cunning rogue!
He ne'er presumed to make an error clearer;—
In short, there never was a better hearer.

XXXVIII.

And then he danced;—all foreigners excel
The serious Angles in the eloquence
Of pantomime;—he danced, I say, right well,
With emphasis, and also with good sense—
A thing in footing indispensable:
He danced without theatrical pretence,
Not like a ballet-master in the van
Of his drill'd nymphs, but like a gentleman.

XXXIX.

Chaste were his steps, each kept within due bound.
And elegance was sprinkled o'er his figure;
Like swift Camilla, he scarce skimm'd the ground,
And rather held in than put forth his vigour;
And then he had an ear for music's sound,
Which might defy a crotchet-critic's rigour.
Such classic *pas—sans* flaws—set off our hero,
He glanced like a personified bolero;

XL.

Or, like a flying hour before Aurora,
In Guido's famous fresco, which alone
Is worth a tour to Rome, although no more a
Remnant were there of the old world's sole throne.
The "*tout ensemble*" of his movements wore a
Grace of the soft ideal, seldom shown,
And ne'er to be described; for, to the dolour
Of bards and prosers, words are void of colour.

XLI.

No marvel then he was a favourite;
A full-grown Cupid, very much admired;
A little spoil'd, but by no means so quite;
At least he kept his vanity retired.
Such was his tact, he could alike delight
The chaste, and those who are not so much inspired.
The Duchess of Fitz-Fulke, who loved "*tracasserie*,"
Began to treat him with some small "*agaçerie*."

XLII.

She was a fine and somewhat full-blown blonde,
Desirable, distinguish'd, celebrated
For several winters in the grand, *grand monde*.
I'd rather not say what might be related
Of her exploits, for this were ticklish ground;
Besides there might be falsehood in what's stated:
Her late performance had been a dead set
At Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet.

XLIII.

This noble personage began to look
A little black upon this new flirtation;
But such small licences must lovers brook,
Mere freedoms of the female corporation.
Woe to the man who ventures a rebuke!
'Twill but precipitate a situation
Extremely disagreeable, but common
To calculators when they count on woman.

XLIV.

The circle smiled, then whisper'd, and then sneer'd;
The Misses bridled, and the matrons frown'd;
Some hoped things might not turn out as they fear'd;
Some would not deem such women could be found;
Some ne'er believed one half of what they heard;
Some look'd perplex'd, and others look'd profound;
And several pitied with sincere regret
Poor Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet.

XLV.

But what is odd, none ever named the duke,
Who, one might think, was something in the affair.
True, he was absent, and 'twas rumour'd, took
But small concern about the when, or where,
Or what his consort did: if he could brook
Her gaieties, none had a right to stare:
Theirs was that best of unions, past all doubt,
Which never meets, and therefore can't fall out.

XLVI.

But, oh that I should ever pen so sad a line!
Fired with an abstract love of virtue, she,
My Dian of the Ephesians, Lady Adeline,
Began to think the duchess' conduct free;
Regretting much that she had chosen so bad a line,
And waxing chiller in her courtesy,
Look'd grave and pale to see her friend's fragility,
For which most friends reserve their sensibility.

XLVII.

There's nought in this bad world like sympathy:
'Tis so becoming to the soul and face;
Sets to soft music the harmonious sigh,
And robes sweet friendship in a Brussels lace.
Without a friend, what were humanity,
To hunt our errors up with a good grace?
Consoling us with—"Would you had thought twice
"Ah! if you had but follow'd my advice!"

XLVIII.

Oh, Job! you had two friends: one's quite enough,
Especially when we are ill at ease;
They are but bad pilots when the weather's rough,
Doctors less famous for their cures than fees.
Let no man grumble when his friends fall off,
As they will do like leaves at the first breeze:
When your affairs come round, one way or t'other,
Go to the coffee-house, and take another. [2]

XLIX.

But this is not my maxim: had it been,
Some heart-aches had been spared me; yet I care not—
I would not be a tortoise in his screen
Of stubborn shell, which waves and weather wear not.
'Tis better on the whole to have felt and seen
That which humanity may bear, or bear not:
'Twill teach discernment to the sensitive,
And not to pour their ocean in a sieve.

L.

Of all the horrid, hideous notes of woe,
  Sadder than owl-songs or the midnight blast,
Is that portentous phrase, "I *told* you so,"
  Utter'd by friends, those prophets of the past,
Who, 'stead of saying what you now should do,
  Own they foresaw that you would fall at last,
And solace your slight lapse 'gainst "*bonos mores*,"
With a long memorandum of old stories.

LI.

The Lady Adeline's serene severity
  Was not confined to feeling for her friend,
Whose fame she rather doubted with posterity,
  Unless her habits should begin to mend;
But Juan also shared in her austerity,
  But mix'd with pity, pure as e'er was penn'd:
His inexperience moved her gentle ruth,
And (as her junior by six weeks) his youth.

LII.

These forty days' advantage of her years—
  And hers were those which can face calculation,
Boldly referring to the list of peers
  And noble births, nor dread the enumeration—
Gave her a right to have maternal fears
  For a young gentleman's fit education,
Though she was far from that leap-year, whose leap,
In female dates, strikes Time all of a heap.

LIII.

This may be fix'd at somewhere before thirty—
  Say seven-and-twenty; for I never knew
The strictest in chronology and virtue
  Advance beyond, while they could pass for new.
Oh, Time! why dost not pause? Thy scythe, so dirty
  With rust, should surely cease to hack and hew.
Reset it; shave more smoothly, also slower,
If but to keep thy credit as a mower.

LIV.

But Adeline was far from that ripe age,
Whose ripeness is but bitter at the best:
'Twas rather her experience made her sage,
For she had seen the world, and stood its test,
As I have said in—I forget what page;
My Muse despises reference, as you have guess'd
By this time;—but strike six from seven-and-twenty,
And you will find her sum of years in plenty.

LV.

At sixteen she came out; presented, vaunted,
She put all coronets into commotion:
At seventeen too the world was still enchanted
With the new Venus of their brilliant ocean:
At eighteen, though below her feet still panted
A hecatomb of suitors with devotion,
She had consented to create again
That Adam, call'd "the happiest of men."

LVI.

Since then she had sparkled through three glowing
    winters,
  Admired, adored; but also so correct,
That she had puzzled all the acutest hinters,
  Without the apparel of being circumspect;
They could not even glean the slightest splinters
  From off the marble, which had no defect.
She had also snatch'd a moment since her marriage
To bear a son and heir—and one miscarriage.

LVII.

Fondly the wheeling fire-flies flew around her,
  Those little glitterers of the London night;
But none of these possess'd a sting to wound her-
  She was a pitch beyond a coxcomb's flight.
Perhaps she wish'd an aspirant profounder;
  But, whatsoe'er she wish'd, she acted right;
And whether coldness, pride, or virtue, dignify
A woman, so she's good, what does it signify?

LVIII.

I hate a motive like a lingering bottle,
Which with the landlord makes too long a stand,
Leaving all claretless the unmoisten'd throttle,
Especially with politics on hand;
I hate it, as I hate a drove of cattle,
Who whirl the dust as Simooms whirl the sand;
I hate it, as I hate an argument,
A laureate's ode, or servile peer's "Content."

LIX.

'Tis sad to hack into the roots of things,
They are so much intertwisted with the earth
So that the branch a goodly verdure flings,
I reck not if an acorn gave it birth.
To trace all actions to their secret springs
Would make indeed some melancholy mirth;
But this is not at present my concern,
And I refer you to wise Oxenstiern.[3]

LX.

With the kind view of saving an eclât,
  Both to the duchess and diplomatist,
The Lady Adeline, as soon 's she saw
  That Juan was unlikely to resist—
(For foreigners don't know that a *faux pas*
  In England ranks quite on a different list
From those of other lands, unbless'd with juries,
Whose verdict for such sin a certain cure is)—

LXI.

The Lady Adeline resolved to take
  Such measures as she thought might best impede
The further progress of this sad mistake.
  She thought with some simplicity indeed;
But innocence is bold even at the stake,
  And simple in the world, and doth not need
Nor use those palisades by dames erected,
Whose virtue lies in never being detected.

LXII.

It was not that she fear'd the very worst:
His Grace was an enduring, married man,
And was not likely all at once to burst
Into a scene, and swell the clients' clan
Of Doctors' Commons; but she dreaded first
The magic of her Grace's talisman,
And next a quarrel (as he seem'd to fret)
With Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet.

LXIII.

Her Grace too pass'd for being an *intrigante*,
And somewhat *méchante* in her amorous sphere;
One of those pretty, precious plagues, which haunt
A lover with caprices soft and dear,
That like to *make* a quarrel, when they can't
Find one, each day of the delightful year;
Bewitching, torturing, as they freeze or glow,
And—what is worst of all—won't let you go:

LXIV.

The sort of thing to turn a young man's head,
Or make a Werter of him in the end.
No wonder then a purer soul should dread
This sort of chaste *liaison* for a friend;
It were much better to be wed or dead,
Than wear a heart a woman loves to rend.
'Tis best to pause, and think, ere you rush on,
If that a "*bonne fortune*" be really "*bonne.*"

LXV.

And first, in the o'erflowing of her heart,
Which really knew or thought it knew no guile,
She call'd her husband now and then apart,
And bade him counsel Juan. With a smile
Lord Henry heard her plans of artless art,
To wean Don Juan from the siren's wile;
And answer'd, like a statesman or a prophet,
In such guise that she could make nothing of it.

LXVI.

Firstly, he said, "he never interfered
"In any body's business but the king's:"
Next, that "he never judged from what appear'd,
"Without strong reason, of those sorts of things
Thirdly, that "Juan had more brain than beard,
"And was not to be held in leading-strings;"
And fourthly, what need hardly be said twice,
"That good but rarely came from good advice."

LXVII.

And, therefore, doubtless to approve the truth
Of the last axiom, he advised his spouse
To leave the parties to themselves, forsooth,
At least as far as *bienséance* allows:
That time would temper Juan's faults of youth;
That young men rarely made monastic vows;
That opposition only more attaches——
But here a messenger brought in dispatches:

LXVIII.

And being of the council call'd "the Privy,"
   Lord Henry walk'd into his cabinet,
To furnish matter for some future Livy
   To tell how he reduced the nation's debt;
And if their full contents I do not give ye,
   It is because I do not know them yet,
But I shall add them in a brief appendix,
To come between mine epic and its index.

LXIX.

But ere he went, he added a slight hint,
   Another gentle common-place or two,
Such as are coin'd in conversation's mint,
   And pass, for want of better, though not new:
Then broke his packet, to see what was in't,
   And having casually glanced it through,
Retired; and, as he went out, calmly kiss'd her,
Less like a young wife than an aged sister.

LXX.

He was a cold, good, honourable man,
  Proud of his birth, and proud of every thing,
A goodly spirit for a state divan,
  A figure fit to walk before a king;
Tall, stately, form'd to lead the courtly van
  On birth-days, glorious with a star and string,
The very model of a chamberlain—
And such I mean to make him when I reign.

LXXI.

But there was something wanting on the whole—
  I don't know what, and therefore cannot tell—
Which pretty women—the sweet souls!—call *soul.*
  Certes it was not body; he was well
Proportion'd, as a poplar or a pole,
  A handsome man, that human miracle;
And in each circumstance of love or war
Had still preserved his perpendicular.

LXXII.

Still there was something wanting, as I've said—
That undefinable "*Je ne sais quoi,*"
Which, for what I know, may of yore have led
To Homer's Iliad, since it drew to Troy
The Greek Eve, Helen, from the Spartan's bed;
Though on the whole, no doubt, the Dardan boy
Was much inferior to King Menelaus;—
But thus it is some women will betray us.

LXXIII.

There is an awkward thing which much perplexes,
Unless like wise Tiresias we had proved
By turns the difference of the several sexes:
Neither can show quite *how* they would be loved.
The sensual for a short time but connects us—
The sentimental boasts to be unmoved;
But both together form a kind of centaur,
Upon whose back 'tis better not to venture.

LXXIV.

A something all-sufficient for the *heart*
Is that for which the sex are always seeking;
But how to fill up that same vacant part?
There lies the rub—and this they are but weak in.
Frail mariners afloat without a chart,
They run before the wind through high seas breaking
And when they have made the shore, through every shock
'Tis odd, or odds, it may turn out a rock.

LXXV.

There is a flower call'd " Love in idleness,"
For which see Shakespeare's ever-blooming garden.
I will not make his great description less,
And beg his British Godship's humble pardon,
If, in my extremity of rhyme's distress,
I touch a single leaf where he is warden;—
But though the flower is different, with the French
Or Swiss Rousseau, cry, " *Voilà la Pervenche!*"

LXXVI.

Eureka! I have found it! What I mean
To say is, not that love is idleness,
But that in love such idleness has been
An accessary, as I have cause to guess.
Hard labour's an indifferent go-between;
Your men of business are not apt to express
Much passion, since the merchant-ship, the Argo,
Convey'd Medea as her supercargo.

LXXVII.

"*Beatus ille procul!*" from "*negotiis*,"
Saith Horace; the great little poet's wrong;
His other maxim, "*Noscitur a sociis*,"
Is much more to the purpose of his song;
Though even that were sometimes too ferocious,
Unless good company he kept too long;
But, in his teeth, whate'er their state or station,
Thrice happy they who *have* an occupation!

LXXVIII.

Adam exchanged his Paradise for ploughing;
Eve made up millinery with fig-leaves—
The earliest knowledge from the tree so knowing,
As far as I know, that the Church receives:
And since that time it need not cost much showing
That many of the ills o'er which man grieves,
And still more women, spring from not employing
Some hours to make the remnant worth enjoying.

LXXIX

And hence high life is oft a dreary void,
A rack of pleasures, where we must invent
A something wherewithal to be annoy'd.
Bards may sing what they please about *Content*;
Contented, when translated, means but cloy'd;
And hence arise the woes of sentiment,
Blue devils, and Blue-stockings, and romances
Reduced to practice and perform'd like dances.

LXXX.

I do declare, upon an affidavit,
  Romances I ne'er read like those I have seen;
Nor, if unto the world I ever gave it,
  Would some believe that such a tale had been
But such intent I never had, nor have it;
  Some truths are better kept behind a screen,
Especially when they would look like lies;
I therefore deal in generalities.

LXXXI.

"An oyster may be cross'd in Love,"—and why?
  Because he mopeth idly in his shell,
And heaves a lonely subterraqueous sigh,
  Much as a monk may do within his cell:
And *à propos* of monks, their piety
  With sloth hath found it difficult to dwell;
Those vegetables of the Catholic creed
Are apt exceedingly to run to seed.

LXXXII.

Oh, Wilberforce! thou man of black renown,
   Whose merit none enough can sing or say,
Thou hast struck one immense colossus down,
   Thou moral Washington of Africa!
But there's another little thing, I own,
   Which you should perpetrate some summer's day
And set the other half of earth to rights:
You have freed the *blacks*—now pray shut up the whit

LXXXIII.

Shut up the bald-coot bully Alexander;
   Ship off the Holy Three to Senegal;
Teach them that "sauce for goose is sauce for gander,"
   And ask them how *they* like to be in thrall?
Shut up each high heroic salamander,
   Who eats fire gratis (since the pay's but small);
Shut up—no, *not* the king, but the pavilion,
Or else 'twill cost us all another million.

LXXXIV.

Shut up the world at large; let Bedlam out,
And you will be perhaps surprised to find
All things pursue exactly the same route,
As now with those of *soi-disant* sound mind.
This I could prove beyond a single doubt,
Were there a jot of sense among mankind;
But till that point *d'appui* is found, alas!
Like Archimedes, I leave earth as 'twas.

LXXXV.

Our gentle Adeline had one defect—
Her heart was vacant, though a splendid mansion;
Her conduct had been perfectly correct,
As she had seen nought claiming its expansion.
A wavering spirit may be easier wreck'd,
Because 'tis frailer, doubtless, than a stanch one;
But when the latter works its own undoing,
Its inner crash is like an earthquake's ruin.

LXXXVI.

She loved her lord, or thought so; but *that* love
   Cost her an effort, which is a sad toil,
The stone of Sysiphus, if once we move
   Our feelings 'gainst the nature of the soil.
She had nothing to complain of, or reprove,
   No bickerings, no connubial turmoil:
Their union was a model to behold,
Serene and noble,—conjugal but cold.

LXXXVII.

There was no great disparity of years,
   Though much in temper; but they never clash'd:
They moved like stars united in their spheres,
   Or like the Rhone by Leman's waters wash'd,
Where mingled and yet separate appears
   The river from the lake, all bluely dash'd
Through the serene and placid glassy deep,
Which fain would lull its river-child to sleep.

LXXXVIII.

Now, when she once had ta'en an interest
In any thing, however she might flatter
Herself that her intentions were the best,
Intense intentions are a dangerous matter:
Impressions were much stronger than she guess'd,
And gather'd as they run, like growing water,
Upon her mind; the more so, as her breast
Was not at first too readily impress'd.

LXXXIX.

But when it was, she had that lurking demon
Of double nature, and thus doubly named—
Firmness yclept in heroes, kings, and seamen,
That is, when they succeed; but greatly blamed
As *obstinacy*, both in men and women,
Whene'er their triumph pales, or star is tamed:—
And 'twill perplex the casuists in morality
To fix the due bounds of this dangerous quality.

XC.

Had Bonaparte won at Waterloo,
It had been firmness; now 'tis pertinacity:
Must the event decide between the two?
I leave it to your people of sagacity
To draw the line between the false and true,
If such can e'er be drawn by man's capacity:
My business is with Lady Adeline,
Who in her way too was a heroine.

XCI.

She knew not her own heart; then how should I?
I think not she was *then* in love with Juan:
If so, she would have had the strength to fly
The wild sensation, unto her a new one:
She merely felt a common sympathy
(I will not say it was a false or true one)
In him, because she thought he was in danger—
Her husband's friend, her own, young, and a stranger

XCII.

She was, or thought she was, his friend—and this
Without the farce of friendship, or romance
Of Platonism, which leads so oft amiss
Ladies who have studied friendship but in France,
Or Germany, where people *purely* kiss.
To thus much Adeline would not advance;
But of such friendship as man's may to man be,
She was as capable as woman can be.

XCIII.

No doubt the secret influence of the sex
Will there, as also in the ties of blood,
An innocent predominance annex,
And tune the concord to a finer mood.
If free from passion, which all friendship checks,
And your true feelings fully understood,
No friend like to a woman earth discovers,
So that you have not been nor will be lovers.

XCIV.

Love bears within its breast the very germ
Of change; and how should this be otherwise?
That violent things more quickly find a term
Is shown through Nature's whole analogies;
And how should the most fierce of all be firm?
Would you have endless lightning in the skies?
Methinks Love's very title says enough:
How should "the *tender* passion" e'er be *tough*?

XCV.

Alas! by all experience, seldom yet
(I merely quote what I have heard from many)
Had lovers not some reason to regret
The passion which made Solomon a Zany.
I've also seen some wives (not to forget
The marriage state, the best or worst of any)
Who were the very paragons of wives,
Yet made the misery of at least two lives.

XCVI.

I've also seen some female *friends* ('tis odd,
  But true—as, if expedient, I could prove)
That faithful were through thick and thin, abroad,
  At home, far more than ever yet was love—
Who did not quit me when oppression trod
  Upon me; whom no scandal could remove;
Who fought, and fight, in absence too, my battles,
Despite the snake Society's loud rattles.

XCVII.

Whether Don Juan and chaste Adeline
  Grew friends in this or any other sense,
Will be discuss'd hereafter, I opine:
  At present I am glad of a pretence
To leave them hovering, as the effect is fine,
  And keeps the atrocious reader in *suspense*;
The surest way for ladies and for books
To bait their tender or their tenter hooks.

XCVIII.

Whether they rode, or walk'd, or studied Spanish
To read Don Quixote in the original,
A pleasure before which all others vanish;
Whether their talk was of the kind call'd "small,'
Or serious, are the topics I must banish
To the next Canto; where, perhaps, I shall
Say something to the purpose, and display
Considerable talent in my way.

XCIX.

Above all, I beg all men to forbear
Anticipating aught about the matter:
They 'll only make mistakes about the fair,
And Juan too, especially the latter.
And I shall take a much more serious air
Than I have yet done in this epic satire.
It is not clear that Adeline and Juan
Will fall; but if they do, 'twill be their ruin.

C.

But great things spring from little:—Would you think,
That, in our youth, as dangerous a passion
As e'er brought man and woman to the brink
Of ruin, rose from such a slight occasion
As few would ever dream could form the link
Of such a sentimental situation?
You'll never guess, I'll bet you millions, milliards—
It all sprung from a harmless game at billiards.

CI.

'Tis strange—but true; for truth is always strange,
Stranger than fiction: if it could be told,
How much would novels gain by the exchange!
How differently the world would men behold!
How oft would vice and virtue places change!
The new world would be nothing to the old,
If some Columbus of the moral seas
Would show mankind their soul's antipodes.

CII.

What " Antres vast and desarts idle" then
Would be discover'd in the human soul!
What icebergs in the hearts of mighty men,
With self-love in the centre as their pole!
What Anthropophagi is nine of ten
Of those who hold the kingdoms in controul!
Were things but only call'd by their right name,
Cæsar himself would be ashamed of fame.

NOTES TO CANTO XIV.

Note 1.

And never craned, *and made but few* "faux pas."
Stanza xxxiii. line 3

Craning.—"To *crane*" is, or was, an expression used to denote a gentleman's stretching out his neck over a hedge, "to look before he leaped:"—a pause in his "vaulting ambition," which in the field doth occasion some delay and execration in those who may be immediately behind the equestrian sceptic. "Sir, if you don't choose to take the leap, let me"—was a phrase which generally sent the aspirant on again; and to good purpose: for though "the horse and rider" might fall, they made a gap, through which, and over him and his steed, the field might follow.

Note 2.

Go to the coffee-house, and take another.
Stanza xlviii. last line.

In Swift's or Horace Walpole's *Letters* I think it is mentioned, that somebody regretting the loss of a friend, was answered by an universal Pylades: "When I lose one, I go to the Saint James's Coffee-house, and take another."

I recollect having heard an anecdote of the same kind. Sir W. D. was a great gamester. Coming in one day to

the club of which he was a member, he was observed to look melancholy. "What is the matter, Sir William?" cried Hare, of facetious memory. "Ah!" replied Sir W. "I have just *lost* poor Lady D." "*Lost!* What *at*— *Quinze* or *Hazard?*" was the consolatory rejoinder of the querist.

NOTE 3.

And I refer you to wise Oxenstiern.
Stanza lix. last line.

The famous Chancellor Oxenstiern said to his son, on the latter expressing his surprise upon the great effects arising from petty causes in the presumed mystery of politics: "You see by this, my son, with how little wisdom the kingdoms of the world are governed."

DON JUAN.

CANTO XV.

I.

Ah!——What should follow slips from my reflection:
  Whatever follows ne'ertheless may be
As àpropos of hope or retrospection,
  As though the lurking thought had follow'd free.
All present life is but an interjection,
  An "Oh!" or "Ah!" of joy or misery,
Or a "Ha! ha!" or "Bah!"—a yawn, or "Pooh!"
Of which perhaps the latter is most true.

II.

But, more or less, the whole's a syncopé
  Or a singultus—emblems of Emotion,
The grand antithesis to great Ennui,
  Wherewith we break our bubbles on the ocean,
That watery outline of eternity,
  Or miniature at least, as is my notion,
Which ministers unto the soul's delight,
In seeing matters which are out of sight.

III.

But all are better than the sigh suppress,
  Corroding in the cavern of the heart,
Making the countenance a mask of rest,
  And turning human nature to an art.
Few men dare show their thoughts of worst or best
  Dissimulation always sets apart
A corner for herself; and therefore Fiction
Is that which passes with least contradiction.

IV.

Ah! who can tell? Or rather, who can not
Remember, without telling, passion's errors?
The drainer of oblivion, even the sot,
Hath got blue devils for his morning mirrors:
What though on Lethe's stream he seem to float,
He cannot sink his tremors or his terrors;
The ruby glass that shakes within his hand,
Leaves a sad sediment of Time's worst sand.

V.

And as for Love—Oh, Love!——We will proceed.
The Lady Adeline Amundeville,
A pretty name as one would wish to read,
Must perch harmonious on my tuneful quill.
There's music in the sighing of a reed;
There's music in the gushing of a rill;
There's music in all things, if men had ears:
Their Earth is but an echo of the spheres.

VI.

The Lady Adeline, right honourable,
And honour'd, ran a risk of growing less so;
For few of the soft sex are very stable
In their resolves—alas! that I should say so!
They differ as wine differs from its label,
When once decanted;—I presume to guess so,
But will not swear: yet both upon occasion,
Till old, may undergo adulteration.

VII.

But Adeline was of the purest vintage,
The unmingled essence of the grape; and yet
Bright as a new Napoleon from its mintage,
Or glorious as a diamond richly set;
A page where Time should hesitate to print age,
And for which Nature might forego her debt—
Sole creditor whose process doth involve in't
The luck of finding every body solvent.

VIII.

Oh, Death! thou dunnest of all duns! thou daily
Knockest at doors, at first with modest tap,
Like a meek tradesman when approaching palely
Some splendid debtor he would take by sap:
But oft denied, as patience 'gins to fail, he
Advances with exasperated rap,
And (if let in) insists, in terms unhandsome,
On ready money or "a draft on Ransom."

IX.

Whate'er thou takest, spare awhile poor Beauty!
She is so rare, and thou hast so much prey.
What though she now and then may slip from duty,
The more's the reason why you ought to stay.
Gaunt Gourmand! with whole nations for your booty,
You should be civil in a modest way:
Suppress then some slight feminine diseases,
And take as many heroes as heaven pleases.

X.

Fair Adeline, the more ingenuous
  Where she was interested (as was said)
Because she was not apt, like some of us,
  To like too readily, or too high bred
To show it—points we need not now discuss—
  Would give up artlessly both heart and head
Unto such feelings as seem'd innocent,
For objects worthy of the sentiment.

XI.

Some parts of Juan's history, which Rumour,
  That live Gázette, had scatter'd to disfigure,
She had heard; but women hear with more good hum
  Such aberrations than we men of rigour.
Besides, his conduct, since in England, grew more
  Strict, and his mind assumed a manlier vigour;
Because he had, like Alcibiades,
The art of living in all climes with ease.

XII.

His manner was perhaps the more seductive,
  Because he ne'er seem'd anxious to seduce;
Nothing affected, studied, or constructive
  Of coxcombry or conquest: no abuse
Of his attractions marr'd the fair perspective,
  To indicate a Cupidon broke loose,
And seem to say, "resist us if you can"—
Which makes a dandy while it spoils a man

XIII.

They are wrong—that's not the way to set about it;
  As, if they told the truth, could well be shown.
But right or wrong, Don Juan was without it;
  In fact, his manner was his own alone:
Sincere he was—at least you could not doubt it,
  In listening merely to his voice's tone.
The Devil hath not in all his quiver's choice
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.

XIV.

By Nature soft, his whole address held off
   Suspicion: though not timid, his regard
Was such as rather seem'd to keep aloof,
   To shield himself, than put you on your guard:
Perhaps 'twas hardly quite assured enough,
   But Modesty 's at times its own reward,
Like virtue; and the absence of pretension
Will go much further than there 's need to mention.

XV.

Serene, accomplish'd, cheerful but not loud;
   Insinuating without insinuation;
Observant of the foibles of the crowd,
   Yet ne'er betraying this in conversation;
Proud with the proud, yet courteously proud,
   So as to make them feel he knew his station
And theirs:—without a struggle for priority,
He neither brook'd nor claim'd superiority.

XVI.

That is, with men: with women he was what
  They pleased to make or take him for; and their
Imagination's quite enough for that:
  So that the outline 's tolerably fair,
They fill the canvass up—and "verbum sat."
  If once their phantasies be brought to bear
Upon an object, whether sad or playful,
They can transfigure brighter than a Raphael.

XVII.

Adeline, no deep judge of character,
  Was apt to add a colouring from her own.
'Tis thus the good will amiably err,
  And eke the wise, as has been often shown.
Experience is the chief philosopher,
  But saddest when his science is well known:
And persecuted sages teach the schools
Their folly in forgetting there are fools.

XVIII.

Was it not so, great Locke? and greater Bacon?
Great Socrates? And thou Diviner still,[1]
Whose lot it is by man to be mistaken,
And thy pure creed made sanction of all ill?
Redeeming worlds to be by bigots shaken,
How was thy toil rewarded? We might fill
Volumes with similar sad illustrations,
But leave them to the conscience of the nations.

XIX.

I perch upon an humbler promontory,
Amidst life's infinite variety:
With no great care for what is nicknamed glory,
But speculating as I cast mine eye
On what may suit or may not suit my story,
And never straining hard to versify,
I rattle on exactly as I 'd talk
With any body in a ride or walk.

XX.

I don't know that there may be much ability
Shown in this sort of desultory rhyme;
But there's a conversational facility,
Which may round off an hour upon a time.
Of this I'm sure at least, there's no servility
In mine irregularity of chime,
Which rings what's uppermost of new or hoary,
Just as I feel the "Improvisatore."

XXI.

"Omnia vult *belle* Matho dicere—dic aliquando
Et *bene*, dic *neutrum*, dic aliquando *male*."
The first is rather more than mortal can do;
The second may be sadly done or gaily;
The third is still more difficult to stand to;
The fourth we hear, and see, and say too, daily;
The whole together is what I could wish
To serve in this conundrum of a dish.

XXII.

A modest hope—but modesty 's my forte,
  And pride my feeble:—let us ramble on.
I meant to make this poem very short,
  But now I can't tell where it may not run.
No doubt, if I had wish'd to pay my court
  To critics, or to hail the *setting* sun
Of tyranny of all kinds, my concision
Were more;—but I was born for opposition.

XXIII.

But then 'tis mostly on the weaker side:
  So that I verily believe if they
Who now are basking in their full-blown pride,
  Were shaken down, and "dogs had had their day,
Though at the first I might perchance deride
  Their tumble, I should turn the other way,
And wax an ultra-royalist in loyalty,
Because I hate even democratic royalty.

XXIV.

I think I should have made a decent spouse,
  If I had never proved the soft condition;
I think I should have made monastic vows,
  But for my own peculiar superstition:
'Gainst rhyme I never should have knock'd my brows,
  Nor broken my own head, nor that of Priscian,
Nor worn the motley mantle of a poet,
If some one had not told me to forego it.

XXV.

But "laissez aller"—knights and dames I sing,
  Such as the times may furnish. 'Tis a flight
Which seems at first to need no lofty wing,
  Plumed by Longinus or the Stagyrite:
The difficulty lies in colouring
  (Keeping the due proportions still in sight)
With Nature manners which are artificial,
And rend'ring general that which is especial.

XXVI.

The difference is, that in the days of old
  Men made the manners; manners now make men—
Pinned like a flock, and fleeced too in their fold,
  At least nine, and a ninth beside of ten.
Now this at all events must render cold
  Your writers, who must either draw again
Days better drawn before, or else assume
The present, with their common-place costume.

XXVII.

We'll do our best to make the best on't:—March!
  March, my Muse! If you cannot fly, yet flutter;
And when you may not be sublime, be arch,
  Or starch, as are the edicts statesmen utter.
We surely shall find something worth research:
  Columbus found a new world in a cutter,
Or brigantine, or pink, of no great tonnage,
While yet America was in her non-age.

XXVIII.

When Adeline, in all her growing sense
  Of Juan's merits and his situation,
Felt on the whole an interest intense—
  Partly perhaps because a fresh sensation,
Or that he had an air of innocence,
  Which is for innocence a sad temptation,—
As women hate half measures, on the whole,
She 'gan to ponder how to save his soul.

XXIX.

She had a good opinion of advice,
  Like all who give and eke receive it gratis,
For which small thanks are still the market price,
  Even where the article at highest rate is.
She thought upon the subject twice or thrice,
  And morally decided, the best state is
For morals, marriage; and this question carried,
She seriously advised him to get married.

XXX.

Juan replied, with all becoming deference,
He had a predilection for that tie;
But that at present, with immediate reference
To his own circumstances, there might lie
Some difficulties, as in his own preference,
Or that of her to whom he might apply;
That still he'd wed with such or such a lady,
If that they were not married all already.

XXXI.

Next to the making matches for herself,
And daughters, brothers, sisters, kith or kin,
Arranging them like books on the same shelf,
There's nothing women love to dabble in
More (like a stock-holder in growing pelf)
Than match-making in general: 'tis no sin
Certes, but a preventative, and therefore
That is, no doubt, the only reason wherefore.

XXXII.

But never yet (except of course a miss
  Unwed, or mistress never to be wed,
Or wed already, who object to this)
  Was there chaste dame who had not in her head
Some drama of the marriage unities,
  Observed as strictly both at board and bed,
As those of Aristotle, though sometimes
They turn out melodrames or pantomimes.

XXXIII.

They generally have some only son,
  Some heir to a large property, some friend
Of an old family, some gay Sir John,
  Or grave Lord George, with whom perhaps might end
A line, and leave posterity undone,
  Unless a marriage was applied to mend
The prospect and their morals: and besides,
They have at hand a blooming glut of brides.

XXXIV.

From these they will be careful to select,
  For this an heiress, and for that a beauty;
For one a songstress who hath no defect,
  For t'other one who promises much duty;
For this a lady no one can reject,
  Whose sole accomplishments were quite a booty;
A second for her excellent connections;
A third, because there can be no objections.

XXXV.

When Rapp the Harmonist embargoed marriage [2]
  In his harmonious settlement—(which flourishes
Strangely enough as yet without miscarriage,
  Because it breeds no more mouths than it nourishes,
Without those sad expenses which disparage
  What Nature naturally most encourages)—
Why call'd he "Harmony" a state sans wedlock?
Now here I have got the preacher at a dead lock.

XXXVI.

Because he either meant to sneer at harmony
Or marriage, by divorcing them thus oddly,
But whether reverend Rapp learn'd this in Germany
Or no, 'tis said his sect is rich and godly,
Pious and pure, beyond what I can term any
Of ours, although they propagate more broadly.
My objection's to his title, not his ritual,
Although I wonder how it grew habitual.

XXXVII.

But Rapp is the reverse of zealous matrons,
Who favour, malgré Malthus, generation—
Professors of that genial art, and patrons
Of all the modest part of propagation,
Which after all at such a desperate rate runs,
That half its produce tends to emigration,
That sad result of passions and potatoes—
Two weeds which pose our economic Catos.

XXXVIII.

Had Adeline read Malthus? I can't tell;
I wish she had: his book's the eleventh commandment,
Which says, "thou shalt not marry"—unless *well*:
This he (as far as I can understand) meant:
'Tis not my purpose on his views to dwell,
Nor canvass what "so eminent a hand" meant;[3]
But certes it conducts to lives ascetic,
Or turning marriage into arithmetic.

XXXIX.

But Adeline, who probably presumed
That Juan had enough of maintenance,
Or *separate* maintenance, in case 'twas doom'd—
As on the whole it is an even chance
That bridegrooms after they are fairly *groom'd*,
May retrograde a little in the dance
Of marriage—(which might form a painter's fame,
Like Holbein's "Dance of Death"—but 'tis the same)

XL.

But Adeline determined Juan's wedding
In her own mind, and that's enough for woman.
But then, with whom? There was the sage Miss Reading,
Miss Raw, Miss Flaw, Miss Showman, and Miss Knowman,
And the two fair co-heiresses Giltbedding.
She deemed his merits something more than common:
All these were unobjectionable matches,
And might go on, if well wound up, like watches.

XLI.

There was Miss Millpond, smooth as summer's sea,
That usual paragon, an only daughter,
Who seem'd the cream of equanimity,
Till skimm'd—and then there was some milk and water,
With a slight shade of Blue too it might be,
Beneath the surface; but what did it matter?
Love's riotous, but marriage should have quiet,
And, being consumptive, live on a milk diet.

XLII.

And then there was the Miss Audacia Shoestring,
  A dashing demoiselle of good estate,
Whose heart was fix'd upon a star or bluestring;
  But whether English Dukes grew rare of late,
Or that she had not harp'd upon the true string,
  By which such sirens can attract our great,
She took up with some foreign younger brother,
A Russ or Turk—the one's as good as t'other.

XLIII.

And then there was—but why should I go on,
  Unless the ladies should go off?—there was
Indeed a certain fair and fairy one,
  Of the best class, and better than her class,—
Aurora Raby, a young star who shone
  O'er life, too sweet an image for such glass,
A lovely being, scarcely form'd or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded;

XLIV.

Rich, noble, but an orphan ; left an only
  Child to the care of guardians good and kind ;
But still her aspect had an air so lonely !
  Blood is not water; and where shall we find
Feelings of youth like those which overthrown lie
  By death, when we are left, alas! behind,
To feel, in friendless palaces, a home
Is wanting, and our best ties in the tomb?

XLV.

Early in years, and yet more infantine
  In figure, she had something of sublime
In eyes which sadly shone, as seraphs' shine.
  All youth—but with an aspect beyond time ;
Radiant and grave—as pitying man's decline ;
  Mournful—but mournful of another's crime,
She look'd as if she sat by Eden's door,
And grieved for those who could return no more.

XLVI.

She was a Catholic too, sincere, austere,
As far as her own gentle heart allow'd,
And deem'd that fallen worship far more dear
Perhaps because 'twas fallen: her sires were proud
Of deeds and days when they had fill'd the ear
Of nations, and had never bent or bow'd
To novel power; and as she was the last,
She held their old faith and old feelings fast.

XLVII.

She gazed upon a world she scarcely knew
As seeking not to know it; silent, lone,
As grows a flower, thus quietly she grew,
And kept her heart serene within its zone.
There was awe in the homage which she drew;
Her spirit seem'd as seated on a throne
Apart from the surrounding world, and strong
In its own strength—most strange in one so young!

XLVIII.

Now it so happen'd, in the catalogue
  Of Adeline, Aurora was omitted,
Although her birth and wealth had given her vogue
  Beyond the charmers we have already cited;
Her beauty also seem'd to form no clog
  Against her being mention'd as well fitted,
By many virtues, to be worth the trouble
Of single gentlemen who would be double.

XLIX.

And this omission, like that of the bust
  Of Brutus at the pageant of Tiberius,
Made Juan wonder, as no doubt he must.
  This he express'd half smiling and half serious;
When Adeline replied with some disgust,
  And with an air, to say the least, imperious,
She marvell'd "what he saw in such a baby
"As that prim, silent, cold Aurora Raby?"

L.

Juan rejoined—" She was a Catholic,
" And therefore fittest, as of his persuasion;
" Since he was sure his mother would fall sick,
" And the Pope thunder excommunication,
" If——" But here Adeline, who seem'd to pique
Herself extremely on the inoculation
Of others with her own opinions, stated—
As usual—the same reason which she late did.

LI.

And wherefore not? A reasonable reason,
If good, is none the worse for repetition;
If bad, the best way's certainly to tease on
And amplify: you lose much by concision,
Whereas insisting in or out of season
Convinces all men, even a politician;
Or—what is just the same—it wearies out.
So the end's gain'd, what signifies the route?

LII.

Why Adeline had this slight prejudice—
For prejudice it was—against a creature
As pure as sanctity itself from vice,
With all the added charm of form and feature,
For me appears a question far too nice,
Since Adeline was liberal by nature;
But nature 's nature, and has more caprices
Than I have time, or will, to take to pieces.

LIII.

Perhaps she did not like the quiet way
With which Aurora on those baubles look'd,
Which charm most people in their earlier day:
For there are few things by mankind less brook'd,
And womankind too, if we so may say,
Than finding thus their genius stand rebuked,
Like "Anthony's by Cæsar," by the few
Who look upon them as they ought to do.

LIV.

It was not envy—Adeline had none;
Her place was far beyond it, and her mind.
It was not scorn—which could not light on one
Whose greatest *fault* was leaving few to find.
It was not jealousy, I think: but shun
Following the "Ignes Fatui" of mankind.
It was not——but 'tis easier far, alas!
To say what it was not, than what it was.

LV.

Little Aurora deem'd she was the theme
Of such discussion. She was there a guest,
A beauteous ripple of the brilliant stream
Of rank and youth, though purer than the rest,
Which flow'd on for a moment in the beam
Time sheds a moment o'er each sparkling crest.
Had she known this, she would have calmly smiled-
She had so much, or little, of the child.

LVI.

The dashing and proud air of Adeline
  Imposed not upon her: she saw her blaze
Much as she would have seen a glow-worm shine,
  Then turn'd unto the stars for loftier rays.
Juan was something she could not divine,
  Being no Sibyl in the new world's ways;
Yet she was nothing dazzled by the meteor,
Because she did not pin her faith on feature.

LVII.

His fame too,—for he had that kind of fame
  Which sometimes plays the deuce with womankind,
A heterogeneous mass of glorious blame,
  Half virtues and whole vices being combined;
Faults which attract because they are not tame;
  Follies trick'd out so brightly that they blind:—
These seals upon her wax made no impression,
Such was her coldness or her self-possession.

LVIII.

Juan knew nought of such a character—
High, yet resembling not his lost Haidée;
Yet each was radiant in her proper sphere:
The Island girl, bred up by the lone sea,
More warm, as lovely, and not less sincere,
Was Nature's all: Aurora could not be
Nor would be thus;—the difference in them
Was such as lies between a flower and gem.

LIX.

Having wound up with this sublime comparison,
Methinks we may proceed upon our narrative,
And, as my friend Scott says, "I sound my Warison;"
Scott, the superlative of my comparative—
Scott, who can paint your Christian knight or Saracen,
Serf, Lord, Man, with such skill as none would share it, if
There had not been one Shakespeare and Voltaire,
Of one or both of whom he seems the heir.

LX.

I say, in my slight way I may proceed
To play upon the surface of Humanity.
I write the world, nor care if the world read,
At least for this I cannot spare its vanity.
My Muse hath bred, and still perhaps may breed
More foes by this same scroll: when I began it, I
Thought that it might turn out so—*now* I *know* it,
But still I am, or was, a pretty poet.

LXI.

The conference or congress (for it ended
As congresses of late do) of the Lady
Adeline and Don Juan rather blended
Some acids with the sweets—for she was heady;
But, ere the matter could be marr'd or mended,
The silvery bell rung, not for "dinner ready,"
But for that hour, call'd *half-hour*, given to dress,.
Though ladies' robes seem scant enough for less.

LXII.

Great things were now to be achieved at table,
  With massy plate for armour, knives and forks
For weapons; but what Muse since Homer's able
  (His feasts are not the worst part of his works)
To draw up in array a single day-bill
  Of modern dinners? where more mystery lurks
In soups or sauces, or a sole ragoût,
Than witches, b—ches, or physicians brew.

LXIII.

There was a goodly "soupe à la *bonne femme*,"
  Though God knows whence it came from; there was too
A turbot for relief of those who cram,
  Relieved with dindon à la Parigeux;
There also was——the sinner that I am!
  How shall I get this gourmand stanza through?—
Soupe à la Beauveau, whose relief was Dory,
Relieved itself by pork, for greater glory.

LXIV.

But I must crowd all into one grand mess
 Or mass; for should I stretch into detail,
My Muse would run much more into excess,
 Than when some squeamish people deem her frail.
But though a "bonne vivante," I must confess
 Her stomach's not her peccant part: this tale
However doth require some slight refection,
Just to relieve her spirits from dejection.

LXV.

Fowls à la Condé, slices eke of salmon,
 With sauces Genevoises, and haunch of venison;
Wines too which might again have slain young Ammon,
 A man like whom I hope we shan't see many soon;
They also set a glazed Westphalian ham on,
 Whereon Apicius would bestow his benison;
And then there was Champagne with foaming whirls,
As white a Cleopatra's melted pearls.

LXVI.

Then there was God knows what "à l'Allemande,"
"A l'Espagnole," "timballe," and "Salpicon"—
With things I can't withstand or understand,
Though swallow'd with much zest upon the whole
And "entremets" to piddle with at hand,
Gently to lull down the subsiding soul;
While great Lucullus' (*robe triomphale*) muffles—
(*There's Fame*)—young Partridge fillets, deck'd with
truffles. 4

LXVII.

What are the *fillets* on the victor's brow
To these? They are rags or dust. Where is the arch
Which nodded to the nation's spoils below?
Where the triumphal chariot's haughty march?
Gone to where victories must like dinners go.
Further I shall not follow the research:
But oh! ye modern heroes with your cartridges,
When will your names lend lustre even to partridges?

LXVIII.

Those truffles too are no bad accessaries,
Follow'd by "Petits puits d'Amour"—a dish
Of which perhaps the cookery rather varies,
So every one may dress it to his wish,
According to the best of dictionaries,
Which encyclopedise both flesh and fish;
But even sans "confitures," it no less true is,
There's pretty picking in those "petits puits."

LXIX.

The mind is lost in mighty contemplation
Of intellect expended on two courses;
And indigestion's grand multiplication
Requires arithmetic beyond my forces.
Who would suppose, from Adam's simple ration
That cookery could have call'd forth such resources,
As form a science and a nomenclature
From out the commonest demands of nature?

LXX.

The glasses jingled, and the palates tingled;
The diners of celebrity dined well;
The ladies with more moderation mingled
In the feast, pecking less than I can tell;
Also the younger men too; for a springald
Can't like ripe age in gourmandise excel,
But thinks less of good eating than the whisper
(When seated next him) of some pretty lisper.

LXXI.

Alas! I must leave undescribed the gibier,
The salmi, the consommé, the purée,
All which I use to make my rhymes run glibber
Than could roast beef in our rough John Bull way:
I must not introduce even a spare rib here,
"Bubble and squeak" would spoil my liquid lay;
But I have dined, and must forego, alas!
The chaste description even of a "Becasse,"

LXXII.

And fruits, and ice, and all that art refines
  From nature for the service of the goût,—
Taste or the *gout*,—pronounce it as inclines
  Your stomach! Ere you dine, the French will do;
But *after*, there are sometimes certain signs
  Which prove plain English truer of the two
Hast ever *had* the *gout?* I have not had it—
But I may have, and you too, Reader, dread it.

LXXIII.

The simple olives, best allies of wine,
  Must I pass over in my bill of fare?
I must, although a favourite "plat" of mine
  In Spain, and Lucca, Athens, every where:
On them and bread 'twas oft my luck to dine,
  The grass my table-cloth, in open air,
On Sunium or Hymettus, like Diogenes,
Of whom half my philosophy the progeny is.

LXXIV.

Amidst this tumult of fish, flesh and fowl,
And vegetables, all in masquerade,
The guests were placed according to their roll,
But various as the various meats display'd:
Don Juan sat next an " à l'Espagnole"—
No damsel, but a dish, as hath been said;
But so far like a lady, that 'twas drest
Superbly, and contained a world of zest.

LXXV.

By some odd chance too he was placed between
Aurora and the Lady Adeline—
A situation difficult, I ween,
For man therein, with eyes and heart, to dine.
Also the conference which we have seen
Was not such as to encourage him to shine;
For Adeline, addressing few words to him,
With two transcendent eyes seem'd to look through him.

LXXVI.

I sometimes almost think that eyes have ears:
This much is sure, that, out of earshot, things
Are somehow echoed to the pretty dears,
Of which I can't tell whence their knowledge springs;
Like that same mystic music of the spheres,
Which no one hears so loudly though it rings.
'Tis wonderful how oft the sex have heard
Long dialogues which pass'd without a word!

LXXVII.

Aurora sat with that indifference
Which piques a preux Chevalier—as it ought:
Of all offences that's the worst offence,
Which seems to hint you are not worth a thought.
Now Juan, though no coxcomb in pretence,
Was not exactly pleased to be so caught;
Like a good ship entangled among ice,
And after so much excellent advice.

LXXVIII.

To his gay nothings, nothing was replied,
Or something which was nothing, as urbanity
Required. Aurora scarcely look'd aside,
Nor even smiled enough for any vanity.
The devil was in the girl! Could it be pride?
Or modesty, or absence, or inanity?
Heaven knows! But Adeline's malicious eyes
Sparkled with her successful prophecies.

LXXIX.

And look'd as much as if to say, "I said it;"—
A kind of triumph I'll not recommend,
Because it sometimes, as I've seen or read it,
Both in the case of lover and of friend,
Will pique a gentleman, for his own credit,
To bring what was a jest to a serious end:
For all men prophesy what *is* or *was*,
And hate those who won't let them come to pass.

LXXX.

Juan was drawn thus into some attentions,
   Slight but select, and just enough to express,
To females of perspicuous comprehensions,
   That he would rather make them more than less.
Aurora at the last (so history mentions,
   Though probably much less a fact than guess)
So far relax'd her thoughts from their sweet prison,
As once or twice to smile, if not to listen.

LXXXI.

From answering, she began to question: this
   With her was rare; and Adeline, who as yet
Thought her predictions went not much amiss,
   Began to dread she'd thaw to a coquette—
So very difficult, they say, it is
   To keep extremes from meeting, when once set
In motion; but she here too much refined—
Aurora's spirit was not of that kind.

LXXXII.

But Juan had a sort of winning way,
  A proud humility, if such there be,
Which show'd such deference to what females say,
  As if each charming word were a decree.
His tact too temper'd him from grave to gay,
  And taught him when to be reserved or free:
He had the art of drawing people out,
Without their seeing what he was about.

LXXXIII.

Aurora, who in her indifference
  Confounded him in common with the crowd
Of flutterers, though she deem'd he had more sense
  Than whispering foplings, or than witlings loud,—
Commenced (from such slight things will great commence)
  To feel that flattery which attracts the proud
Rather by deference than compliment,
And wins even by a delicate dissent.

LXXXIV.

And then he had good looks;—that point was carried
  Nem. con. amongst the women, which I grieve
To say leads oft to *crim. con.* with the married—
  A case which to the Juries we may leave,
Since with digressions we too long have tarried.
  Now though we know of old that looks deceive,
And always have done, somehow these good looks
Make more impression than the best of books.

LXXXV.

Aurora, who look'd more on books than faces,
  Was very young, although so very sage,
Admiring more Minerva than the Graces,
  Especially upon a printed page.
But Virtue's self, with all her tightest laces,
  Has not the natural stays of strict old age;
And Socrates, that model of all duty,
Own'd to a penchant, though discreet, for beauty.

LXXXVI.

And girls of sixteen are thus far Socratic,
But innocently so, as Socrates:
And really, if the Sage sublime and Attic
At seventy years had phantasies like these,
Which Plato in his dialogues dramatic
Has shown, I know not why they should displease
In virgins—always in a modest way,
Observe; for that with me's a "sine quâ."[6]

LXXXVII.

Also observe, that like the great Lord Coke,
(See Littletón) whene'er I have express'd
Opinions two, which at first sight may look
Twin opposites, the second is the best.
Perhaps I have a third too in a nook,
Or none at all—which seems a sorry jest;
But if a writer should be quite consistent,
How could he possibly show things existent?

LXXXVIII.

If people contradict themselves, can I
Help contradicting them, and every body,
Even my veracious self!—but that's a lie;
I never did so, never will—how should I?
He who doubts all things, nothing can deny;
Truth's fountains may be clear—her streams are muddy,
And cut through such canals of contradiction,
That she must often navigate o'er fiction.

LXXXIX.

Apologue, fable, poesy, and parable,
Are false, but may be render'd also true
By those who sow them in a land that's arable.
'Tis wonderful what fable will not do!
'Tis said it makes reality more bearable:
But what's reality? Who has its clue?
Philosophy? No; she too much rejects.
Religion? *Yes;* but which of all her sects?

XC.

Some millions must be wrong, that's pretty clear;
Perhaps it may turn out that all were right.
God help us! Since we have need on our career
To keep our holy beacons always bright,
'Tis time that some new Prophet should appear,
Or old indulge man with a second sight.
Opinions wear out in some thousand years,
Without a small refreshment from the spheres.

XCI.

But here again, why will I thus entangle
Myself with metaphysics? None can hate
So much as I do any kind of wrangle;
And yet, such is my folly, or my fate,
I always knock my head against some angle
About the present, past, for uture state:
Yet I wish well to Trojan and to Tyrian,
For I was bred a moderate Presbyterian.

XCII.

But though I am a temperate Theologian,
  And also meek as a Metaphysician,
Impartial between Tyrian and Trojan,
  As Eldon on a lunatic commission,—
In politics, my duty is to show John
  Bull something of the lower world's condition.
It makes my blood boil like the springs of Hecla,
To see men let these scoundrel Sovereigns break law.

XCIII.

But politics, and policy, and piety,
  Are topics which I sometimes introduce,
Not only for the sake of their variety,
  But as subservient to a moral use;
Because my business is to *dress* society,
  And stuff with *sage* that very verdant goose.
And now, that we may furnish with some matter all
Tastes, we are going to try the supernatural.

XCIV.

And now I will give up all argument;
  And positively henceforth no temptation
Shall "fool me to the top up of my bent;"
  Yes, I'll begin a thorough reformation.
Indeed I never knew what people meant
  By deeming that my Muse's conversation
Was dangerous;—I think she is as harmless
As some who labour more and yet may charm less.

XCV.

Grim reader! did you ever see a ghost?
  No; but you have heard—I understand—be dumb!
And don't regret the time you may have lost,
  For you have got that pleasure still to come:
And do not think I mean to sneer at most
  Of these things, or by ridicule benumb
That source of the sublime and the mysterious:—
For certain reasons, my belief is serious.

XCVI.

Serious? You laugh:—you may; that will I not;
My smiles must be sincere or not at all.
I say I do believe a haunted spot
Exists—and where? That shall I not recal,
Because I'd rather it should be forgot,
"Shadows the soul of Richard" may appal.
In short, upon that subject I've some qualms very
Like those of the Philosopher of Malmsbury. [7]

XCVII.

The night (I sing by night—sometimes an owl,
And now and then a nightingale)—is dim,
And the loud shriek of sage Minerva's fowl
Rattles around me her discordant hymn:
Old portraits from old walls upon me scowl—
I wish to heaven they would not look so grim;
The dying embers dwindle in the grate—
I think too that I have sate up too late:

XCVIII.

And therefore, though 'tis by no means my way
 To rhyme at noon—when I have other things
To think of, if I ever think,—I say
 I feel some chilly midnight shudderings,
And prudently postpone, until mid-day,
 Treating a topic which alas! but brings
Shadows;—but you must be in my condition
Before you learn to call this superstition.

XCIX.

Between two worlds life hovers like a star,
 'Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge:
How little do we know that which we are!
 How less what we may be! The eternal surge
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar
 Our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge,
Lash'd from the foam of ages; while the graves
Of empires heave but like some passing waves.

NOTES TO CANTO XV.

NOTE 1.

And thou Diviner still,
Whose lot it is by man to be mistaken.
Stanza xviii. lines 2, 3.

As it is necessary in these times to avoid ambiguity, I say, that I mean, by "Diviner still," CHRIST. If ever God was Man—or Man God—he was *both*. I never arraigned his creed, but the use—or abuse—made of it. Mr. Canning one day quoted Christianity to sanction Negro Slavery, and Mr. Wilberforce had little to say in reply. And was Christ crucified, that black men might be scourged? If so, he had better been born a Mulatto, to give both colours an equal chance of freedom, or at least salvation.

NOTE 2.

When Rapp the Harmonist embargoed marriage
In his harmonious settlement.
Stanza xxxv. lines 1, 2.

This extraordinary and flourishing German colony in America does not entirely exclude matrimony, as the "Shakers" do; but lays such restrictions upon it as prevent more than a certain quantum of births within a certain number of years; which births (as Mr. Hulme observes) generally arrive "in a little flock like those of a farmer's lambs, all within the same month perhaps."

These Harmonists (so called from the name of their settlement) are represented as a remarkably flourishing, pious, and quiet people. See the various recent writers on America.

Note 3.

Nor canvass what "so eminent a hand" meant.
Stanza xxxviii. line 6.

Jacob Tonson, according to Mr. Pope, was accustomed to call his writers "able pens"—"persons of honour," and especially "eminent hands." Vide Correspondence, etc. etc.

Note 4.

While great Lucullus' (robe triomphale) *muffles—*
(There's Fame)—*young Partridge fillets, deck'd with truffles.*
Stanza lxvi. lines 7, 8.

A dish "à la Lucullus." This hero. who conquered the East, has left his more extended celebrity to the transplantation of cherries (which he first brought into Europe) and the nomenclature of some very good dishes;—and I am not sure that (barring indigestion) he has not done more service to mankind by his cookery than by his conquests. A cherry-tree may weigh against a bloody laurel · besides, he has contrived to earn celebrity from both.

Note 5.

But even sans "confitures," it no less true is,
There's pretty picking in those "petits puits."
Stanza lxviii. lines 7, 8.

"Petits puits d'amour garnis de confitures," a classical and well-known dish for part of the flank of a second course.

Note 6.

For that with me 's a "sine quâ."
Stanza lxxxvi. last line.

Subauditur "*Non*;" omitted for the sake of euphony.

Note 7.

In short, upon that subject I've some qualms very
Like those of the Philosopher of Malmsbury.
Stanza xcvi. lines 7, 8.

Hobbes: who, doubting of his own soul, paid that compliment to the souls of other people as to decline their visits, of which he had some apprehension.

DON JUAN.

CANTO XVI.

I.

The antique Persians taught three useful things,—
To draw the bow, to ride, and speak the truth.
This was the mode of Cyrus, best of kings—
A mode adopted since by modern youth.
Bows have they, generally with two strings;
Horses they ride without remorse or ruth;
At speaking truth perhaps they are less clever,
But draw the long bow better now than ever.

II.

The cause of this effect, or this defect,—
  "For this effect defective comes by cause,"—
Is what I have not leisure to inspect;
  But this I must say in my own applause,
Of all the Muses that I recollect,
  Whate'er may be her follies or her flaws
In some things, mine's beyond all contradiction
The most sincere that ever dealt in fiction.

III.

And as she treats all things, and ne'er retreats
  From any thing, this Epic will contain
A wilderness of the most rare conceits,
  Which you might elsewhere hope to find in vain.
'Tis true there be some bitters with the sweets,
  Yet mix'd so slightly that you can't complain,
But wonder they so few are, since my tale is
"De rebus cunctis et quibûsdam aliis."

IV.

But of all truths which she has told, the most
True is that which she is about to tell.
I said it was a story of a ghost—
What then? I only know it so befel.
Have you explored the limits of the coast,
Where all the dwellers of the earth must dwell?
'Tis time to strike such puny doubters dumb as
The sceptics who would not believe Columbus.

V.

Some people would impose now with authority,
Turpin's or Monmouth Geoffry's Chronicle;
Men whose historical superiority
Is always greatest at a miracle.
But Saint Augustine has the great priority,
Who bids all men believe the impossible,
Because 'tis so. Who nibble, scribble, quibble, he
Quiets at once with "*quia* impossibile."

VI.

And therefore, mortals, cavil not at all;
  Believe:—if 'tis improbable, you *must;*
And if it is impossible, you *shall:*
  'Tis always best to take things upon trust.
I do not speak profanely, to recal
  Those holier mysteries, which the wise and just
Receive as gospel, and which grow more rooted,
As all truths must, the more they are disputed.

VII.

I merely mean to say what Johnson said,
  That in the course of some six thousand years,
All nations have believed that from the dead
  A visitant at intervals appears;
And what is strangest upon this strange head,
  Is, that whatever bar the reason rears
'Gainst such belief, there 's something stronger still
In its behalf, let those deny who will.

VIII.

The dinner and the soirée too were done,
The supper too discuss'd, the dames admired,
The banqueteers had dropp'd off one by one—
The song was silent, and the dance expired:
The last thin petticoats were vanish'd, gone
Like fleecy clouds into the sky retired,
And nothing brighter gleam'd through the saloon
Than dying tapers—and the peeping moon.

IX.

The evaporation of a joyous day
Is like the last glass of champagne, without
The foam which made its virgin bumper gay;
Or like a system coupled with a doubt;
Or like a soda-bottle when its spray
Has sparkled and let half its spirit out;
Or like a billow left by storms behind,
Without the animation of the wind;

X.

Or like an opiate which brings troubled rest,
  Or none; or like—like nothing that I know
Except itself;—such is the human breast;
  A thing, of which similitudes can show
No real likeness,—like the old Tyrian vest
  Dyed purple, none at present can tell how,
If from a shell-fish or from cochineal.[1]
So perish every tyrant's robe piece-meal!

XI.

But next to dressing for a rout or ball,
  Undressing is a woe; our robe de chambre
May sit like that of Nessus and recal
  Thoughts quite as yellow, but less clear than amber
Titus exclaim'd, "I've lost a day!" Of all
  The nights and days most people can remember,
(I have had of both, some not to be disdain'd)
I wish they'd state how many they have gain'd.

XII.

And Juan, on retiring for the night,
  Felt restless, and perplexed, and compromised;
He thought Aurora Raby's eyes more bright
  Than Adeline (such is advice) advised;
If he had known exactly his own plight,
  He probably would have philosophised;
A great resource to all, and ne'er denied
Till wanted; therefore Juan only sigh'd.

XIII.

He sigh'd;—the next resource is the full moon,
  Where all sighs are deposited; and now
It happen'd luckily, the chaste orb shone
  As clear as such a climate will allow;
And Juan's mind was in the proper tone
  To hail her with the apostrophe—"Oh, Thou!"
Of amatory egotism the *Tuism*,
Which further to explain would be a truism.

XIV.

But lover, poet, or astronomer,
Shepherd, or swain, whoever may behold,
Feel some abstraction when they gaze on her:
Great thoughts we catch from thence (besides a cold
Sometimes, unless my feelings rather err);
Deep secrets to her rolling light are told;
The ocean's tides and mortal's brains she sways,
And also hearts, if there be truth in lays.

XV.

Juan felt somewhat pensive, and disposed
For contemplation rather than his pillow:
The Gothic chamber, where he was enclosed,
Let in the rippling sound of the lake's billow,
With all the mystery by midnight caused;
Below his window waved (of course) a willow;
And he stood gazing out on the cascade
That flash'd and after darken'd in the shade.

XVI.

Upon his table or his toilet,—*which*
Of these is not exactly ascertain'd—
(I state this, for I am cautious to a pitch
Of nicety, where a fact is to be gain'd)
A lamp burn'd high, while he leant from a niche,
Where many a Gothic ornament remain'd,
In chisel'd stone and painted glass, and all
That time has left our fathers of their Hall.

XVII.

Then, as the night was clear though cold, he threw
His chamber-door wide open—and went forth
Into a gallery, of a sombre hue,
Long, furnish'd with old pictures of great worth,
Of knights and dames heroic and chaste too,
As doubtless should be people of high birth.
But by dim lights the portraits of the dead
Have something ghastly, desolate, and dread.

XVIII.

The forms of the grim knights and pictured saints
  Look living in the moon; and as you turn
Backward and forward to the echoes faint
  Of your own footsteps—voices from the urn
Appear to wake, and shadows wild and quaint
  Start from the frames which fence their aspects stern,
As if to ask how you can dare to keep
A vigil there, where all but death should sleep.

XIX.

And the pale smile of Beauties in the grave;
  The charms of other days, in starlight gleams
Glimmer on high; their buried locks still wave
  Along the canvass; their eyes glance like dreams
On ours, or spars within some dusky cave,
  But death is imaged in their shadowy beams.
A picture is the past; even ere its frame
Be gilt, who sate hath ceased to be the same.

XX.

As Juan mused on mutability,
  Or on his mistress—terms synonimous—
No sound except the echo of his sigh
  Or step ran sadly through that antique house,
When suddenly he heard, or thought so, nigh,
  A supernatural agent—or a mouse,
Whose little nibbling rustle will embarrass
Most people as it plays along the arras.

XXI.

It was no mouse, but lo! a monk, array'd
  In cowl and beads and dusky garb, appear'd,
Now in the moonlight, and now lapsed in shade,
  With steps that trod as heavy, yet unheard;
His garments only a slight murmur made;
  He moved as shadowy as the sisters weïrd,
But slowly; and as he passed Juan by,
Glanced, without pausing, on him a bright eye.

XXII.

Juan was petrified; he had heard a hint
  Of such a spirit in these halls of old,
But thought, like most men, there was nothing in't
  Beyond the rumour which such spots unfold,
Coin'd from surviving superstition's mint,
  Which passes ghosts in currency like gold,
But rarely seen, like gold compared with paper.
And *did* he see this? or was it a vapour?

XXIII.

Once, twice, thrice pass'd, repass'd—the thing of air,
  Or earth beneath, or heaven, or t'other place;
And Juan gaz'd upon it with a stare,
  Yet could not speak or move; but, on its base
As stands a statue, stood: he felt his hair
  Twine like a knot of snakes around his face;
He tax'd his tongue for words, which were not granted,
To ask the reverend person what he wanted.

XXIV.

The third time, after a still longer pause,
The shadow pass'd away—but where? the hall
Was long, and thus far there was no great cause
To think his vanishing unnatural:
Doors there were many, through which, by the laws
Of physics, bodies whether short or tall
Might come or go; but Juan could not state
Through which the spectre seem'd to evaporate.

XXV.

He stood—how long he knew not, but it seem'd
An age—expectant, powerless, with his eyes
Strain'd on the spot where first the figure gleam'd;
Then by degrees recall'd his energies,
And would have pass'd the whole off as a dream,
But could not wake; he was, he did surmise,
Walking already, and return'd at length
Back to his chamber, shorn of half his strength.

XXVI.

All there was as he left it: still his taper
 Burnt, and not *blue*, as modest tapers use,
Receiving sprites with sympathetic vapour;
 He rubb'd his eyes, and they did not refuse
Their office; he took up an old newspaper;
 The paper was right easy to peruse;
He read an article the king attacking,
And a long eulogy of "Patent Blacking."

XXVII.

This savour'd of this world; but his hand shook—
 He shut his door, and after having read
A paragraph, I think about Horne Tooke,
 Undrest, and rather slowly went to bed.
There couch'd all snugly on his pillow's nook,
 With what he had seen his phantasy he fed,
And though it was no opiate, slumber crept
Upon him by degrees, and so he slept.

XXVIII.

He woke betimes; and, as may be supposed,
  Ponder'd upon his visitant or vision,
And whether it ought not to be disclosed,
  At risk of being quizz'd for superstition.
The more he thought, the more his mind was posed;
  In the mean time his valet, whose precision
Was great, because his master brook'd no less,
Knock'd to inform him it was time to dress.

XXIX.

He dress'd; and, like young people, he was wont
  To take some trouble with his toilet, but
This morning rather spent less time upon 't;
  Aside his very mirror soon was put;
His curls fell negligently o'er his front,
  His clothes were not curb'd to their usual cut,
His very neckcloth's Gordian knot was tied
Almost a hair's breadth too much on one side.

XXX.

And when he walk'd down into the saloon,
  He sate him pensive o'er a dish of tea,
Which he perhaps had not discover'd soon,
  Had it not happen'd scalding hot to be,
Which made him have recourse unto his spoon;
  So much distrait he was, that all could see
That something *was* the matter—Adeline
The first—but *what* she could not well divine.

XXXI.

She look'd, and saw him pale, and turn'd as pale
  Herself; then hastily look'd down, and mutter'd
Something, but what 's not stated in my tale.
  Lord Henry said, his muffin was ill butter'd;
The Duchess of Fitz-Fulke play'd with her veil,
  And look'd at Juan hard, but nothing utter'd.
Aurora Raby, with her large dark eyes,
Survey'd him with a kind of calm surprise.

XXXII.

But seeing him all cold and silent still,
  And every body wondering more or less,
Fair Adeline inquired, "If he were ill?"
  He started, and said, "Yes—no—rather—yes."
The family physician had great skill,
  And, being present, now began to express
His readiness to feel his pulse and tell
The cause, but Juan said, "He was quite well."

XXXIII.

"Quite well; yes; no."—These answers were mysterious,
  And yet his looks appear'd to sanction both,
However they might savour of delirious;
  Something like illness of a sudden growth
Weigh'd on his spirit, though by no means serious.
  But for the rest, as he himself seem'd loth
To state the case, it might be ta'en for granted
It was not the physician that he wanted.

XXXIV.

Lord Henry, who had now discuss'd his chocolate,
  Also the muffin whereof he complain'd,
Said, Juan had not got his usual look elate,
  At which he marvell'd, since it had not rain'd;
Then ask'd her Grace what news were of the Duke
    of late?
  Her Grace replied, *his* Grace was rather pain'd
With some slight, light, hereditary twinges
Of gout, which rusts aristocratic hinges.

XXXV.

Then Henry turn'd to Juan and address'd
  A few words of condolence on his state:
" You look," quoth he, " as if you had had your rest
  Broke in upon by the Black Friar of late."
" What Friar?" said Juan; and he did his best
  To put the question with an air sedate,
Or careless; but the effort was not valid
To hinder him from growing still more pallid.

XXXVI.

" Oh! have you never heard of the Black Friar?
The spirit of these walls?"—" In truth not I."
" Why Fame—but Fame you know 's sometimes a liar-
Tells an odd story, of which by the bye:
Whether with time the spectre has grown shyer,
Or that our sires had a more gifted eye
For such sights, though the tale is half believed,
The Friar of late has not been oft perceived.

XXXVII.

" The last time was——" " I pray," said Adeline—
(Who watch'd the changes of Don Juan's brow,
And from its context thought she could divine
Connections stronger than he chose to avow
With this same legend),—" if you but design
To jest, you'll choose some other theme just now,
Because the present tale has oft been told,
And is not much improved by growing old."

XXXVIII.

" Jest!" quoth Milor, " Why, Adeline, you know
   That we ourselves—'twas in the honey-moon—
Saw——" " Well, no matter, 'twas so long ago;
   But, come, I'll set your story to a tune."
Graceful as Dian when she draws her bow,
   She seized her harp, whose strings were kindled soon
As touch'd, and plaintively began to play
The air of " 'Twas a Friar of Orders Gray."

XXXIX.

" But add the words," cried Henry, " which you made;
   For Adeline is half a poetess,"
Turning round to the rest, he smiling said.
   Of course the others could not but express
In courtesy their wish to see display'd
   By one *three* talents, for there were no less—
The voice, the words, the harper's skill, at once
Could hardly be united by a dunce.

XL.

After some fascinating hesitation,—
  The charming of these charmers, who seem bound,
I can't tell why, to this dissimulation—
  Fair Adeline, with eyes fix'd on the ground
At first, then kindling into animation,
  Added her sweet voice to the lyric sound,
And sang with much simplicity,—a merit
Not the less precious, that we seldom hear it.

1.

Beware! beware! of the Black Friar,
  Who sitteth by Norman stone,
For he mutters his prayer in the midnight air,
  And his mass of the days that are gone.
When the Lord of the Hill, Amundeville,
  Made Norman Church his prey,
And expell'd the friars, one friar still
  Would not be driven away.

2.

Though he came in his might, with King Henry's right,
To turn church lands to lay,
With sword in hand, and torch to light
Their walls, if they said nay,
A monk remain'd, unchased, unchain'd
And he did not seem form'd of clay,
For he's seen in the porch, and he's seen in the church,
Though he is not seen by day.

3.

And whether for good, or whether for ill,
It is not mine to say;
But still to the house of Amundeville
He abideth night and day.
By the marriage-bed of their lords, 'tis said,
He flits on the bridal eve;
And 'tis held as faith, to their bed of death,
He comes—but not to grieve.

4.

When an heir is born, he is heard to mourn,
And when aught is to befal
That ancient line, in the pale moonshine
He walks from hall to hall.
His form you may trace, but not his face,
'Tis shadow'd by his cowl;
But his eyes may be seen from the folds between,
And they seem of a parted soul.

5.

But beware! beware! of the Black Friar,
He still retains his sway,
For he is yet the church's heir
Whoever may be the lay.
Amundeville is lord by day,
But the monk is lord by night.
Nor wine nor wassail could raise a vassal
To question that friar's right.

6.

Say nought to him as he walks the hall,
And he 'll say nought to you;
He sweeps along in his dusky pall,
As o'er the grass the dew.
Then Grammercy! for the Black Friar;
Heaven sain him! fair or foul,
And whatsoe'er may be his prayer,
Let ours be for his soul.

XLI.

The lady's voice ceased, and the thrilling wires
Died from the touch that kindled them to sound;
And the pause follow'd, which, when song expires,
Pervades a moment those who listen round;
And then of course the circle much admires,
Nor less applauds, as in politeness bound,
The tones, the feeling, and the execution,
To the performer's diffident confusion.

XLII.

Fair Adeline, though in a careless way,
As if she rated such accomplishment
As the mere pastime of an idle day,
Pursued an instant for her own content,
Would now and then as 'twere *without* display,
Yet *with* display in fact, at times relent
To such performances with haughty smile,
To show she *could*, if it were worth her while.

XLIII.

Now this (but we will whisper it aside)
Was—pardon the pedantic illustration—
Trampling on Plato's pride with greater pride,
As did the Cynic on some like occasion;
Deeming the sage would be much mortified,
Or thrown into a philosophic passion,
For a spoil'd carpet—but the "Attic Bee"
Was much consoled by his own repartee. [1]

XLIV.

Thus Adeline would throw into the shade
(By doing easily whene'er she chose,
What dilettanti do with vast parade),
Their sort of *half profession:* for it grows
To something like this when too oft display'd,
And that it is so, every body knows,
Who have heard Miss That or This, or Lady T'other,
Show off—to please their company or mother.

XLV.

Oh! the long evenings of duets and trios!
The admirations and the speculations;
The "Mamma Mia's!" and the "Amor Mio's!"
The "Tanti palpiti's" on such occasions:
The "Lasciami's," and quavering "Addio's!"
Amongst our own most musical of nations;
With "Tu mi chamas's" from Portingale,
To soothe our ears, lest Italy should fail. [3]

XLVI.

In Babylon's bravuras—as the home
Heart-ballads of Green Erin or Grey Highlands,
That brings Lochaber back to eyes that roam
O'er far Atlantic continents or islands,
The calentures of music which o'ercome
All mountaineers with dreams that they are nigh lands,
No more to be beheld but in such visions,—
Was Adeline well versed, as compositions.

XLVII.

She also had a twilight tinge of " *Blue*,"
Could write rhymes, and compose more than she wrote;
Made epigrams occasionally too
Upon her friends, as every body ought.
But still from that sublimer azure hue,
So much the present dye, she was remote;
Was weak enough to deem Pope a great poet,
And, what was worse, was not ashamed to show it.

XLVIII.

Aurora—since we are touching upon taste,
  Which now-a-days is the thermometer
By whose degrees all characters are class'd—
  Was more Shakespearian, if I do not err.
The worlds beyond this world's perplexing waste
  Had more of her existence, for in her
There was a depth of feeling to embrace
Thoughts, boundless, deep, but silent too as space.

XLIX.

Not so her gracious, graceful, graceless Grace,
  The full-grown Hebe of Fitz-Fulke, whose mind,
If she had any, was upon her face,
  And that was of a fascinating kind.
A little turn for mischief you might trace
  Also thereon,—but that's not much; we find
Few females without some such gentle leaven,
For fear we should suppose us quite in heaven.

L.

I have not heard she was at all poetic,
  Though once she was seen reading the "Bath Guide,"
And "Hayley's Triumphs," which she deem'd pathetic,
  Because, she said, *her temper* had been tried
So much, the bard had really been prophetic
  Of what she had gone through with,—since a bride.
But of all verse, what most insured her praise
Were sonnets to herself, or "bouts rimés."

LI.

'Twere difficult to say what was the object
  Of Adeline, in bringing this same lay
To bear on what appear'd to her the subject
  Of Juan's nervous feelings on that day.
Perhaps she merely had the simple project
  To laugh him out of his supposed dismay;
Perhaps she might wish to confirm him in it,
Though why I cannot say—at least this minute.

LII.

But so far the immediate effect
   Was to restore him to his self-propriety,
A thing quite necessary to the elect,
   Who wish to take the tone of their society
In which you cannot be too circumspect,
   Whether the mode be persiflage or piety,
But wear the newest mantle of hypocrisy,
On pain of much displeasing the Gynocrasy.

LIII.

And therefore Juan now began to rally
   His spirits, and without more explanation,
To jest upon such themes in many a sally.
   Her Grace too also seized the same occasion,
With various similar remarks to tally,
   But wish'd for a still more detail'd narration
Of this same mystic Friar's curious doings,
About the present family's deaths and wooings.

LIV.

Of these few could say more than has been said;
  They pass'd, as such things do, for superstition
With some, while others, who had more in dread
  The theme, half credited the strange tradition;
And much was talk'd on all sides on that head;
  But Juan, when cross-question'd on the vision,
Which some supposed (though he had not avow'd it)
Had stirr'd him, answer'd in a way to cloud it.

LV.

And then, the mid-day having worn to one,
  The company prepared to separate:
Some to their several pastimes, or to none;
  Some wondering 'twas so early, some so late.
There was a goodly match too, to be run
  Between some grey-hounds on my lord's estate,
And a young race-horse of old pedigree,
Match'd for the spring, whom several went to see.

LVI.

There was a picture-dealer who had brought
  A special Titian, warranted original,
So precious that it was not to be bought,
  Though princes the possessor were besieging all.
The king himself had cheapen'd it, but thought
  The Civil List (he deigns to accept, obliging all
His subjects by his gracious acceptation)
Too scanty, in these times of low taxation.

LVII.

But as Lord Henry was a connoisseur,—
  The friend of artists, if not arts,—the owner,
With motives the most classical and pure,
  So that he would have been the very donor,
Rather than seller, had his wants been fewer,
  So much he deem'd his patronage an honour,
Had brought the Capo d'opéra, not for sale,
But for his judgment,—never known to fail.

LVIII.

There was a modern Goth, I mean a Gothic
Bricklayer of Babel, call'd an architect,
Brought to survey these grey walls, which, though so
thick,
Might have from time acquired some slight defect;
Who, after rummaging the abbey through thick
And thin, produced a plan, whereby to erect
New buildings of correctest conformation,
And throw down old, which he call'd *restoration.*

LIX.

The cost would be a trifle—an "old song"
Set to some thousands ('tis the usual burthen
Of that same tune, when people hum it long)—
The price would speedily repay its worth in
An edifice no less sublime than strong,
By which Lord Henry's good taste would go forth in
Its glory, through all ages shining sunny,
For Gothic daring shown in English money.[4]

LX.

There were two lawyers busy on a mortgage
Lord Henry wish'd to raise for a new purchase;
Also a lawsuit upon tenures burgage,
And one on tithes, which sure are Discord's torches,
Kindling Religion till she throws down *her* gage,
"Untying" squires "to fight against the churches;"
There was a prize ox, a prize pig, and ploughman,
For Henry was a sort of Sabine showman.

LXI.

There were two poachers caught in a steel trap
Ready for jail, their place of convalescence;
There was a country girl in a close cap
And scarlet cloak (I hate the sight to see, since—
Since—since—in youth, I had the sad mishap—
But luckily I have paid few parish fees since)
That scarlet cloak, alas! unclos'd with rigour,
Presents the problem of a double figure.

LXII.

A reel within a bottle is a mystery,
  One can't tell how it e'er got in or out,
Therefore the present piece of natural history,
  I leave to those who are fond of solving doubt,
And merely state, though not for the consistory,
  Lord Henry was a justice, and that Scout
The constable, beneath a warrant's banner,
Had bagg'd this poacher upon Nature's manor.

LXIII.

Now justices of peace must judge all pieces
  Of mischief of all kinds, and keep the game
And morals of the country from caprices
  Of those who have not a licence for the same;
And of all things, excepting tithes and leases,
  Perhaps these are most difficult to tame:
Preserving partridges and pretty wenches
Are puzzles to the most precautious benches.

LXIV.

The present culprit was extremely pale,
  Pale as if painted so; her cheek being red
By nature, as in higher dames less hale
  'Tis white, at least when they just rise from bed.
Perhaps she was ashamed of seeming frail,
  Poor soul! for she was country born and bred,
And knew no better in her immorality
Than to wax white—for blushes are for quality.

LXV.

Her black, bright, downcast, yet espiègle eye,
  Had gather'd a large tear into its corner,
Which the poor thing at times essay'd to dry,
  For she was not a sentimental mourner,
Parading all her sensibility,
  Nor insolent enough to scorn the scorner,
But stood in trembling, patient tribulation
To be call'd up for her examination.

LXVI.

Of course these groups were scatter'd here and there,
Not nigh the gay saloon of ladies gent.
The lawyers in the study; and in air
The prize pig, ploughman, poachers; the men sent
From town, viz. architect and dealer, were
Both busy (as a general in his tent
Writing dispatches) in their several stations,
Exulting in their brilliant lucubrations.

LXVII.

But this poor girl was left in the great ball,
While Scout, the parish guardian of the frail,
Discuss'd (he hated beer yclept the "small")
A mighty mug of *moral* double ale:
She waited until Justice could recal
Its kind attentions to their proper pale,
To name a thing in nomenclature rather
Perplexing for most virgins—a child's father.

LXVIII.

You see here was enough of occupation
For the Lord Henry, link'd with dogs and horses.
There was much bustle too and preparation
Below stairs on the score of second courses,
Because, as suits their rank and situation,
Those who in counties have great land resources,
Have " public days," when all men may carouse,
Though not exactly what 's call'd " open house."

LXIX.

But once a week or fortnight, *un*invited
(Thus we translate a *general invitation*),
All country gentlemen, esquired or knighted,
May drop in without cards, and take their station
At the full board, and sit alike delighted
With fashionable wines and conversation ;
And, as the isthmus of the grand connection,
Talk o'er themselves, the past and next election.

LXX.

Lord Henry was a great electioneerer,
  Burrowing for boroughs like a rat or rabbit,
But county contests cost him rather dearer,
  Because the neighbouring Scotch Earl of Giftgabbit
Had English influence, in the self-same sphere here ;
  His son, the Honourable Dick Dicedrabbit,
Was member for the "other Interest" (meaning
The same self-interest, with a different leaning).

LXXI.

Courteous and cautious therefore in his county,
  He was all things to all men, and dispensed
To some civility, to others bounty,
  And promises to all—which last commenced
To gather to a somewhat large amount, he
  Not calculating how much they condensed ;
But what with keeping some, and breaking others,
His word had the same value as another's.

LXXII.

A friend to freedom and freeholders—yet
  No less a friend to government—he held,
That he exactly the just medium hit
  'Twixt place and patriotism—albeit compell'd,
Such was his Sovereign's pleasure (though unfit,
  He added modestly, when rebels rail'd),
To hold some sinecures he wish'd abolish'd,
But that with them all law would be demolish'd.

LXXIII.

He was "free to confess"—(whence comes this phrase?
  Is't English? No—'tis only parliamentary)
That innovation's spirit now-a-days
  Had made more progress than for the last century.
He would not tread a factious path to praise,
  Though for the public weal disposed to venture high;
As for his place, he could but say this of it,
That the fatigue was greater than the profit.

LXXIV.

Heaven, and his friends, knew that a private life
Had ever been his sole and whole ambition;
But could he quit his king in times of strife
Which threaten'd the whole country with perdition?
When demagogues would with a butcher's knife
Cut through and through (oh! damnable incision!)
The Gordian or the *Geo*rdi-an knot, whose strings
Have tied together Commons, Lords, and Kings.

LXXV.

Sooner "come place into the civil list
And champion him to the utmost"—he would keep it,
Till duly disappointed or dismiss'd:
Profit he cared not for, let others reap it;
But should the day come when place ceased to exist,
The country would have far more cause to weep it;
For how could it go on? Explain who can!
He gloried in the name of Englishman.

LXXVI.

He was as independent—ay, much more—
   Than those who were not paid for independence,
As common soldiers, or a common——Shore,
   Have in their several arts or parts ascendence
O'er the irregulars in lust or gore,
   Who do not give professional attendance.
Thus on the mob all statesmen are as eager
To prove their pride, as footmen to a beggar.

LXXVII.

All this (save the last stanza) Henry said,
   And thought. I say no more—I 've said too much;
For all of us have either heard or read
   Of—or *upon* the hustings—some slight such
Hints from the independent heart or head
   Of the official candidate. I 'll touch
No more on this—the dinner bell hath rung,
And grace is said; the grace I *should* have *sung*—

LXXVIII.

But I 'm too late, and therefore must make play.
  'Twas a great banquet, such as Albion old
Was wont to boast—as if a glutton's tray
  Were something very glorious to behold.
But 'twas a public feast and public day,—
  Quite full, right dull, guests hot, and dishes cold,
Great plenty, much formality, small cheer,
And every body out of their own sphere.

LXXIX.

The squires familiarly formal, and
  My lords and ladies proudly condescending;
The very servants puzzling how to hand
  Their plates—without it might be too much bending
From their high places by the sideboard's stand—
  Yet like their masters fearful of offending.
For any deviation from the graces
Might cost both men and master too—their *places*.

LXXX.

There were some hunters bold, and coursers keen,
Whose hounds ne'er err'd, nor grey-hounds deign'd to lurch;
Some deadly shots too, Septembrizers, seen
Earliest to rise, and last to quit the search
Of the poor partridge through his stubble screen.
There were some massy members of the church,
Takers of tithes, and makers of good matches,
And several who sung fewer psalms than catches.

LXXXI.

There were some country wags too,—and alas!
Some exiles from the town, who had been driven
To gaze, instead of pavement, upon grass,
And rise at nine in lieu of long eleven.
And lo! upon that day it came to pass,
I sate next that o'erwhelming son of Heaven,
The very powerful parson, Peter Pith,
The loudest wit I e'er was deafen'd with.

LXXXII.

I knew him in his livelier London days,
A brilliant diner out, though but a curate;
And not a joke he cut but earn'd its praise,
Until preferment, coming at a sure rate,
(Oh, Providence! how wondrous are thy ways,
Who would suppose thy gifts sometimes obdurate?)
Gave him, to lay the devil who looks o'er Lincoln,
A fat fen vicarage, and nought to think on.

LXXXIII.

His jokes were sermons, and his sermons jokes;
But both were thrown away amongst the fens;
For wit hath no great friend in aguish folks.
No longer ready ears and short-hand pens
Imbibed the gay bon-mot, or happy hoax:
The poor priest was reduced to common sense,
Or to coarse efforts very loud and long,
To hammer a hoarse laugh from the thick throng.

LXXXIV.

There *is* a difference, says the song, " between
   A beggar and a queen," or *was* (of late
The latter worse used of the two we 've seen—
   But we 'll say nothing of affairs of state)
A difference " 'twixt a bishop and a dean,"
   A difference between crockery-ware and plate,
As between English beef and Spartan broth—
And yet great heroes have been bred by both.

LXXXV.

But of all Nature's discrepancies, none
   Upon the whole is greater than the difference
Beheld between the country and the town,
   Of which the latter merits every preference
From those who have few resources of their own,
   And only think, or act, or feel with reference
To some small plan of interest or ambition—
Both which are limited to no condition.

LXXXVI.

But "en avant!" The light loves languish o'er
Long banquets and too many guests, although
A slight repast makes people love much more,
Bacchus and Ceres being, as we know,
Even from our grammar upwards, friends of yore
With vivifying Venus, who doth owe
To these the invention of champagne and truffles:
Temperance delights her, but long fasting ruffles.

LXXXVII.

Dully past o'er the dinner of the day;
And Juan took his place, he knew not where,
Confused, in the confusion, and distrait,
And sitting as if nail'd upon his chair;
Though knives and forks clang'd round as in a fray,
He seem'd unconscious of all passing there,
Till some one, with a groan, express'd a wish
(Unheeded twice) to have a fin of fish.

LXXXVIII.

On which, at the *third* asking of the banns,
He started; and perceiving smiles around
Broadening to grins, he colour'd more than once,
And hastily—as nothing can confound
A wise man more than laughter from a dunce—
Inflicted on the dish a deadly wound,
And with such hurry, that ere he could curb it,
He had paid his neighbour's prayer with half a turbot.

LXXXIX.

This was no bad mistake, as it occurr'd,
The supplicator being an amateur;
But others, who were left with scarce a third,
Were angry—as they well might, to be sure.
They wonder'd how a young man so absurd
Lord Henry at his table should endure;
And this, and his not knowing how much oats
Had fallen last market, cost his host three votes.

XC.

They little knew, or might have sympathised,
That he the night before had seen a ghost;
A prologue which but slightly harmonised
With the substantial company engross'd
By matter, and so much materialised,
That one scarce knew at what to marvel most
Of two things—how (the question rather odd is)
Such bodies could have souls, or souls such bodies.

XCI.

But what confused him more than smile or stare
From all the 'squires and 'squiresses around,
Who wonder'd at the abstraction of his air,
Especially as he had been renown'd
For some vivacity among the fair,
Even in the country circle's narrow bound—
(For little things upon my lord's estate
Were good small-talk for others still less great)—

XCII.

Was, that he caught Aurora's eye on his
  And something like a smile upon her cheek.
Now this he really rather took amiss:
  In those who rarely smile, their smile bespeaks
A strong external motive; and in this
  Smile of Aurora's there was nought to pique
Or hope, or love, with any of the wiles
Which some pretend to trace in ladies' smiles.

XCIII.

'Twas a mere quiet smile of contemplation,
  Indicative of some surprise and pity;
And Juan grew carnation with vexation,
  Which was not very wise and still less witty,
Since he had gain'd at least her observation,
  A most important outwork of the city—
As Juan should have known, had not his senses
By last night's ghost been driven from their defences.

XCIV.

But what was bad, she did not blush in turn,
Nor seem embarrass'd—quite the contrary;
Her aspect was as usual, still—*not* stern—
And she withdrew, but cast not down, her eye,
Yet grew a little pale—with what? concern?
I know not; but her colour ne'er was high—
Though sometimes faintly flush'd—and always clear
As deep seas in a sunny atmosphere.

XCV.

But Adeline was occupied by fame
This day; and watching, witching, condescending
To the consumers of fish, fowl, and game,
And dignity with courtesy so blending,
As all must blend whose part it is to aim
(Especially as the sixth year is ending)
At their lord's, son's, or similar connection's
Safe conduct through the rocks of re-elections.

XCVI.

Though this was most expedient on the whole,
And usual—Juan, when he cast a glance
On Adeline while playing her grand role,
Which she went through as though it were a dance
(Betraying only now and then her soul
By a look scarce perceptibly askance
Of weariness or scorn), began to feel
Some doubt how much of Adeline was *real;*

XCVII.

So well she acted, all and every part
By turns—with that vivacious versatility,
Which many people take for want of heart.
They err—'tis merely what is call'd mobility,[6]
A thing of temperament and not of art,
Though seeming so, from its supposed facility;
And false—though true; for surely they 're sincerest,
Who are strongly acted on by what is nearest.

XCVIII.

This makes your actors, artists, and romancers,
Heroes sometimes, though seldom—sages never;
But speakers, bards, diplomatists, and dancers,
Little that 's great, but much of what is clever;
Most orators, but very few financiers,
Though all Exchequer Chancellors endeavour,
Of late years, to dispense with Cocker's rigours,
And grow quite figurative with their figures.

XCIX.

The poets of arithmetic are they
Who, though they prove not two and two to be
Five, as they would do in a modest way,
Have plainly made it out that four are three,
Judging by what they take, and what they pay.
The Sinking Fund's unfathomable sea,
That most unliquidating liquid, leaves
The debt unsunk, yet sinks all it receives.

C.

While Adeline dispensed her airs and graces,
The fair Fitz-Fulke seem'd very much at ease;
Though too well bred to quiz men to their faces,
Her laughing blue eyes with a glance could seize
The ridicules of people in all places—
That honey of your fashionable bees—
And store it up for mischievous enjoyment;
And this at present was her kind employment.

CI.

However, the day closed, as days must close;
The evening also waned—and coffee came.
Each carriage was announced, and ladies rose,
And curtseying off, as curtsies country dame,
Retired: with most unfashionable bows
Their docile esquires also did the same,
Delighted with the dinner and their host.
But with the Lady Adeline the most.

CII.

Some praised her beauty; others her great grace;
  The warmth of her politeness, whose sincerity
Was obvious in each feature of her face,
  Whose traits were radiant with the rays of verity.
Yes; *she* was truly worthy *her* high place!
  No one could envy her deserved prosperity;
And then her dress—what beautiful simplicity
Draperied her form with curious felicity![7]

CIII.

Meanwhile sweet Adeline deserved their praises,
  By an impartial indemnification
For all her past exertion and soft phrases,
  In a most edifying conversation,
Which turn'd upon their late guests' miens and faces,
  And families, even to the last relation;
Their hideous wives, their horrid selves and dresses,
And truculent distortion of their tresses.

CIV.

True, *she* said little—'twas the rest that broke
Forth into universal epigram:
But then 'twas to the purpose what she spoke:
Like Addison's "faint praise," so wont to damn,
Her own but served to set off every joke,
As music chimes in with a melo-drame.
How sweet the task to shield an absent friend!
I ask but this of mine, to——*not* defend.

CV.

There were but two exceptions to this keen
Skirmish of wits o'er the departed; one,
Aurora, with her pure and placid mien;
And Juan too, in general behind none
In gay remark on what he had heard or seen,
Sate silent now, his usual spirits gone;
In vain he heard the others rail or rally,
He would not join them in a single sally.

CVI.

'Tis true he saw Aurora look as though
  She approved his silence; she perhaps mistook
Its motive for that charity we owe
  But seldom pay the absent, nor would look
Further; it might or it might not be so.
  But Juan, sitting silent in his nook,
Observing little in his reverie,
Yet saw this much, which he was glad to see.

CVII.

The ghost at least had done him this much good
  In making him as silent as a ghost,
If in the circumstances which ensued
  He gain'd esteem where it was worth the most.
And certainly Aurora had renew'd
  In him some feelings he had lately lost
Or harden'd; feelings which, perhaps ideal,
Are so divine, that I must deem them real:—

CVIII.

The love of higher things and better days;
The unbounded hope, and heavenly ignorance
Of what is call'd the world, and the world's ways;
The moments when we gather from a glance
More joy than from all future pride or praise,
Which kindle manhood, but can ne'er entrance
The heart in an existence of its own,
Of which another's bosom is the zone.

CIX.

Who would not sigh Αἰ αἰ ταν Κυθερειαν!
That *hath* a memory, or that *had* a heart?
Alas! *her* star must wane like that of Dian;
Ray fades on ray, as years on years depart.
Anacreon only had the soul to tie an
Unwithering myrtle round the unblunted dart
Of Eros; but, though thou hast play'd us many tricks
Still we respect thee, "Alma Venus Genetrix!"

CX.

And full of sentiments, sublime as billows
Heaving between this world and worlds beyond,
Don Juan, when the midnight hour of pillows
Arrived, retired to his; but to despond
Rather than rest. Instead of poppies, willows
Waved o'er his couch; he meditated, fond
Of those sweet bitter thoughts which banish sleep,
And make the worldling sneer, the youngling weep.

CXI.

The night was as before: he was undrest,
Saving his night-gown, which is an undress;
Completely "sans culotte," and without vest;
In short, he hardly could be clothed with less;
But, apprehensive of his spectral guest,
He sate, with feelings awkward to express
(By those who have not had such visitations),
Expectant of the ghost's fresh operations.

CXII.

And not in vain listen'd—Hush! what 's that?
  I see—I see—Ah, no!—'tis not—yet 'tis—
Ye powers! it is the—the—the—Pooh! the cat!
  The devil may take that stealthy pace of his!
So like a spiritual pit-a-pat,
  Or tiptoe of an amatory Miss,
Gliding the first time to a rendezvous,
And dreading the chaste echoes of her shoe.

CXIII.

Again—what is 't? The wind? No, no,—this time
  It is the sable Friar as before,
With awful footsteps regular as rhyme,
  Or (as rhymes may be in these days) much more.
Again, through shadows of the night sublime,
  When deep sleep fell on men, and the world wore
The starry darkness round her like a girdle
Spangled with gems—the monk made his blood curdle.

CXIV.

A noise like to wet fingers drawn on glass,[8]
Which sets the teeth on edge; and a slight clatter
Like showers which on the midnight gusts will pass,
Sounding like very supernatural water,—
Came over Juan's ear, which throbb'd, alas!
For immaterialism 's a serious matter;
So that even those whose faith is the most great
In souls immortal, shun them tête-à-tête.

CXV.

Were his eyes open?—Yes! and his mouth too.
Surprise has this effect—to make one dumb,
Yet leave the gate which Eloquence slips through
As wide as if a long speech were to come.
Nigh and more nigh the awful echoes drew,
Tremendous to a mortal tympanum:
His eyes were open, and (as was before
Stated) his mouth. What open'd next?—the door.

CXVI.

It open'd with a most infernal creak,
  Like that of Hell. "Lasciate ogni speranza
Voi che entrate!" The hinge seem'd to speak,
  Dreadful as Dante's rhima, or this stanza;
Or—but all words upon such themes are weak:
  A single shade's sufficient to entrance a
Hero—for what is substance to a spirit?
Or how is't *matter* trembles to come near it?

CXVII.

The door flew wide, not swiftly—but, as fly
  The sea-gulls, with a steady, sober flight—
And then swung back; nor close—but stood awry,
  Half letting in long shadows on the light,
Which still in Juan's candlesticks burn'd high,
  For he had two, both tolerably bright,—
And in the door-way, darkening Darkness, stood
The sable Friar in his solemn hood.

CXVIII.

Don Juan shook, as erst he had been shaken
  The night before; but, being sick of shaking,
He first inclined to think he had been mistaken,
  And then to be ashamed of such mistaking;
His own internal ghost began to awaken
  Within him, and to quell his corporal quaking-
Hinting, that soul and body on the whole
Were odds against a disembodied soul.

CXIX.

And then his dread grew wrath, and his wrath fierce;
  And he arose, advanced—the shade retreated;
But Juan, eager now the truth to pierce,
  Follow'd; his veins no longer cold, but heated,
Resolved to thrust the mystery carte and tierce,
  At whatsoever risk of being defeated:
The ghost stopp'd, menaced, then retired, until
He reach'd the ancient wall, then stood stone still.

CXX.

Juan put forth one arm—Eternal Powers!
  It touch'd no soul, nor body, but the wall,
On which the moonbeams fell in silvery showers
  Chequer'd with all the tracery of the hall:
He shudder'd, as no doubt the bravest cowers
  When he can't tell what 'tis that doth appal.
How odd, a single hobgoblin's non-entity
Should cause more fear than a whole host's identity!

CXXI.

But still the shade remain'd; the blue eyes glared,
  And rather variably for stony death;
Yet one thing rather good the grave had spared—
  The ghost had a remarkably sweet breath.
A straggling curl show'd he had been fair-hair'd;
  A red lip, with two rows of pearls beneath,
Gleam'd forth, as through the casement's ivy shroud
The moon peep'd, just escaped from a gray cloud.

CXXII.

And Juan, puzzled, but still curious, thrust
His other arm forth—Wonder upon wonder!
It press'd upon a hard but glowing bust,
Which beat as if there was a warm heart under.
He found, as people on most trials must,
That he had made at first a silly blunder,
And that in his confusion he had caught
Only the wall instead of what he sought.

CXXIII.

The ghost, if ghost it were, seem'd a sweet soul
As ever lurk'd beneath a holy hood:
A dimpled chin, a neck of ivory, stole
Forth into something much like flesh and blood;
Back fell the sable frock and dreary cowl,
And they reveal'd (alas! that e'er they should!)
In full, voluptuous, but *not o'er*grown bulk,
The phantom of her frolic Grace—Fitz-Fulke!

[The errors of the press, in this Canto,—if there be any,—are not to be attributed to the Author, as he was deprived of the opportunity of correcting the proof-sheets.]

NOTES TO CANTO XVI.

Note 1.

If from a shell-fish or from cochineal.
Stanza x. line 7.

The composition of the old Tyrian purple, whether from a shell-fish, or from cochineal, or from kermes, is still an article of dispute; and even its colour—some say purple, others scarlet: I say nothing.

Note 2.

For a spoil'd carpet—but the "Attic Bee"
Was much consoled by his own repartee.
Stanza xliii. lines 7, 8.

I think that it *was* a *carpet* on which Diogenes trod, with—"Thus I trample on the pride of Plato!"—"With greater pride," as the other replied. But as *carpets* are *meant* to be trodden upon, my memory probably misgives me, and it might be a robe, or tapestry, or a table-cloth, or some other expensive and uncynical piece of furniture.

Note 3.

With "Tu mi chamas's" from Portingale,
To soothe our ears, lest Italy should fail.
Stanza xlv. lines 7, 8.

I remember that the mayoress of a provincial town, somewhat surfeited with a similar display from foreign

parts, did rather indecorously break through the applauses of an intelligent audience—intelligent, I mean, as to music,—for the words, besides being in recondite languages (it was some years before the peace, ere all the world had travelled, and while I was a collegian)—were sorely disguised by the performers;—this mayoress, I say, broke out with, "Rot your Italianos! for my part, I loves a simple ballat!" Rossini will go a good way to bring most people to the same opinion, some day. Who would imagine that he was to be the successor of Mozart? However, I state this with diffidence, as a liege and loyal admirer of Italian music in general, and of much of Rossini's: but we may say, as the connoisseur did of painting, in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, "that the picture would be better painted if the painter had taken more pains."

Note 4.

For Gothic daring shown in English money
Stanza lix. last line.

"Ausu Romano, ære beneto" is the inscription (and well inscribed in this instance) on the sea walls between the Adriatic and Venice. The walls were a republican work of the Venetians; the inscription, I believe, Imperial; and inscribed by Napoleon.

Note 5.

"*Untying*" *squires* "*to fight against the churches.*"
Stanza lx. line 6.

"Though ye *untie* the winds and bid them fight
Against the *churches*."—*Macbeth.*

Note 6.

They err—'tis merely what is call'd mobility.
Stanza xcvii. line 4.

In French "mobilité." I am not sure that mobility is English; but it is expressive of a quality which rather belongs to other climates, though it is sometimes seen to a great extent in our own. It may be defined as an excessive susceptibility of immediate impressions—at the same time without *losing* the past; and is, though sometimes apparently useful to the possessor, a most painful and unhappy attribute

Note 7

Draperied her form with curious felicity.
Stanza cii. last line.

"Curioso felicitas."—Petronius Arbiter.

Note 8.

A noise like to wet fingers drawn on glass.
Stanza cxiv. first line.

See the account of the ghost of the uncle of Prince Charles of Saxony raised by Schroepfer—"Karl—Karl—was—walt wolt mich?"

Note 9.

How odd, a single hobgoblin's non-entity
Should cause more fear than a whole host's identity!
Stanza cxx. lines 7, 8.

"*Shadows* to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the *substance* of ten thousand soldiers," etc. etc.
See *Richard III.*

THE WORKS OF LORD BYRON.

PARIS: PRINTED BY A. BELIN.

THE WORKS OF LORD BYRON,

COMPREHENDING THE

SUPPRESSED POEMS.

EMBELLISHED WITH A PORTRAIT, AND A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

VOL. XVI.

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THE

DEFORMED TRANSFORMED,

A DRAMA.

This production is founded partly on the story of a Novel, called "The Three Brothers," published many years ago, from which M. G. Lewis's "Wood Demon" was also taken—and partly on the "Faust" of the great Goëthe. The present publication contains the first two Parts only, and the opening chorus of the third. The rest may perhaps appear hereafter.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Stranger, afterwards Cæsar.

Arnold.

Bourbon.

Philibert.

Cellini.

Bertha.

Olimpia.

Spirits, Soldiers, Citizens of Rome, Priests, Peasants, etc.

THE

DEFORMED TRANSFORMED.

PART I.

SCENE I.—*A Forest.*

Enter ARNOLD *and his mother* BERTHA.

BERTHA.

OUT, hunchback!

ARNOLD.

I was born so, mother!

BERTHA.

Out!
Thou Incubus! Thou Nightmare! Of seven sons
The sole abortion!

ARNOLD.

Would that I had been so,
And never seen the light!

BERTHA.

I would so too!
But as thou *hast*—hence, hence—and do thy best.
That back of thine may bear its burthen; 'tis
More high, if not so broad as that of others.

ARNOLD.

It *bears* its burthen;—but, my heart! Will it
Sustain that which you lay upon it, mother?
I love, or at the least, I loved you: nothing,
Save you, in nature, can love aught like me.
You nursed me—do not kill me.

BERTHA.

Yes—I nursed thee
Because thou wert my first-born, and I knew not
If there would be another unlike thee,
That monstrous sport of nature. But get hence,
And gather wood!

ARNOLD.

I will: but when I bring it,
Speak to me kindly. Though my brothers are
So beautiful and lusty, and as free
As the free chase they follow, do not spurn me:
Our milk has been the same.

BERTHA.

As is the hedgehog's,
Which sucks at midnight from the wholesome dam
Of the young bull, until the milkmaid finds
The nipple next day sore and udder dry.
Call not thy brothers brethren! Call me not
Mother; for if I brought thee forth, it was
As foolish hens at times hatch vipers, by
Sitting upon strange eggs. Out, urchin, out!

[*Exit* BERTHA.

ARNOLD (*solus*).

Oh mother!——She is gone, and I must do
Her bidding;—wearily but willingly
I would fulfil it, could I only hope
A kind word in return. What shall I do?

[ARNOLD *begins to cut wood: in doing this he wounds one of his hands.*

My labour for the day is over now.
Accursed be this blood that flows so fast;
For double curses will be my meed now
At home.—What home? I have no home, no kin,
No kind—not made like other creatures, or
To share their sports or pleasures. Must I bleed too
Like them? Oh that each drop which falls to earth

Would rise a snake to sting them, as they have stung m
Or that the devil, to whom they liken me,
Would aid his likeness! If I must partake
His form, why not his power? Is it because
I have not his will too? For one kind word
From her who bore me, would still reconcile me
Even to this hateful aspect. Let me wash
The wound.

[ARNOLD *goes to a spring and stoops to wash his hand: he starts back.*

They are right; and Nature's mirror shows me
What she hath made me. I will not look on it
Again, and scarce dare think on't. Hideous wretch
That I am! The very waters mock me with
My horrid shadow—like a demon placed
Deep in the fountain to scare back the cattle
From drinking therein. [*He pauses*

And shall I live on,
A burthen to the earth, myself, and shame
Unto what brought me into life? Thou blood,
Which flowest so freely from a scratch, let me
Try if thou wilt not in a fuller stream
Pour forth my woes for ever with thyself
On earth, to which I will restore at once

This hateful compound of her atoms, and
Resolve back to her elements, and take
The shape of any reptile save myself,
And make a world for myriads of new worms!
This knife! now let me prove if it will sever
This wither'd slip of nature's nightshade—my
Vile form—from the creation, as it hath
The green bough from the forest.

[ARNOLD *places the knife in the ground, with the point upwards.*

Now 'tis set,
And I can fall upon it. Yet one glance
On the fair day, which sees no foul thing like
Myself, and the sweet sun, which warmed me, but
In vain. The birds—how joyously they sing!
So let them, for I would not be lamented:
But let their merriest notes be Arnold's knell;
The falling leaves my monument; the murmur
Of the near fountain my sole elegy.
Now, knife, stand firmly, as I fain would fall!

[*As he rushes to throw himself upon the knife, his eye is suddenly caught by the fountain, which seems in motion.*

The fountain moves without a wind: but shall

The ripple of a spring change my resolve?
No. Yet it moves again! The waters stir,
Not as with air, but by some subterrane
And rocking power of the internal world.
What's here? A mist! No more?—

[*A cloud comes from the fountain. He stands gazing upon it: it is dispelled, and a tall black man comes towards him.*

ARNOLD.

What would you? Spea
Spirit or man?

STRANGER.

As man is both, why not
Say both in one?

ARNOLD.

Your form is man's, and yet
You may be devil.

STRANGER.

So many men are that
Which is so called or thought, that you may add m
To which you please, without much wrong to eith
But come: you wish to kill yourself;—pursue
Your purpose.

ARNOLD.

You have interrupted me.

STRANGER.

What is that resolution which can e'er
Be interrupted? If I be the devil
You deem, a single moment would have made you
Mine, and for ever, by your suicide;
And yet my coming saves you.

ARNOLD.

I said not
You *were* the demon, but that your approach
Was like one.

STRANGER.

Unless you keep company
With him (and you seem scarce used to such high
Society) you can't tell how he approaches;
And for his aspect, look upon the fountain,
And then on me, and judge which of us twain
Look likest what the boors believe to be
Their cloven-footed terror.

ARNOLD.

Do you—dare *you*
To taunt me with my born deformity?

STRANGER.

Were I to taunt a buffalo with this
Cloven foot of thine, or the swift dromedary
With thy sublime of humps, the animals
Would revel in the compliment. And yet
Both beings are more swift, more strong, more mighty
In action and endurance than thyself,
And all the fierce and fair of the same kind
With thee. Thy form is natural: 'twas only
Nature's mistaken largess to bestow
The gifts which are of others upon man.

ARNOLD.

Give me the strength then of the buffalo's foot,
When he spurns high the dust, beholding his
Near enemy; or let me have the long
And patient swiftness of the desert-ship,
The helm-less dromedary;—and I'll bear
Thy fiendish sarcasm with a saintly patience.

STRANGER.

I will.

ARNOLD (*with surprise*).

Thou *canst?*

STRANGER.

Perhaps. Would you aught else?

ARNOLD.

Thout mockest me.

STRANGER.

Not I. Why should I mock
What all are mocking? That's poor sport methinks.
To talk to thee in human language (for
Thou canst not yet speak mine), the forester
Hunts not the wretched coney, but the boar,
Or wolf, or lion, leaving paltry game
To petty burghers, who leave once a year
Their walls, to fill their household caldrons with
Such scullion prey. The meanest gibe at thee,—
Now *I* can mock the mightiest.

ARNOLD.

Then waste not
Thy time on me: I seek thee not.

STRANGER.

Your thoughts
Are not far from me. Do not send me back:
I am not so easily recalled to do
Good service.

ARNOLD.

What wilt thou do for me?

STRANGER.

Change
Shapes with you, if you will, since yours so irks you;
Or form you to your wish in any shape.

ARNOLD.

Oh! then you are indeed the demon, for
Nought else would wittingly wear mine.

STRANGER.

I'll show thee
The brightest which the world e'er bore, and give thee
Thy choice.

ARNOLD.

On what condition?

STRANGER.

There's a question
An hour ago you would have given your soul
To look like other men, and now you pause
To wear the form of heroes.

ARNOLD.

No; I will not.
I must not compromise my soul.

STRANGER.

What soul,
Worth naming so, would dwell in such a carcass?

ARNOLD.

'Tis an aspiring one, whate'er the tenement
In which it is mislodged. But name your compact:
Must it be signed in blood?

STRANGER.

Not in your own.

ARNOLD.

Whose blood then?

STRANGER.

We will talk of that hereafter.
But I'll be moderate with you, for I see
Great things within you. You shall have no bond
But your own will, no contract save your deeds.
Are you content?

ARNOLD.

I take thee at thy word.

STRANGER.

Now then!—

[*The Stranger approaches the fountain, and turns to* ARNOLD.

A little of your blood.

ARNOLD.

For what?

STRANGER.

To mingle with the magic of the waters,
And make the charm effective.

ARNOLD (*holding out his wounded arm*).

Take it all.

STRANGER.

Not now. A few drops will suffice for this.

[*The Stranger takes some of* ARNOLD'S *blood in his hand, and casts it into the fountain.*

Shadows of Beauty!
Shadows of Power!
Rise to your duty—
This is the hour!
Walk lovely and pliant
From the depth of this fountain,
As the cloud-shapen giant
Bestrides the Hartz mountain.*
Come as ye were,
That our eyes may behold
The model in air
Of the form I will mould,

* This is a well-known German superstition—a gigantic shadow produced by reflection on the Brocken.

Bright as the Iris
  When ether is spann'd;—
Such *his* desire is, [*Pointing to* ARNOLD.
  Such my command!
Demons heroic—
  Demons who wore
The form of the Stoic
  Or Sophist of yore—
Or the shape of each Victor,
  From Macedon's boy
To each high Roman's picture,
  Who breathed to destroy—
Shadows of Beauty!
  Shadows of Power!
Up to your duty—
  This is the hour!

[*Various Phantoms arise from the waters, and pass in succession before the Stranger and* ARNOLD.

ARNOLD.

What do I see?

STRANGER.

The black-eyed Roman, with
The eagle's beak between those eyes which ne'er

Beheld a conqueror, or look'd along
The land he made not Rome's, while Rome became
His, and all theirs who heir'd his very name.

ARNOLD.

The Phantom's bald; my quest is beauty. Could I
Inherit but his fame with his defects!

STRANGER.

His brow was girt with laurels more than hairs.
You see his aspect—choose it or reject.
I can but promise you his form; his fame
Must be long sought and fought for.

ARNOLD.

I will fight too,
But not as a mock Cæsar. Let him pass;
His aspect may be fair, but suits me not.

STRANGER.

Then you are far more difficult to please
Than Cato's sister, or than Brutus' mother,
Or Cleopatra at sixteen—an age
When love is not less in the eye than heart.
But be it so! Shadow, pass on!

[*The Phantom of Julius Cæsar disappears.*

ARNOLD.

And can it

Be, that the man who shook the earth is gone
And left no footstep?

STRANGER.

There you err. His substance
Left graves enough, and woes enough, and fame
More than enough to track his memory;
But for his shadow, 'tis no more than yours,
Except a little longer and less crooked
I' the sun. Behold another!

[*A second Phantom passes.*

ARNOLD.

Who is he?

STRANGER.

He was the fairest and the bravest of
Athenians. Look upon him well.

ARNOLD.

He is
More lovely than the last. How beautiful!

STRANGER.

Such was the curled son of Clinias;—would'st thou
Invest thee with his form?

ARNOLD.

Would that I had

Been born with it! But since I may choose further,
I will *look* further.

[*The Shade of Alcibiades disappears.*

STRANGER.

Lo! Behold again!

ARNOLD.

What! that low, swarthy, short-nosed, round-eyed saty
With the wide nostrils and Silenus' aspect,
The splay feet and low stature! I had better
Remain that which I am.

STRANGER.

And yet he was
The earth's perfection of all mental beauty,
And personification of all virtue.
But you reject him?

ARNOLD.

If his form could bring me
That which redeemed it—no.

STRANGER.

I have no power
To promise that; but you may try, and find it
Easier in such a form, or in your own.

ARNOLD.

No. I was not born for philosophy,

Though I have that about me which has need on't.
Let him fleet on.

STRANGER.

Be air, thou hemlock-drinker!

[*The Shadow of Socrates disappears: another rises.*

ARNOLD.

What's here? whose broad brow and whose curly beard
And manly aspect look like Hercules,
Save that his jocund eye hath more of Bacchus
Than the sad Purger of the infernal world,
Leaning dejected on his club of conquest,
As if he knew the worthlessness of those
For whom he had fought.

STRANGER.

It was the man who lost
The ancient world for love.

ARNOLD.

I cannot blame him,
Since I have risked my soul because I find not
That which he exchanged the earth for.

STRANGER.

Since so far
You seem congenial, will you wear his features?

ARNOLD.

No. As you leave me choice, I am difficult,
If but to see the heroes I should ne'er
Have seen else on this side of the dim shore
Whence they float back before us.

STRANGER.

Hence, Triumvi
Thy Cleopatra's waiting.

[*The Shade of Anthony disappears: another rises.*

ARNOLD.

Who is this?
Who truly looketh like a demigod,
Blooming and bright, with golden hair, and stature,
If not more high than mortal, yet immortal
In all that nameless bearing of his limbs,
Which he wears as the Sun his rays—a something
Which shines from him, and yet is but the flashing
Emanation of a thing more glorious still.
Was *he e'er human only?*

STRANGER.

Let the earth speak,
If there be atoms of him left, or even
Of the more solid gold that formed his urn.

ARNOLD.

Who was this Glory of mankind?

STRANGER.

The shame
Of Greece in peace, her thunderbolt in war—
Demetrius the Macedonian and
Taker of cities.

ARNOLD.

Yet one shadow more.

STRANGER (*addressing the Shadow*).

Get thee to Lamia's lap!

[*The Shade of Demetrius Poliorcetes vanishes: another rises.*

STRANGER.

I'll fit you still,
Fear not, my Hunchback. If the shadows of
That which existed please not your nice taste,
I'll animate the ideal marble, till
Your soul be reconciled to her new garment.

ARNOLD.

Content! I will fix here.

STRANGER.

I must commend
Your choice. The god-like son of the Sea-goddess,

The unshorn boy of Peleus, with his locks
As beautiful and clear as the amber waves
Of rich Pactolus rolled o'er sands of gold,
Softened by intervening crystal, and
Rippled like flowing waters by the wind,
All vowed to Sperchius as they were—behold them!
And *him*—as he stood by Polixena,
With sanctioned and with softened love, before
The altar, gazing on his Trojan bride,
With some remorse within for Hector slain
And Priam weeping, mingled with deep passion
For the sweet downcast virgin, whose young hand
Trembled in *his* who slew her brother. So
He stood i' the temple! Look upon him as
Greece look'd her last upon her best, the instant
Ere Paris' arrow flew.

ARNOLD.

I gaze upon him
As if I were his soul, whose form shall soon
Envelope mine.

STRANGER.

You have done well. The greatest
Deformity should only barter with

The extremest beauty, if the proverb's true
Of mortals, that extremes meet.

ARNOLD.

Come! Be quick!
I am impatient.

STRANGER.

As a youthful beauty
Before her glass. *You both* see what is not,
But dream it is what must be.

ARNOLD.

Must I wait?

STRANGER.

No; that were pity. But a word or two:
His stature is twelve cubits: would you so far
Outstep these times, and be a Titan? Or
(To talk canonically) wax a Son
Of Anak?

ARNOLD.

Why not?

STRANGER.

Glorious ambition!
I love thee most in dwarfs! A mortal of
Philistine stature would have gladly pared
His own Goliath down to a slight David;

But thou, my manikin, would'st soar a show
Rather than hero. Thou shalt be indulged,
If such be thy desire; and yet, by being
A little less removed from present men
In figure, thou canst sway them more; for all
Would rise against thee now, as if to hunt
A new found mammoth; and their cursed engines,
Their culverins and so forth, would find way
Through our friend's armour there, with greater ea
Than the adulterer's arrow through his heel
Which Thetis had forgotten to baptise
In Styx.

ARNOLD.

Then let it be as thou deem'st best.

STRANGER.

Thou shalt be beauteous as the thing thou see'st,
And strong as what it was, and—

ARNOLD.

I ask not
For valour, since deformity is daring.
It is its essence to o'ertake mankind
By heart and soul, and make itself the equal—
Aye, the superior of the rest. There is
A spur in its halt movements, to become

All that the others cannot, in such things
As still are free to both, to compensate
For stepdame Nature's avarice at first.
They woo with fearless deeds the smiles of fortune,
And oft, like Timour the lame Tartar, win them.

STRANGER.

Well spoken! And thou doubtless wilt remain
Formed as thou art. I may dismiss the mould
Of shadow, which must turn to flesh, to encase
This daring soul, which could achieve no less
Without it?

ARNOLD.

Had no Power presented me
The possibility of change, I would
Have done the best which Spirit may, to make
Its way, with all deformity's dull, deadly,
Discouraging weight upon me, like a mountain,
In feeling, on my heart as on my shoulders—
A hateful and unsightly molehill to
The eyes of happier man. I would have looked
On beauty in that sex which is the type
Of all we know or dream of beautiful
Beyond the world they brighten, with a sigh—
Not of love but despair; nor sought to win,

Though to a heart all love, what could not love me
In turn, because of this vile crooked clog
Which makes me lonely. Nay, I could have borne
It all, had not my mother spurned me from her.
The she-bear licks her cubs into a sort
Of shape;—my dam beheld my shape was hopeless.
Had she exposed me, like the Spartan, ere
I knew the passionate part of life, I had
Been a clod of the valley,—happier nothing
Than what I am: But even thus, the lowest,
Ugliest, and meanest of mankind, what courage
And perseverance could have done, perchance
Had made me something—as it has made heroes
Of the same mould as mine. You lately saw me
Master of my own life, and quick to quit it;
And he who is so, is the master of
Whatever dreads to die.

STRANGER.

Decide between
What you have been, or will be.

ARNOLD.

I have done so.
You have open'd brighter prospects to my eyes,
And sweeter to my heart. As I am now,

I might be feared, admired, respected, loved
Of all save those next to me, of whom I
Would be beloved. As thou showest me
A choice of forms, I take the one I view.
Haste! haste!

STRANGER.

And what shall *I* wear?

ARNOLD.

Surely he
Who can command all forms, will choose the highest,
Something superior even to that which was
Pelides now before us. Perhaps *his*
Who slew him, that of Paris: or—still higher—
The poet's God, clothed in such limbs as are
Themselves a Poetry.

STRANGER.

Less will content me;
For I too love a change.

ARNOLD.

Your aspect is
Dusky, but not uncomely.

STRANGER.

If I chose,
I might be whiter; but I have a penchant

For black—it is so honest, and besides
Can neither blush with shame nor pale with fear:
But I have worn it long enough of late,
And now I'll take your figure.

ARNOLD.

Mine!

STRANGER.

Yes. You
Shall change with Thetis' son, and I with Bertha
Your mother's offspring. People have their tastes;
You have yours—I mine.

ARNOLD.

Dispatch! dispatch!

STRANGER.

Even so

[*The Stranger takes some earth and moulds it along the turf. And then addresses the Phantom of Achilles.*

Beautiful Shadow
Of Thetis's boy!
Who sleeps in the meadow
Whose grass grows o'er Troy:
From the red earth, like Adam,*
Thy likeness I shape,

* Adam means "*red earth*," from which the first man was for

As the Being who made him,
  Whose actions I ape.
Thou clay, be all glowing,
  Till the rose in his cheek
Be as fair as, when blowing,
  It wears its first streak!
Ye violets, I scatter,
  Now turn into eyes!
And thou sunshiny water,
  Of blood take the guise!
Let these hyacinth boughs
  Be his long, flowing hair,
And wave o'er his brows,
  As thou wavest in air!
Let his heart be this marble
  I tear from the rock!
But his voice as the warble
  Of birds on yon oak!
Let his flesh be the purest
  Of mould, in which grew
The lily-root surest,
  And drank the best dew!
Let his limbs be the lightest
  Which clay can compound!

And his aspect the brightest
On earth to be found!
Elements, near me,
Be mingled and stirred,
Know me, and hear me,
And leap to my word!
Sunbeams, awaken
This earth's animation!
'Tis done! He hath taken
His stand in Creation!

[ARNOLD *falls senseless; his soul passes into the shape of Achilles, which rises from the ground; while the Phantom has disappeared, part by part, as the figure was formed from the earth.*

ARNOLD (*in his new form*).

I love, and I shall be beloved! Oh life!
At last I feel thee! Glorious spirit!

STRANGER.

Stop!
What shall become of your abandoned garment,
Your hump, and lump, and clod of ugliness,
Which late you wore, or were?

ARNOLD.

Who cares! Let wolves
And vultures take it, if they will.

STRANGER.

And if
They do, and are not scared by it, you'll say
It must be peace-time, and no better fare
Abroad i' the fields.

ARNOLD.

Let us but leave it there,
No matter what becomes on 't.

STRANGER.

That's ungracious,
If not ungrateful. Whatsoe'er it be,
It hath sustained your soul full many a day.

ARNOLD.

Aye, as the dunghill may conceal a gem
Which is now set in gold, as jewels should be.

STRANGER.

But if I give another form, it must be
By fair exchange, not robbery. For they
Who make men without women's aid, have long
Had patents for the same, and do not love
Your interlopers. The Devil may take men,

Not make them,—though he reap the benefit
Of the original workmanship:—and therefore
Some one must be found to assume the shape
You have quitted.

ARNOLD.

Who would do so?

STRANGER.

That I know not,
And therefore I must.

ARNOLD.

You!

STRANGER.

I said it ere
You inhabited your present dome of beauty.

ARNOLD.

True. I forget all things in the new joy
Of this immortal change.

STRANGER.

In a few moments
I will be as you were, and you shall see
Yourself for ever by you, as your shadow.

ARNOLD.

I would be spared this.

STRANGER.

But it cannot be.
What! shrink already, being what you are,
From seeing what you were?

ARNOLD.

Do as thou wilt.

STRANGER (*to the late form of* ARNOLD, *extended on the earth*).

Clay! not dead, but soul-less!
Though no man would choose thee,
An immortal no less
Designs not to refuse thee.
Clay thou art; and unto spirit
All clay is of equal merit.

Fire! *without* which nought can live;
Fire! but *in* which nought can live,
Save the fabled salamander,
Or immortal souls which wander,
Praying what doth not forgive,
Howling for a drop of water,
Burning in a quenchless lot:
Fire! the only element
Where nor fish, beast, bird, nor worm,

Save the worm which dieth not,
Can preserve a moment's form,
But must with thyself be blent:
Fire! man's safeguard and his slaughter:
Fire! Creation's first-born daughter,
And Destruction's threatened son,
When Heaven with the world hath done:
Fire! assist me to renew
Life in what lies in my view
Stiff and cold!
His resurrection rests with me and you!
One little, marshy spark of flame—
And he again shall seem the same;
But I his spirit's place shall hold!

[*An Ignis-fatuus flits through the wood, and rests on the brow of the body. The Stranger disappears: the body rises.*

ARNOLD (*in his new form*).

Oh! horrible!

STRANGER (*in* ARNOLD's *late shape*).

What! tremblest thou?

ARNOLD.

Not so—

I merely shudder. Where is fled the shape
Thou lately worest!

STRANGER.

To the world of shadows.
But let us thread the present. Whither wilt thou?

ARNOLD.

Must thou be my companion?

STRANGER.

Wherefore not?
Your betters keep worse company.

ARNOLD.

My betters!

STRANGER.

Oh! you wax proud, I see, of your new form:
I'm glad of that. Ungrateful too! That's well;
You improve apace:—two changes in an instant,
And you are old in the world's ways already.
But bear with me: indeed you'll find me useful
Upon your pilgrimage. But come, pronounce
Where shall we now be errant?

ARNOLD.

Where the world
Is thickest, that I may behold it in
Its workings.

STRANGER.

That's to say where there is war
And woman in activity. Let's see!
Spain—Italy—the new Atlantic world—
Afric with all its Moors. In very truth,
There is small choice: the whole race are just now
Tugging as usual at each other's hearts.

ARNOLD.

I have heard great things of Rome.

STRANGER.

A goodly choice-
And scarce a better to be found on earth,
Since Sodom was put out. The field is wide too;
For now the Frank, and Hun, and Spanish scion
Of the old Vandals are at play along
The sunny shores of the world's garden.

ARNOLD.

How
Shall we proceed?

STRANGER.

Like gallants, on good coursers
What ho! my chargers! Never yet were better,
Since Phaeton was upset into the Po.
Our Pages too!

Enter two Pages, with four coal-black Horses.

ARNOLD.

A noble sight!

STRANGER.

And of
A nobler breed. Match me in Barbary,
Or your Kochlani race of Araby,
With these!

ARNOLD.

The mighty stream, which volumes high,
From their proud nostrils, burns the very air;
And sparks of flame, like dancing fire-flies, wheel
Around their manes, as common insects swarm
Round common steeds towards sunset.

STRANGER.

Mount, my Lord
They and I are your servitors.

ARNOLD.

And these,
Our dark-eyed pages—what may be their names?

STRANGER.

You shall baptise them

ARNOLD.

What! in holy water?

STRANGER.

Why not! The deeper sinner, better saint.

ARNOLD.

They are beautiful, and cannot, sure, be demons?

STRANGER.

True; the Devil's always ugly; and your beauty
Is never diabolical.

ARNOLD.

I'll call him
Who bears the golden horn, and wears such bright
And blooming aspect, *Huon;* for he looks
Like to the lovely boy lost in the forest
And never found till now. And for the other
And darker, and more thoughtful, who smiles not,
But looks as serious though serene as night,
He shall be *Memnon*, from the Ethiop king
Whose statue turns a harper once a day.
And you?

STRANGER.

I have ten thousand names, and twice
As many attributes; but as I wear
A human shape, will take a human name.

ARNOLD.

More human than the shape (though it was mine once)
I trust.

STRANGER.

Then call me Cæsar.

ARNOLD.

Why, that name
Belongs to empires, and has been but borne
By the world's Lords.

STRANGER.

And therefore fittest for
The Devil in disguise—since so you deem me,
Unless you call me Pope instead.

ARNOLD.

Well then,
Cæsar thou shalt be. For myself, my name
Shall be plain Arnold still.

CÆSAR.

We'll add a title—
"Count Arnold:" it hath no ungracious sound,
And will look well upon a billet-doux.

ARNOLD.

Or in an order for a battle-field.

CÆSAR *sings.*

To horse! to horse! my coal-black steed
        Paws the ground and snuffs the air!
There's not a foal of Arab's breed
        More knows whom he must bear!
    On the hill he will not tire,
    Swifter as it waxes higher;
    In the marsh he will not slacken,
    On the plain be overtaken;
    In the wave he will not sink,
    Nor pause at the brook's side to drink;
    In the race he will not pant,
    In the combat he'll not faint;
    On the stones he will not stumble,
    Time nor toil shall make him humble;
    In the stall he will not stiffen,
    But be winged as a Griffin,
    Only flying with his feet:
    And will not such a voyage be sweet?
    Merrily! merrily! never unsound,
    Shall our bonny black horses skim over the ground!
    From the Alps to the Caucasus, ride we, or fly!
    For we'll leave them behind in the glance of an eye.

[*They mount their horses, and disappear.*

SCENE II.

A Camp before the Walls of Rome.

ARNOLD *and* CÆSAR.

CÆSAR.

You are well entered now.

ARNOLD.

Aye; but my path
Has been o'er carcasses: mine eyes are full
Of blood.

CÆSAR.

Then wipe them, and see clearly. Why!
Thou art a conqueror; the chosen knight
And free companion of the gallant Bourbon,
Late Constable of France; and now to be
Lord of the city which hath been Earth's lord
Under its Emperors, and—changing sex,
Not sceptre, an hermaphrodite of empire—
Lady of the Old World.

ARNOLD.

How *old?* What! are there
New worlds?

CÆSAR.

To *you*. You'll find there are such shortly,
By its rich harvests, new disease, and gold;
From one *half* of the world named a *whole* new one,
Because you know no better than the dull
And dubious notice of your eyes and ears.

ARNOLD.

I'll trust them.

CÆSAR.

Do! They will deceive you sweetly,
And that is better than the bitter truth.

ARNOLD.

Dog!

CÆSAR.

Man!

ARNOLD.

Devil!

CÆSAR.

Your obedient, humble servant.

ARNOLD.

Say *Master* rather. Thou hast lured me on,
Through scenes of blood and lust, till I am here.

CÆSAR.

And where would'st *thou* be?

ARNOLD.

Oh, at peace—in peace!

CÆSAR.

And where is that which is so? From the star
To the winding worm, all life is motion; and
In life *commotion* is the extremest point
Of life. The planet wheels till it becomes
A comet, and destroying as it sweeps
The stars, goes out. The poor worm winds its way,
Living upon the death of other things,
But still, like them, must live and die, the subject
Of something which has made it live and die.
You must obey what all obey, the rule
Of fixed Necessity: against her edict
Rebellion prospers not.

ARNOLD.

And when it prospers——

CÆSAR.

'Tis no rebellion.

ARNOLD.

Will it prosper now?

CÆSAR.

The Bourbon hath given orders for the assault,
And by the dawn there will be work.

ARNOLD.

Alas!
And shall the City yield? I see the giant
Abode of the true God, and his true Saint,
Saint Peter, rear its dome and cross into
That sky whence Christ ascended from the cross,
Which his blood made a badge of glory and
Of joy (as once of torture unto him,
God and God's Son, man's sole and only refuge).

CÆSAR.

'Tis there, and shall be.

ARNOLD.

What?

CÆSAR.

The Crucifix
Above, and many altar shrines below.
Also some culverins upon the walls,
And harquebusses, and what not, besides
The men who are to kindle them to death
Of other men.

ARNOLD.

And those scarce mortal arches,
Pile above pile of everlasting wall,
The theatre where emperors and their subjects

(Those subjects *Romans*) stood at gaze upon
The battles of the monarchs of the wild
And wood, the lion and his tusky rebels
Of the then untamed desert, brought to joust
In the arena; (as right well they might,
When they had left no human foe unconquered;)
Made even the forest pay its tribute of
Life to their amphitheatre, as well
As Dacia men to die the eternal death
For a sole instant's pastime, and "Pass on
To a new gladiator!"—Must it fall?

CÆSAR.

The city or the amphitheatre?
The church, or one, or all? for you confound
Both them and me.

ARNOLD.

To-morrow sounds the assault
With the first cock-crow.

CÆSAR.

Which, if it end with
The evening's first nightingale, will be
Something new in the annals of great sieges:
For men must have their prey after long toil.

ARNOLD.

The Sun goes down as calmly, and perhaps
More beautifully, than he did on Rome
On the day Remus leapt her wall.

CÆSAR.

I saw him.

ARNOLD.

You!

CÆSAR.

Yes, sir. You forget I am or was
Spirit, till I took up with your cast shape
And a worse name. I'm Cæsar and a hunch-back
Now. Well! the first of Cæsars was a bald-head,
And loved his laurels better as a wig
(So history says) than as glory. Thus
The world runs on, but we'll be merry still.
I saw your Romulus (simple as I am)
Slay his own twin, quick-born of the same womb,
Because he leapt a ditch ('twas then no wall,
Whate'er it now be); and Rome's earliest cement
Was brother's blood; and if its native blood
Be spilt till the choked Tiber be as red
As e'er 'twas yellow, it will never wear
The deep hue of the Ocean and the Earth,

Which the great robber sons of Fratricide
Have made their never-ceasing scene of slaughter
For ages.

ARNOLD.

But what have these done, their far
Remote descendants, who have lived in peace,
The peace of heaven, and in her sunshine of
Piety?

CÆSAR.

And what had *they* done, whom the old
Romans o'erswept?—Hark!

ARNOLD.

They are soldiers singing
A reckless roundelay, upon the eve
Of many deaths, it may be of their own.

CÆSAR.

And why should they not sing as well as swans?
They are black ones, to be sure.

ARNOLD.

So, you are learn'd,
I see, too.

CÆSAR.

In my grammar, certes. I

Was educated for a monk of all times,
And once I was well versed in the forgotten
Etruscan letters, and—were I so minded—
Could make their hieroglyphics plainer than
Your alphabet.

ARNOLD.

And wherefore do you not?

CÆSAR.

It answers better to resolve the alphabet
Back into hieroglyphics. Like your statesman,
And prophet, pontiff, doctor, alchymist,
Philosopher, and what not, they have built
More Babels without new dispersion, than
The stammering young ones of the Flood's dull ooze,
Who failed and fled each other. Why? why, marry,
Because no man could understand his neighbour.
They are wiser now, and will not separate
For nonsense. Nay, it is their brotherhood,
Their Shibboleth, their Koran, Talmud, their
Cabala; their best brick-work wherewithal
They build more—

ARNOLD (*interrupting him*).

Oh, thou everlasting sneerer!

Be silent! How the soldiers' rough strain seems
Softened by distance to a hymn-like cadence!
Listen!

CÆSAR.

Yes. I have heard the Angels sing.

ARNOLD.

And Demons howl.

CÆSAR.

And Man too. Let us listen:
I love all music.

Song of the Soldiers within.

The Black Bands came over
  The Alps and their snow,
With Bourbon, the rover,
  They past the broad Po.
We have beaten all foemen,
  We have captured a king,
We have turned back on no men,
  And so let us sing!
Here's the Bourbon for ever!
  Though penniless all,
We'll have one more endeavour
  At yonder old wall.

With the Bourbon we'll gather
  At day-dawn before
The gates, and together
  Or break or climb o'er
The wall: on the ladder
  As mounts each firm foot,
Our shout shall grow gladder,
  And death only be mute.
With the Bourbon we'll mount o'er
  The walls of old Rome,
And who then shall count o'er
  The spoils of each dome?
Up! up! with the lily!
  And down with the keys!
In old Rome, the Seven-hilly,
  We'll revel at ease.
Her streets shall be gory,
  Her Tiber all red,
And her temples so hoary
  Shall clang with our tread.
Oh, the Bourbon! the Bourbon!
  The Bourbon for aye!
Of our song bear the burthen!
  And fire, fire away!

With Spain for the vanguard,
  Our varied host comes?
And next to the Spaniard
  Beat Germany's drums;
And Italy's lances
  Are couched at their mother;
But our leader from France is,
  Who warred with his brother.
Oh, the Bourbon! the Bourbon!
  Sans country or home,
We'll follow the Bourbon,
  To plunder old Rome.

CÆSAR.

An indifferent song
For those within the walls, methinks, to hear.

ARNOLD.

Yes, if they keep to their chorus. But here comes
The General with his chiefs and men of trust.
A goodly rebel!

Enter the Constable BOURBON, "*cum suis*,"
etc. etc. etc.

PHILIBERT.

How now, noble Prince,
You are not cheerful?

BOURBON.

Why should I be so?

PHILIBERT.

Upon the eve of conquest, such as ours,
Most men would be so.

BOURBON.

If I were secure!

PHILIBERT.

Doubt not our soldiers. Were the walls of adamant,
They'd crack them. Hunger is a sharp artillery.

BOURBON.

That they will falter is my least of fears.
That they will be repulsed, with Bourbon for
Their chief, and all their kindled appetites
To marshal them on—were those hoary walls
Mountains, and those who guard them like the Gods
Of the old fables, I would trust my Titans;—
But now—

PHILIBERT.

They are but men who war with mortals.

BOURBON.

True: but those walls have girded in great ages,
And sent forth mighty spirits. The past earth
And present Phantom of imperious Rome
Is peopled with those warriors; and methinks
They flit along the eternal city's rampart,
And stretch their glorious, gory, shadowy hands,
And beckon me away!

PHILIBERT.

So let them! Wilt thou
Turn back from shadowy menaces of shadows?

BOURBON.

They do not menace me. I could have faced,
Methinks, a Sylla's menace; but they clasp
And raise, and wring their dim and deathlike hands,
And with their thin aspen faces and fixed eyes
Fascinate mine. Look there!

PHILIBERT.

I look upon
A lofty battlement.

BOURBON.

And there!

PHILIBERT.

Not even
A guard in sight; they wisely keep below,
Sheltered by the grey parapet, from some
Stray bullet of our lansquenets, who might
Practise in the cool twilight.

BOURBON.

You are blind.

PHILIBERT.

If seeing nothing more than may be seen
Be so.

BOURBON.

A thousand years have manned the walls
With all their heroes,—the last Cato stands
And tears his bowels, rather than survive
The liberty of that I would enslave.
And the first Cæsar with his triumphs flits
From battlement to battlement.

PHILIBERT.

Then conquer
The walls for which he conquered, and be greater!

BOURBON.

True: so I will, or perish.

PHILIBERT.

You can *not*.
In such an enterprise to die is rather
The dawn of an eternal day, than death.

Count ARNOLD *and* CÆSAR *advance*.

CÆSAR.

And the mere men—do they too sweat beneath
The noon of this same ever-scorching glory?

BOURBON.

Ah!
Welcome the bitter Hunchback! and his Master,
The beauty of our host, and brave as beauteous,
And generous as lovely. We shall find
Work for you both ere morning.

CÆSAR.

You will find,
So please your Highness, no less for yourself.

BOURBON.

And if I do, there will not be a labourer
More forward, Hunchback!

CÆSAR.

You may well say so,
For *you* have seen that back—as general,

Placed in the rear in action—but your foes
Have never seen it.

BOURBON.

That's a fair retort,
For I provoked it:—but the Bourbon's breast
Has been, and ever shall be, far advanced
In danger's face as yours, were you the *Devil.*

CÆSAR.

And if I were, I might have saved myself
The toil of coming here.

PHILIBERT.

Why so?

CÆSAR.

One half
Of your brave bands of their own bold accord
Will go to him, the other half be sent,
More swiftly, not less surely.

BOURBON.

Arnold, your
Slight crooked friend's as snake-like in his words
As his deeds.

CÆSAR.

Your Highness much mistakes me.

The first snake was a flatterer—I am none;
And for my deeds, I only sting when stung.

BOURBON.

You are brave, and that's enough for me; and quick
In speech as sharp in action—and that's more.
I am not alone a soldier, but the soldiers'
omrade.

CÆSAR.

They are but bad company, your Highness;
1 worse even for their friends than foes, as being
re permanent acquaintance.

PHILIBERT.

How now, fellow!
iou waxest insolent, beyond the privilege
a buffoon.

CÆSAR.

You mean, I speak the truth.
I'll lie—it is as easy: then you'll praise me
For calling you a hero.

BOURBON.

Philibert!
Let him alone; he's brave, and ever has
Been first with that swart face and mountain shoulder
In field or storm, and patient in starvation;

And for his tongue, the camp is full of licence,
And the sharp stinging of a lively rogue
Is, to my mind, far preferable to
The gross, dull, heavy, gloomy execration
Of a mere famished, sullen, grumbling slave,
Whom nothing can convince save a full meal,
And wine, and sleep, and a few maravedis,
With which he deems him rich.

CÆSAR.

It would be well
If the Earth's princes asked no more.

BOURBON.

Be silent!

CÆSAR.

Aye, but not idle. Work yourself with words!
You have few to speak.

PHILIBERT.

What means the audacious prate

CÆSAR.

To prate, like other prophets.

BOURBON.

Philibert!
Why will you vex him? Have we not enough

To think on? Arnold! I will lead the attack
To-morrow.

ARNOLD.

I have heard as much, my Lord.

BOURBON.

And you will follow?

ARNOLD.

Since I must not lead.

BOURBON.

'Tis necessary for the further daring
Of our too needy army, that their chief
Plant the first foot upon the foremost ladder's
First step.

CÆSAR.

Upon its topmost, let us hope:
So shall he have his full deserts.

BOURBON.

The world's
Great capital perchance is ours to-morrow.
Through every change the seven-hillèd city hath
Retained her sway o'er nations, and the Cæsars
But yielded to the Alarics, the Alarics
Unto the Pontiffs. Roman, Goth, or Priest,
Still the world's masters! Civilized, Barbarian,

Or Saintly, still the walls of Romulus
Have been the Circus of an Empire. Well!
'Twas *their* turn—now 'tis ours; and let us hope
That we will fight as well, and rule much better.

CÆSAR.

No doubt, the camp's the school of civic rights.
What would you make of Rome?

BOURBON.

That which it was.

CÆSAR.

In Alaric's time?

BOURBON.

No, slave! In the first Cæsar's,
Whose name you bear like other curs.

CÆSAR.

And kings.
'Tis a great name for bloodhounds.

BOURBON.

There's a demon
In that fierce rattle-snake thy tongue. Wilt never
Be serious?

CÆSAR.

On the eve of battle, no;—
That were not soldier-like. 'Tis for the General

To be more pensive: we adventurers
Must be more cheerful. Wherefore should we think?
Our tutelar deity, in a leader's shape,
Takes care of us. Keep thought aloof from hosts!
If the knaves take to thinking, you will have
To crack those walls alone.

BOURBON.

You may sneer, since
'Tis lucky for you that you fight no worse for't.

CÆSAR.

I thank you for the freedom; 'tis the only
Pay I have taken in your Highness' service.

BOURBON.

Well, sir, to-morrow you shall pay yourself.
Look on those towers; they hold my treasury.
But, Philibert, we'll in to council. Arnold,
We would request your presence.

ARNOLD.

Prince! my service
Is yours, as in the field.

BOURBON.

In both, we prize it,
And yours will be a post of trust at day-break.

CÆSAR.

And mine?

BOURBON.

To follow glory with the Bourbon.
Good night!

ARNOLD (*to* CÆSAR).

Prepare our armour for the assault,
And wait within my tent.

[*Exeunt* BOURBON, ARNOLD, PHILIBERT, *etc.*

CÆSAR (*solus*).

Within thy tent!
Think'st thou that I pass from thee with my presence
Or that this crooked coffer, which contained
Thy principle of life, is aught to me
Except a mask? And these are Men, forsooth!
Heroes and chiefs, the flower of Adam's bastards!
This is the consequence of giving Matter
The power of Thought. It is a stubborn substance,
And thinks chaotically, as it acts,
Ever relapsing into its first elements.
Well! I must play with these poor puppets: 'tis
The Spirit's pastime in his idler hours.
When I grow weary of it, I have business
Amongst the stars, which these poor creatures deem

Were made for them to look at. 'Twere a jest now
To bring one down amongst them, and set fire
Unto their ant hill: how the pismires then
Would scamper o'er the scalding soil, and, ceasing
From tearing down each others' nests, pipe forth
One universal orison! Ha! ha! [*Exit* CÆSAR.

PART II.

SCENE I

Before the Walls of Rome. The assault; the army in motion, with ladders to scale the walls; BOURBON, *with a white scarf over his armour, foremost.*

Chorus of Spirits in the air.

1.

'Tis the morn, but dim and dark.
Whither flies the silent lark?
Whither shrinks the clouded sun?
Is the day indeed begun?
Nature's eye is melancholy
O'er the city high and holy:
But without there is a din
Should arouse the Saints within,
And revive the heroic ashes
Round which yellow Tiber dashes.
Oh ye seven hills! awaken,
Ere your very base be shaken!

2.

Hearken to the steady stamp!
Mars is in their every tramp!
Not a step is out of tune,
As the tides obey the moon!
On they march, though to self-slaughter,
Regular as rolling water,
Whose high waves o'ersweep the border
Of huge moles, but keep their order,
Breaking only rank by rank.
Hearken to the armour's clank!
Look down o'er each frowning warrior,
How he glares upon the barrier:
Look on each step of each ladder,
As the stripes that streak an adder.

3.

Look upon the bristling wall,
Mann'd without an interval!
Round and round, and tier on tier,
Cannon's black mouth, shining spear,
Lit match, bell-mouth'd musquetoon,
Gaping to be murderous soon.

All the warlike gear of old,
Mix'd with what we now behold,
In this strife 'twixt old and new,
Gather like a locusts' crew.
Shade of Remus! 'tis a time
Awful as thy brother's crime!
Christians war against Christ's shrine:—
Must its lot be like to thine?

4.

Near—and near—nearer still,
As the earthquake saps the hill,
First with trembling, hollow motion,
Like a scarce-awaken'd ocean,
Then with stronger shock and louder,
Till the rocks are crush'd to powder,—
Onward sweeps the rolling host!
Heroes of the immortal boast!
Mighty Chiefs! Eternal Shadows!
First flowers of the bloody meadows
Which encompass Rome, the mother
Of a people without brother!
Will you sleep when nations' quarrels
Plough the root up of your laurels?

Ye who wept o'er Carthage burning,
Weep not—*strike!* for Rome is mourning!*

5.

Onward sweep the varied nations!
Famine long hath dealt their rations.
To the wall, with Hate and Hunger,
Numerous as wolves, and stronger,
On they sweep. Oh! glorious city,
Must thou be a theme for pity!
Fight, like your first sire, each Roman!
Alaric was a gentle foeman,
Match'd with Bourbon's black banditti!
Rouse thee, thou eternal City!
Rouse thee! Rather give the porch
With thy own hand to thy forch,
Than behold such hosts pollute
Your worst dwelling with their foot.

6.

Ah! behold yon bleeding Spectre!
Ilion's children find no Hector;

* Scipio, the second Africanus, is said to have repeated a verse of Homer and wept o'er the burning of Carthage. He had better have granted it a capitulation.

Priam's offspring loved their brother;
Roma's sire forgot his mother,
When he slew his gallant twin,
With inexpiable sin.
See the giant Shadow stride
O'er the ramparts high and wide!
When he first o'erleapt thy wall,
Its foundation mourn'd thy fall.
Now, though towering like a Babel,
Who to stop his steps are able?
Stalking o'er thy highest dome,
Remus claims his vengeance, Rome!

7.

Now they reach thee in their anger:
Fire, and smoke, and hellish clangor
Are around thee, thou world's Wonder!
Death is in thy walls and under.
Now the meeting steel first clashes;
Downward then the ladder crashes,
With its iron load all gleaming,
Lying at its foot blaspheming!
Up again! for every warrior
Slain, another climbs the barrier.

Thicker grows the strife: thy ditches
Europe's mingling gore enriches.
Rome! Although thy wall may perish,
Such manure thy fields will cherish,
Making gay the harvest-home;
But thy hearths, alas! oh, Rome!—
Yet be Rome amidst thine anguish,
Fight as thou wast wont to vanquish!

8.

Yet once more, ye old Penates!
Let not your quenched hearths be Ate's!
Yet again, ye shadowy heroes,
Yield not to these stranger Neroes!
Though the Son who slew his mother,
Shed Rome's blood, he was your brother:
'Twas the Roman curb'd the Roman;—
Brennus was a baffled foeman.
Yet again, ye Saints and Martyrs,
Rise, for yours are holier charters.
Mighty Gods of temples falling,
Yet in ruin still appalling!
Mightier founders of those altars,
True and Christian,—strike the assaulters!

Tiber! Tiber! let thy torrent
Show even Nature's self abhorrent.
Let each breathing heart dilated
Turn, as doth the lion baited!
Rome be crush'd to one wide tomb,
But be still the Roman's Rome!

BOURBON, ARNOLD, CÆSAR, *and others, arrive at the foot of the wall.* ARNOLD *is about to plant his ladder.*

BOURBON.

Hold, Arnold! I am first.

ARNOLD.

Not so, my Lord.

BOURBON.

Hold, sir, I charge you! Follow! I am proud
Of such a follower, but will brook no leader.

[BOURBON *plants his ladder, and begins to mount.*

Now, boys! On! on!

[*A shot strikes him, and* BOURBON *falls.*

CÆSAR.

And off!

ARNOLD.

Eternal powers!

The host will be appalled.—But vengeance! venge-

BOURBON.

'Tis nothing—lend me your hand.

[BOURBON *takes* ARNOLD *by the hand and rises; but as he puts his foot on the step, falls again.*

Arnold! I am sped.
Conceal my fall—all will go well—conceal it!
Fling my cloak o'er what will be dust anon;
Let not the soldiers see it.

ARNOLD.

You must be
Removed; the aid of—

BOURBON.

No, my gallant boy;
Death is upon me. But what is *one* life?
The Bourbon's spirit shall command them still.
Keep them yet ignorant that I am but clay,
Till they are conquerors—then do as you may.

CÆSAR.

Would not your Highness choose to kiss the cross?
We have no priest here, but the hilt of sword
May serve instead:—it did the same for Bayard.

BOURBON.

Thou bitter slave! to name *him* at this time!
But I deserve it.

ARNOLD (*to* CÆSAR).

Villain, hold your peace!

CÆSAR.

What, when a Christian dies? Shall I not offer
A Christian "Vade in pace?"

ARNOLD.

Silence! Oh!
Those eyes are glazing, which o'erlook'd the world,
And saw no equal.

BOURBON.

Arnold, should'st thou see
France——But hark! hark! the assault grows warmer-
Oh!
For but an hour, a minute more of life
To die within the wall! Hence, Arnold! hence!
You lose time—they will conquer Rome without thee.

ARNOLD.

And without *thee!*

BOURBON.

Not so; I'll lead them still
In spirit. Cover up my dust, and breathe not
That I have ceased to breathe. Away! and be
Victorious!

ARNOLD.

But I must not leave thee thus.

BOURBON.

You must—farewell—Up! up! the world is winning.

[BOURBON *dies*.

CÆSAR (*to* ARNOLD).

Come, Count, to business.

ARNOLD.

True. I'll weep hereafter.

[ARNOLD *covers* BOURBON'S *body with a mantle, and mounts the ladder, crying*

The Bourbon! Bourbon! On boys! Rome is ours!

CÆSAR.

Good night, Lord Constable! thou wert a man.

[CÆSAR *follows* ARNOLD; *they reach the battlement;* ARNOLD *and* CÆSAR *are struck down.*

A precious somerset! Is your Countship injured?

ARNOLD.

No. [*Remounts the ladder.*

CÆSAR.

A rare blood-hound, when his own is heated!
And 'tis no boy's play. Now he strikes them down!
His hand is on the battlement—he grasps it

As though it were an altar; now his foot
Is on it, and——What have we here, a Roman?
[*A man falls.*
The first bird of the covey! he has fall'n
On the outside of the nest. Why, how now, fellow

THE WOUNDED MAN.

A drop of water!

CÆSAR.

Blood's the only liquid
Nearer than Tiber.

WOUNDED MAN.

I have died for Rome. [*Dies.*

CÆSAR.

And so did Bourbon, in another sense.
Oh these immortal men! and their great motives!
But I must after my young charge. He is
By this time i' the forum. Charge! charge!
[CÆSAR *mounts the ladder; the scene closes*

SCENE II.

The City.—Combats between the Besiegers and Besieged in the streets. Inhabitants flying in confusion.

Enter CÆSAR.

CÆSAR.

I cannot find my hero; he is mixed
With the heroic crowd that now pursue
The fugitives, or battle with the desperate.
What have we here? A Cardinal or two
That do not seem in love with martyrdom.
How the old red-shanks scamper! Could they doff
Their hose as they have doffed their hats, 'twould be
A blessing, as a mark the less for plunder.
But let them fly, the crimson kennels now
Will not much stain their stockings, since the mire
Is of the self-same purple hue.

Enter a party fighting—ARNOLD *at the head of the Besiegers.*

He comes,

Hand in hand with the mild twins—Gore and Glory.
Holla! hold, Count!

ARNOLD.

Away! they must not rally.

CÆSAR.

I tell thee, be not rash; a golden bridge
Is for a flying enemy. I gave thee
A form of beauty, and an
Exemption from some maladies of body,
But not of mind, which is not mine to give.
But though I gave the form of Thetis' son,
I dipt thee not in Styx; and 'gainst a foe
I would not warrant thy chivalric heart
More than Pelides' heel; why then, be cautious,
And know thyself a mortal still.

ARNOLD.

And who
With aught of soul would combat if he were
Invulnerable? That were pretty sport.
Think'st thou I beat for hares when lions roar?

[ARNOLD *rushes into the combat.*

CÆSAR.

A precious sample of humanity!

Well, his blood's up, and if a little's shed,
'Twill serve to curb his fever.

[ARNOLD *engages with a Roman, who retires towards a portico.*

ARNOLD.

Yield thee, slave!
I promise quarter.

ROMAN.

That's soon said.

ARNOLD.

And done—
My word is known.

ROMAN.

So shall be my deeds.

[*They re-engage.* CÆSAR *comes forward.*

CÆSAR.

Why, Arnold! Hold thine own; thou hast in hand
A famous artizan, a cunning Sculptor;
Also a dealer in the sword and dagger.
Not so, my musqueteer; 'twas he who slew
The Bourbon from the wall.

ARNOLD.

Aye, did he so?
Then he hath carved his monument.

ROMAN.

I yet
May live to carve your betters.

CÆSAR.

Well said, my man of marble! Benvenuto,
Thou hast some practice in both ways; and he
Who slays Cellini, will have work'd as hard
As e'er thou didst upon Carrara's blocks.

[ARNOLD *disarms and wounds* CELLINI, *but slightly; the latter draws a pistol and fires; then retires and disappears through the portico.*

CÆSAR.

How farest thou? Thou hast a taste, methinks,
Of red Bellona's banquet.

ARNOLD (*staggers*).

'Tis a scratch.
Lend me thy scarf. He shall not 'scape me thus.

CÆSAR.

Where is it?

ARNOLD.

In the shoulder, not the sword arm—
And that's enough. I am thirsty: would I had
A helm of water!

CÆSAR.

That's a liquid now
In requisition, but by no means easiest
To come at.

ARNOLD.

And my thirst increases;—but
I'll find a way to quench it.

CÆSAR.

Or be quench'd
Thyself?

ARNOLD.

The chance is even; we will throw
The dice thereon. But I lose time in prating;
Prithee be quick. [CÆSAR *binds on the scarf.*
And what do'st thou so idly?
Why dost not strike?

CÆSAR.

Your old philosophers
Beheld mankind, as mere spectators of
The Olympic games. When I behold a prize
Worth wrestling for, I may be found a Milo.

ARNOLD.

Aye, 'gainst an oak.

CÆSAR.

A forest, when it suits me.
I combat with a mass, or not at all.
Meantime, pursue thy sport as I do mine:
Which is just now to gaze, since all these labourers
Will reap my harvest gratis.

ARNOLD.

Thou art still
A Fiend!

CÆSAR.

And thou—a man.

ARNOLD.

Why, such I fain would show me.

CÆSAR.

True—as men are.

ARNOLD.

And what is that?

CÆSAR.

Thou feelest and thou see'st.

[*Exit* ARNOLD, *joining in the combat which still continues between detached parties. The scene closes.*

SCENE III.

St. Peter's. The Interior of the Church. The Pope at the Altar. Priests, etc. crowding in confusion, and Citizens flying for refuge, pursued by Soldiery.—Enter CÆSAR.

A SPANISH SOLDIER.

Down with them, comrades! seize upon those lamps!
Cleave yon bald-pated shaveling to the chine!
His rosary's of gold!

LUTHERAN SOLDIER.

Revenge! Revenge!
Plunder hereafter, but for vengeance now—
Yonder stands Anti-Christ!

CÆSAR (*interposing*).

How now, Schismatic!
What would'st thou?

LUTHERAN SOLDIER.

In the holy name of Christ,
Destroy proud Anti-Christ. I am a Christian.

CÆSAR.

Yea, a disciple that would make the Founder

Of your belief renounce it, could he see
Such proselytes. Best stint thyself to plunder.

LUTHERAN SOLDIER.

I say he is the Devil.

CÆSAR.

Hush! keep that secret,
Lest he should recognize you for his own.

LUTHERAN SOLDIER.

Why would you save him? I repeat he is
The Devil, or the Devil's Vicar upon Earth.

CÆSAR.

And that's the reason; would you make a quarrel
With your best friends? You had far best be quiet;
His hour is not yet come.

LUTHERAN SOLDIER.

That shall be seen!

[*The Lutheran Soldier rushes forward; a shot strikes him from one of the Pope's Guards, and he falls at the foot of the Altar.*

CÆSAR (*to the* LUTHERAN).

I told you so.

LUTHERAN SOLDIER.

And will you not avenge me?

CÆSAR.

Not I! You know that "Vengeance is the Lord's:"
You see he loves no interlopers.

LUTHERAN (*dying*).

Oh!
Had I but slain him, I had gone on high,
Crowned with eternal glory! Heaven, forgive
My feebleness of arm that reach'd him not,
And take thy servant to thy mercy. 'Tis
A glorious triumph still; proud Babylon's
No more; the Harlot of the Seven Hills
Hath changed her scarlet raiment for sackcloth
And ashes! [*The Lutheran dies.*

CÆSAR.

Yes, thine own amidst the rest.
Well done, old Babel!

[*The Guards defend themselves desperately, while the Pontiff escapes, by a private passage, to the Vatican and the Castle of St. Angelo.*

CÆSAR.

Ha! right nobly battled!
Now, Priest! now, Soldier! the two great professions,
Together by the ears and hearts! I have not

Seen a more comic pantomime since Titus
Took Jewry. But the Romans had the best then;
Now they must take their turn.

SOLDIERS.

He hath escaped!
Follow!

ANOTHER SOLDIER.

They have barred the narrow passage up,
And it is clogged with dead even to the door.

CÆSAR.

I am glad he hath escaped: he may thank me for't
In part. I would not have his Bulls abolished—
'Twere worth one half our empire: his Indulgences
Demand some in return;—no, no, he must not
Fall;—and besides, his now escape may furnish
A future miracle, in future proof
Of his infallibility. [*To the Spanish Soldiery.*
Well, Cut-throats!
What do you pause for? If you make not haste,
There will not be a link of pious gold left.
And *you* too, Catholics! Would ye return
From such a pilgrimage without a relic?
The very Lutherans have more true devotion:
See how they strip the shrines!

SOLDIERS.

By holy Peter!
He speaks the truth; the heretics will bear
The best way.

CÆSAR.

And that were shame! Go to!
Assist in their conversion.

[*The Soldiers disperse; many quit the Church, others enter.*

CÆSAR.

They are gone,
And others come: so flows the wave on wave
Of what these creatures call eternity,
Deeming themselves the breakers of the ocean,
While they are but its bubbles, ignorant
That foam is their foundation. So, another!

Enter OLIMPIA, *flying from the pursuit—She springs upon the Altar.*

SOLDIER.

She's mine.

ANOTHER SOLDIER (*opposing the former*).

You lie, I track'd her first; and, were she
The Pope's niece, I'll not yield her. [*They fight.*

THIRD SOLDIER (*advancing towards* OLIMPIA).

You may settle
Your claims; I'll make mine good.

OLIMPIA.

Infernal slave!
You touch me not alive.

THIRD SOLDIER.

Alive or dead!

OLIMPIA (*embracing a massive crucifix*).

Respect your God!

THIRD SOLDIER.

Yes, when he shines in gold.
Girl, you but grasp your dowry.

[*As he advances,* OLIMPIA, *with a strong and sudden effort, casts down the crucifix; it strikes the Soldier, who falls.*

THIRD SOLDIER.

Oh, great God!

OLIMPIA.

Ah! now you recognize him.

THIRD SOLDIER.

My brain's crushed!
Comrades, help ho! All's darkness! [*He dies*

OTHER SOLDIERS (*coming up*).

Slay her, although she had a thousand lives:
She hath killed our comrade.

OLIMPIA.

Welcome such a death!
You have no life to give, which the worst slave
Would take. Great God! through thy redeeming Son,
And thy Son's Mother, now receive me as
I would approach thee, worthy her, and him, and thee!

Enter ARNOLD.

ARNOLD.

What do I see? Accursed Jackalls!
Forbear!

CÆSAR (*aside, and laughing*).

Ha! ha! here's equity! The dogs
Have as much right as he. But to the issue!

SOLDIERS.

Count, she hath slain our comrade.

ARNOLD.

With what weapon?

SOLDIER.

The cross, beneath which he is crushed; behold him

Lie there, more like a worm than man; she cast it
Upon his head.

ARNOLD.

Even so; there is a woman
Worthy a brave man's liking. Were ye such,
Ye would have honoured her. But get ye hence,
And thank your meanness, other God you have none,
For your existence. Had you touched a hair
Of those dishevelled locks, I would have thinned
Your ranks more than the enemy. Away!
Ye Jackalls! gnaw the bones the lion leaves,
But not even these till he permits.

A SOLDIER (*murmuring*).

The Lion
Might conquer for himself then.

ARNOLD (*cuts him down*).

Mutineer!
Rebel in Hell—you shall obey on earth!

[*The Soldiers assault* ARNOLD.

ARNOLD.

Come on! I'm glad on't! I will show you, slaves,
How you should be commanded, and who led you
First o'er the wall you were as shy to scale,

Until I waved my banners from its height,
As you are bold within it.

[ARNOLD *mows down the foremost; the rest throw down their arms.*

SOLDIERS.

Mercy! mercy!

ARNOLD.

Then learn to grant it. Have I taught you *who*
Led you o'er Rome's eternal battlements?

SOLDIERS.

We saw it, and we know it; yet forgive
A moment's error in the heat of conquest—
The conquest which you led to.

ARNOLD.

Get you hence!
Hence to your quarters! you will find them fixed
In the Colonna palace.

OLIMPIA (*aside*).

In my Father's
House!

ARNOLD (*to the Soldiers*).

Leave your arms; ye have no further need
Of such: the City's rendered. And mark well

You keep your hands clean, or I'll find out a stream,
As red as Tiber now runs, for your baptism.

SOLDIERS (*deposing their arms and departing*).

We obey!

ARNOLD (*to* OLIMPIA).

Lady! you are safe.

OLIMPIA.

I should be so,
Had I a knife even; but it matters not—
Death hath a thousand gates; and on the marble,
Even at the altar foot, whence I look down
Upon destruction, shall my head be dash'd,
Ere thou ascend it. God forgive thee, man!

ARNOLD.

I wish to merit his forgiveness, and
Thine own, although I have not injured thee.

OLIMPIA.

No! Thou hast only sacked my native land,—
No injury!—and made my father's house
A den of thieves—No injury!—this temple—
Slippery with Roman and holy gore.
No injury! And now thou would preserve me,
To be—but that shall never be!

[*She raises her eyes to Heaven, folds her robe round*

ar, and prepares to dash herself down on the side of the Altar opposite to that where ARNOLD *stands.*

ARNOLD.

Hold! hold!
I swear.

OLIMPIA.

Spare thine already forfeit soul
A perjury for which even Hell would loathe thee.
I know thee.

ARNOLD.

No, thou know'st me not; I am not
Of these men, though—

OLIMPIA.

I judge thee by thy mates;
It is for God to judge thee as thou art.
I see thee purple with the blood of Rome;
Take mine, 'tis all thou e'er shalt have of me!
And here, upon the marble of this temple,
Where the baptismal font baptised me God's,
I offer him a blood less holy
But not less pure (pure as it left me then,
A redeemed infant) than the holy water
The Saints have sanctified!

[OLIMPIA *waves her hand to* ARNOLD *with disdain,*

and dashes herself on the pavement from the Altar.

ARNOLD.

Eternal God!
I feel thee now! Help! help! She's gone.

CÆSAR (*approaches*).

I am here

ARNOLD.

Thou! but oh, save her!

CÆSAR (*assisting him to raise* OLIMPIA).

She hath done it well;
The leap was serious.

ARNOLD.

Oh! she is lifeless!

CÆSAR.

If
She be so, I have nought to do with that:
The resurrection is beyond me.

ARNOLD.

Slave!

CÆSAR.

Aye, slave or master, 'tis all one: methinks
Good words however are as well at times.

ARNOLD.

Worm!—Canst thou aid her?

CÆSAR.

I will try. A sprinkling
Of that same holy water may be useful.

[*He brings some in his helmet from the font.*

ARNOLD.

'Tis mixed with blood.

CÆSAR.

There is no cleaner now
In Rome.

ARNOLD.

How pale! how beautiful! how lifeless!
Alive or dead, thou essence of all beauty,
I love but thee!

CÆSAR.

Even so Achilles loved
Penthesilea; with his form it seems
You have his heart, and yet it was no soft one.

ARNOLD.

She breathes! But no, 'twas nothing, or the last
Faint flutter life disputes with death.

CÆSAR.

She breathes.

ARNOLD.

Thou say'st it? Then 'tis truth.

CÆSAR.

You do me right—
The Devil speaks truth much oftener than he's deemed
He hath an ignorant audience.

ARNOLD (*without attending to him*).

Yes! her heart beats
Alas! that the first beat of the only heart
I ever wish'd to beat with mine, should vibrate
To an assassin's pulse.

CÆSAR.

A sage reflexion,
But somewhat late i'the day. Where shall we bear h
I say she lives.

ARNOLD.

And will she live?

CÆSAR.

As much
As dust can.

ARNOLD.

Then she is dead!

CÆSAR.

Bah! bah! You are

And do not know it. She will come to life—
Such as you think so, such as you now are;
But we must work by human means.

ARNOLD.

We will
Convey her unto the Colonna palace,
Where I have pitched my banner.

CÆSAR.

Come then! raise her up!

ARNOLD.

Softly!

CÆSAR.

As softly as they bear the dead,
Perhaps because they cannot feel the jolting.

ARNOLD.

But doth she live indeed?

CÆSAR.

Nay, never fear!
But if you rue it after, blame not me.

ARNOLD.

Let her but live!

CÆSAR.

The spirit of her life
Is yet within her breast, and may revive.

Count! Count! I am your servant in all things,
And this is a new office:—'tis not oft
I am employed in such; but you perceive
How stanch a friend is what you call a fiend.
On earth you have often only fiends for friends;
Now *I* desert not mine. Soft! bear her hence,
The beautiful half-clay, and nearly spirit!
I am almost enamoured of her, as
Of old the Angels of her earliest sex.

ARNOLD.

Thou!

CÆSAR.

I. But fear not. I'll not be your rival.

ARNOLD.

Rival!

CÆSAR.

I could be one right formidable;
But since I slew the seven husbands of
Tobia's future bride (and after all
'Twas sucked out by some incense) I have laid
Aside intrigue: 'tis rarely worth the trouble
Of gaining, or—what is more difficult—
Getting rid of your prize again; for there's
The rub! at least to mortals.

ARNOLD.

Prithee, peace!
Softly! methinks her lips move, her eyes open!

CÆSAR.

Like stars, no doubt; for that's a metaphor
For Lucifer and Venus.

ARNOLD.

To the palace
Colonna, as I told you!

CÆSAR.

Oh! I know
My way through Rome.

ARNOLD.

Now onward, onward! Gently!

[*Exeunt, bearing* OLIMPIA.—*The scene closes.*

PART III.

SCENE I.

A Castle in the Apennines, surrounded by a wild but smiling country. Chorus of Peasants singing before the Gates.

Chorus

1.

The wars are over,
  The spring is come;
The bride and her lover
  Have sought their home:
They are happy, we rejoice;
Let their hearts have an echo in every voice!

2.

The spring is come; the violet 's gone,
The first-born child of the early sun;
With us she is but a winter's flower,
The snow on the hills cannot blast her bower,

And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue
To the youngest sky of the self-same hue.

3.

And when the spring comes with her host
Of flowers, that flower beloved the most
Shrinks from the crowd that may confuse
Her heavenly odour and virgin hues.

4.

Pluck the others, but still remember
Their Herald out of dim December—
The morning-star of all the flowers,
The pledge of day-light's lengthen'd hours;
Nor, 'midst the roses, e'er forget
The virgin, virgin Violet.

Enter CÆSAR.

CÆSAR (*singing*).

The wars are all over,
  Our swords are all idle,
  The steed bites the bridle,
The casque's on the wall.

There's rest for the rover;
  But his armour is rusty,
  And the veteran grows crusty,
As he yawns in the hall.
He drinks—but what's drinking?
A mere pause from thinking!
No bugle awakes him with life-and-death-call.

Chorus.

But the hound bayeth loudly,
  The boar's in the wood,
And the falcon longs proudly
  To spring from her hood:
On the wrist of the noble
  She sits like a crest,
And the air is in trouble
  With birds from their nest.

CÆSAR.

Oh! Shadow of glory!
  Dim image of war!
But the chase hath no story,
  Her hero no star,
Since Nimrod, the founder
  Of empire and chase,

Who made the woods wonder,
And quake for their race.
When the Lion was young,
In the pride of his might,
Then 'twas sport for the strong
To embrace him in fight;
To go forth, with a pine
For a spear, 'gainst the Mammoth,
Or strike through the ravine
At the foaming Behemoth,
While Man was in stature
As towers in our time,
The first-born of Nature,
And, like her, sublime!

Chorus.

But the wars are over,
The spring is come;
The bride and her lover
Have sought their home;
They are happy, and we rejoice;
Let their hearts have an echo from every voice!

[*Exeunt the Peasantry, singing.*

THE END.

MORGANTE MAGGIORE

DI

MESSER LUIGI PULCI.

MORGANTE MAGGIORE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Morgante Maggiore, of the first canto of which this translation is offered, divides with the Orlando Innamorato the honour of having formed and suggested the style and story of Ariosto. The great defects of Boiardo were his treating too seriously the narratives of chivalry, and his harsh style. Ariosto, in his continuation, by a judicious mixture of the gaiety of Pulci, has avoided the one, and Berni, in his reformation of Boiardo's poem, has corrected the other. Pulci may be considered as the precursor and model of Berni altogether, as he has partly been to Ariosto, however inferior to both his copyists. He is no less the founder of a new style of poetry very lately sprung up in England. I allude to that of the ingenious Whistlecraft. The serious poems on Roncesvalles in the same language, and more particularly the excellent one of Mr. Merivale, are to be traced to the same source. It has never yet been decided entirely, whether Pulci's intention was or was not to deride the religion, which is one of his favourite topics. It appears to me, that such an intention would have been no less hazardous to the poet than to the priest, particularly in

that age and country; and the permission to publish the poem, and its reception among the classics of Italy, prove that it neither was nor is so interpreted. That he intended to ridicule the monastic life, and suffered his imagination to play with the simple dulness of his converted giant, seems evident enough; but surely it were as unjust to accuse him of irreligion on this account, as to denounce Fielding for his Parson Adams, Barnabas, Thwackum, Supple, and the Ordinary in Jonathan Wild,—or Scott, for the exquisite use of his Covenanters in the "Tales of my Landlord."

In the following translation I have used the liberty of the original with the proper names; as Pulci uses Gan, Ganellon, or Ganellone; Carlo, Carlomagno, or Carlomano; Rondel, or Rondello, etc. as it suits his convenience, so has the translator. In other respects the version is faithful to the best of the translator's ability in combining his interpretation of the one language with the not very easy task of reducing it to the same versification in the other. The reader is requested to remember that the antiquated language of Pulci, however pure, is not easy to the generality of Italians themselves, from its great mixture of Tuscan proverbs; and he may therefore be more indulgent to the present attempt. How far the translator has succeeded, and whether or no he shall continue the work, are questions which the public will decide. He was induced to make the experiment partly by his love for, and partial intercourse with, the Italian language, of which it is so easy to acquire a slight knowledge, and with which it is so nearly impossible for a foreigner to become accurately conversant. The Italian language is

like a capricious beauty, who accords her smiles to all, her favours to few, and sometimes least to those who have courted her longest. The translator wished also to present in an English dress a part at least of a poem never yet rendered into a northern language; at the same time that it has been the original of some of the most celebrated productions on this side of the Alps, as well as of those recent experiments in poetry in England which have been already mentioned.

TRANSLATION.

MORGANTE MAGGIORE.

CANTO I.

I.

In the beginning was the Word next God;
God was the Word, the Word no less was he;
This was in the beginning, to my mode
Of thinking, and without him naught could be:
Therefore, just Lord! from out thy high abode,
Benign and pious, bid an angel flee,
One only, to be my companion, who
Shall help my famous, worthy, old song through.

II.

And thou, oh Virgin! daughter, mother, bride,
Of the same Lord, who gave to you each key
Of heaven, and hell, and every thing beside,
The day thy Gabriel said, "All hail!" to thee,
Since to thy servants pity 's ne'er denied,
With flowing rhymes, a pleasant style and free,
Be to my verses then benignly kind,
And to the end illuminate my mind.

III.

'Twas in the season when sad Philomel
Weeps with her sister, who remembers and
Deplores the ancient woes which both befell,
And makes the nymphs enamoured, to the hand
Of Phaeton by Phœbus loved so well
His car (but temper'd by his sire's command)
Was given, and on the horizon's verge just now
Appear'd, so that Tithonus scratched his brow:

IV.

When I prepared my bark first to obey,
As it should still obey, the helm, my mind,
And carry prose or rhyme, and this my lay
Of Charles the Emperor, whom you will find
By several pens already praised; but they
Who to diffuse his glory were inclined,
For all that I can see in prose or verse,
Have understood Charles badly—and wrote worse.

V.

Leonardo Aretino said already,
That if, like Pepin, Charles had had a writer
Of genius quick, and diligently steady,
No hero would in history look brighter;
He in the cabinet being always ready,
And in the field a most victorious fighter,
Who for the church and Christian faith had wrought,
Certes far more than yet is said or thought.

VI.

You still may see at Saint Liberatore,
The abbey no great way from Manopell,
Erected in the Abruzzi to his glory,
Because of the great battle in which fell
A Pagan King, according to the story,
And felon people whom Charles sent to hell:
And there are bones so many, and so many,
Near them Giusaffa's would seem few, if any.

VII.

But the world, blind and ignorant, don't prize
His virtues as I wish to see them: thou,
Florence, by his great bounty don't arise,
And [illegible], and may have, if thou wilt allow,
All proper customs and true courtesies:
Whate'er thou hast acquired from then till now,
With knightly courage, treasure, or the lance,
Is sprung from out the noble blood of France.

VIII.

Twelve Paladins had Charles in court, of whom
   The wisest and most famous was Orlando;
Him traitor Gan conducted to the tomb
   In Roncesvalles, as the villain plann'd too,
While the horn rang so loud, and knell'd the doom
   Of their sad rout, though he did all knight can do;
And Dante in his comedy has given
To him a happy seat with Charles in heaven.

IX.

'Twas Christmas-day; in Paris all his court
   Charles held; the chief, I say, Orlando was,
The Dane; Astolfo there too did resort,
   Also Ansuigi, the gay time to pass
In festival and in triumphal sport,
   The much renown'd St. Dennis being the cause;
Angiolin of Bayonne, and Oliver,
And gentle Belinghieri too came there:

X.

Avolio, and Arino, and Othone
  Of Normandy, and Richard Paladin,
Wise Hamo, and the ancient Salemone,
  Walter of Lion's Mount and Baldovin,
Who was the son of the sad Ganellone,
  Were there, exciting too much gladness in
The son of Pepin :—when his knights came hither,
He groaned with joy to see them altogether.

XI.

But watchful Fortune lurking, takes good heed
  Ever some bar 'gainst our intents to bring.
While Charles reposed him thus, in word and deed,
  Orlando ruled court, Charles, and every thing;
Curst Gan, with envy bursting, had such need
  To vent his spite, that thus with Charles the king,
One day he openly began to say,
"Orlando must we always then obey?

XII.

" A thousand times I've been about to say,
" Orlando too presumptuously goes on;
" Here are we, counts, kings, dukes, to own thy sway,
" Hamo, and Otho, Ogier, Solomon,
" Each have to honour thee and to obey;
" But he has too much credit near the throne,
" Which we won't suffer, but are quite decided
" By such a boy to be no longer guided.

XIII.

" And even at Aspramont thou didst begin
" To let him know he was a gallant knight,
" And by the fount did much the day to win;
" But I know *who* that day had won the fight
" If it had not for good Gherardo been;
" The victory was Almonte's else; his sight
" He kept upon the standard, and the laurels
" In fact and fairness are his earning, Charles.

XIV.

"If thou rememberest being in Gascony,
"When there advanced the nations out of Spain
"The Christian cause had suffer'd shamefully,
"Had not his valour driven them back again.
"Best speak the truth when there's a reason why:
"Know then, oh Emperor! that all complain:
"As for myself, I shall repass the mounts
"O'er which I cross'd with two and sixty Counts.

XV.

"'Tis fit thy grandeur should dispense relief,
"So that each here may have his proper part,
"For the whole court is more or less in grief:
"Perhaps thou deem'st this lad a Mars in heart?"
Orlando one day heard this speech in brief,
As by himself it chanced he sate apart:
Displeased he was with Gan because he said it,
But much more still that Charles should give him cred

XVI.

And with the sword he would have murder'd Gan,
But Oliver thrust in between the pair,
And from his hand extracted Durlindan,
And thus at length they separated were.
Orlando, angry too with Carloman,
Wanted but little to have slain him there;
Then forth alone from Paris went the chief,
And burst and madden'd with disdain and grief.

XVII.

From Ermellina, consort of the Dane,
He took Cortana, and then took Rondell,
And on towards Brara prick'd him o'er the plain;
And when she saw him coming, Aldabelle
Stretch'd forth her arms to clasp her lord again:
Orlando, in whose brain all was not well,
As "Welcome my Orlando home," she said,
Rais'd up his sword to smite her on the head.

XVIII.

Like him a fury counsels; his revenge
On Gan in that rash act he seem'd to take,
Which Aldabella thought extremely strange,
But soon Orlando found himself awake;
And his spouse took his bridle on this change,
And he dismounted from his horse, and spake
Of every thing which pass'd without demur,
And then reposed himself some days with her.

XIX.

Then full of wrath departed from the place,
And far as Pagan countries roam'd astray,
And while he rode, yet still at every pace
The traitor Gan remember'd by the way;
And wandering on in error a long space,
An abbey which in a lone desert lay,
'Midst glens obscure, and distant lands, he found,
Which form'd the Christian's and the Pagan's bound.

XX.

The abbot was call'd Clermont, and by blood
Descended from Angrante: under cover
. a great mountain's brow the abbey stood,
But certain savage giants look'd him over;
ne Passamont was foremost of the brood,
And Alabaster and Morgante hover
e d and third, with certain slings, and throw
ly jeopardy the place below.

XXI.

The monks could pass the convent gate no more,
Nor leave their cells for water or for wood.
Orl do knock'd, but none would ope, before
Unto the prior it at length seem'd good;
Enter'd, he said that he was taught to adore
Him who was born of Mary's holiest blood,
And was baptized a Christian; and then show'd
How to the abbey he had found his road.

XXII.

Said the abbot, " You are welcome; what is mine
  " We give you freely, since that you believe
" With us in Mary Mother's Son divine ;
  " And that you may not, cavalier, conceive
" The cause of our delay to let you in
  " To be rusticity, you shall receive
" The reason why our gate was barr'd to you :
" Thus those who in suspicion live must do.

XXIII.

" When hither to inhabit first we came
  " These mountains, albeit that they are obscure.
" As you perceive, yet without fear or blame
  " They seem'd to promise an asylum sure :
" From savage brutes alone, too fierce to tame,
  " 'Twas fit our quiet dwelling to secure ;
" But now, if here we'd stay, we needs must guard
" Against domestic beasts with watch and ward.

XXIV.

" These make us stand, in fact, upon the watch,
" For late there have appear'd three giants rough,
" What nation or what kingdom bore the batch
" I know not, but they are all of savage stuff;
" When force and malice with some genius match,
" You know, they can do all—*we* are not enough:
" And these so much our orisons derange,
" I know not what to do till matters change.

XXV.

" Our ancient fathers living the desert in,
" For just and holy works were duly fed;
" Think not they lived on locusts sole, 'tis certain
" That manna was rain'd down from heaven instead
" But here 'tis fit we keep on the alert in
" Our bounds, or taste the stones shower'd down for bread,
" From off yon mountain daily raining faster,
" And flung by Passamont and Alabaster.

XXVI.

"The third, Morgante, 's savagest by far; he
"Plucks up pines, beeches, poplar-trees, and oaks,
"And flings them, our community to bury,
"And all that I can do but more provokes."
While thus they parley in the cemetery,
A stone from one of their gigantic strokes,
Which nearly crush'd Rondell, came tumbling over,
So that he took a long leap under cover.

XXVII.

"For God sake, cavalier, come in with speed,
"The manna's falling now," the abbot cried:
"This fellow does not wish my horse should feed,
"Dear abbot," Roland unto him replied,
"Of restiveness he'd cure him had he need;
"That stone seems with good-will and aim applied."
The holy father said, "I don't deceive;
"They'll one day fling the mountain, I believe."

XXVIII.

Orlando bade them take care of Rondello,
And also made a breakfast of his own:
"Abbot," he said, "I want to find that fellow
"Who flung at my good horse yon corner-stone."
Said the abbot, "Let not my advice seem shallow,
"As to a brother dear I speak alone;
"I would dissuade you, baron, from this strife,
"As knowing sure that you will lose your life.

XXIX.

"That Passamont has in his hand three darts—
"Such slings, clubs, ballast-stones, that yield you must;
"You know that giants have much stouter hearts
"Than us, with reason, in proportion just;
"If go you will, guard well against their arts,
"For these are very barbarous and robust."
Orlando answer'd, "This I'll see, be sure,
"And walk the wild on foot to be secure."

XXX.

The abbot sign'd the great cross on his front,
  "Then go you with God's benison and mine:"
Orlando, after he had scal'd the mount,
  As the abbot had directed, kept the line
Right to the usual haunt of Passamont;
  Who, seeing him alone in this design,
Survey'd him fore and aft with eyes observant,
Then asked him, "If he wish'd to stay as servant?"

XXXI.

And promised him an office of great ease.
  But, said Orlando, "Saracen insane!
"I come to kill you, if it shall so please
  "God, not to serve as footboy in your train;
"You with his monks so oft have broke the peace-
  "Vile dog! 'tis past his patience to sustain."
The giant ran to fetch his arms, quite furious,
  When he received an answer so injurious.

XXXII.

And being return'd to where Orlando stood,
Who had not moved him from the spot, and swinging
The cord, he hurl'd a stone with strength so rude,
As show'd a sample of his skill in slinging;
It roll'd on Count Orlando's helmet good
And head, and set both head and helmet ringing,
So that he swoon'd with pain as if he died,
But more than dead, he seem'd so stupified.

XXXIII.

Then Passamont, who thought him slain outright,
Said, "I will go, and while he lies along,
"Disarm me: why such craven did I fight?"
But Christ his servants ne'er abandons long,
Especially Orlando, such a knight,
As to desert would almost be a wrong.
While the giant goes to put off his defences,
Orlando has recall'd his force and senses:

XXXIV.

And loud he shouted, "Giant, where dost go?
"Thou thought'st me doubtless for the bier outlaid;
"To the right about—without wings thou'rt too slow
"To fly my vengeance—currish renegade!
"'Twas but by treachery thou laid'st me low."
The giant his astonishment betray'd,
And turn'd about, and stopp'd his journey on,
And then he stoop'd to pick up a great stone.

XXXV.

Orlando had Cortana bare in hand,
To split the head in twain was what he schem'd—
Cortana clave the skull like a true brand,
And Pagan Passamont died unredeem'd.
Yet harsh and haughty, as he lay he bann'd,
And most devoutly Macon still blasphemed;
But while his crude, rude blasphemies he heard,
Orlando thank'd the Father and the Word,—

XXXVI.

Saying, " What grace to me thou'st given !
  " And I to thee, Oh Lord, am ever bound.
" I know my life was saved by thee from heaven,
  " Since by the giant I was fairly down'd.
" All things by thee are measured just and even ;
  " Our power without thine aid would nought be found :
" I pray thee take heed of me, till I can
" At least return once more to Carloman."

XXXVII.

And having said thus much, he went his way ;
  And Alabaster he found out below,
Doing the very best that in him lay
  To root from out a bank a rock or two.
Orlando, when he reach'd him, loud 'gan say,
  " How think'st thou, glutton, such a stone to throw?"
When Alabaster heard his deep voice ring,
He suddenly betook him to his sling,

XXXVIII.

And hurl'd a fragment of a size so large,
That if it had in fact fulfill'd its mission,
And Roland not avail'd him of his targe,
There would have been no need of a physician
Orlando set himself in turn to charge,
And in his bulky bosom made incision
With all his sword. The lout fell; but, o'erthrown, he
However by no means forgot Macone.

XXXIX.

Morgante had a palace in his mode,
Composed of branches, logs of wood, and earth,
And stretch'd himself at ease in this abode,
And shut himself at night within his birth.
Orlando knock'd, and knock'd, again to goad
The giant from his sleep; and he came forth,
The door to open, like a crazy thing,
For a rough dream had shook him slumbering.

XL.

He thought that a fierce serpent had attack'd him,
And Mahomet he call'd, but Mahomet
Is nothing worth, and not an instant back'd him ·
. But praying blessed Jesu, he was set
At liberty from all the fears which rack'd him ;
And to the gate he came with great regret—
" Who knocks here?" grumbling all the while, said he
" That," said Orlando, " you will quickly see.

XLI.

" I come to preach to you, as to your brothers,
" Sent by the miserable monks—repentance ;
" For Providence divine, in you and others,
" Condemns the evil done by new acquaintance.
" 'Tis writ on high—your wrong must pay another's ,
" From heaven itself is issued out this sentence ;
" Know then, that colder now than a pilaster
" I left your Passamont and Alabaster."

XLII.

Morgante said, " O gentle cavalier!
" Now by thy God say me no villany;
" The favour of your name I fain would hear,
" And if a Christian, speak for courtesy."
Replied Orlando, " So much to your ear
" I by my faith disclose contentedly;
" Christ I adore, who is the genuine Lord,
" And, if you please, by you may be adored."

XLIII.

The Saracen rejoin'd in humble tone,
" I have had an extraordinary vision;
" A savage serpent fell on me alone,
" And Macon would not pity my condition;
" Hence to thy God, who for ye did atone
" Upon the cross, preferr'd I my petition;
" His timely succour set me safe and free,
" And I a Christian am disposed to be."

XLIV.

Orlando answer'd, " Baron just and pious,
" If this good wish your heart can really move
" To the true God, who will not then deny us
" Eternal honour, you will go above,
" And, if you please, as friends we will ally us,
" And I will love you with a perfect love.
" Your idols are vain liars full of fraud,
" The only true God is the Christian's God.

XLV.

" The Lord descended to the virgin breast
" Of Mary Mother, sinless and divine;
" If you acknowledge the Redeemer blest,
" Without whom neither sun nor star can shine,
" Abjure bad Macon's false and felon test,
" Your renegado God, and worship mine,—
" Baptize yourself with zeal, since you repent."
To which Morgante answer'd, " I'm content."

XLVI.

And then Orlando to embrace him flew,
   And made much of his convert, as he cried,
" To the abbey I will gladly marshal you:"
   To whom Morgante, " Let us go," replied,
" I to the friars have for peace to sue."
   Which thing Orlando heard with inward pride,
Saying, " My brother, so devout and good,
" Ask the abbot pardon, as I wish you would:

XLVII.

" Since God has granted your illumination,
   " Accepting you in mercy for his own,
" Humility should be your first oblation."
   Morgante said, " For goodness' sake make known—
" Since that your God is to be mine—your station,
   " And let your name in verity be shown,
" Then will I every thing at your command do."
On which the other said, he was Orlando.

XLVIII.

" Then," quoth the giant, " blessed be Jesu,
" A thousand times with gratitude and praise!
" Oft perfect Baron! have I heard of you
" Through all the different periods of my days!
" And, as I said, to be your vassal too
" I wish, for your great gallantry always."
Thus reasoning, they continued much to say,
And onwards to the abbey went their way.

XLIX.

And by the way, about the giants dead
Orlando with Morgante reasoned: " Be,
" For their decease, I pray you, comforted,
" And, since it is God's pleasure, pardon me.
" A thousand wrongs unto the monks they bred,
" And our true scripture soundeth openly—
" Good is rewarded, and chastised the ill,
" Which the Lord never faileth to fulfil:

L.

" Because his love of justice unto all
" Is such, he wills his judgment should devour
" All who have sin, however great or small;
" But good he well remembers to restore:
" Nor without justice holy could we call
" Him, whom I now require you to adore:
" All men must make his will their wishes sway,
" And quickly and spontaneously obey.

LI.

" And here our doctors are of one accord,
" Coming on this point to the same conclusion—
" That in their thoughts who praise in heaven the Lord,
" If pity e'er was guilty of intrusion
" For their unfortunate relations stored
" In hell below, and damn'd in great confusion,—
" Their happiness would be reduced to nought,
" And thus unjust the Almighty's self be thought.

LII.

"But they in Christ have firmest hope, and all
"Which seems to him, to them too must appear
"Well done; nor could it otherwise befall;
"He never can in any purpose err:
"If sire or mother suffer endless thrall,
"They don't disturb themselves for him or her;
"What pleases God to them must joy inspire;—
"Such is the observance of the eternal choir."

LIII.

"A word unto the wise," Morgante said,
"Is wont to be enough, and you shall see
"How much I grieve about my brethren dead;
"And if the will of God seem good to me,
"Just, as you tell me, 'tis in heav'n obey'd—
"Ashes to ashes,—merry let us be!
"I will cut off the hands from both their trunks,
"And carry them unto the holy monks.

LIV.

" So that all persons may be sure and certain
" That they are dead, and have no further fear
" To wander solitary this desert in,
" And that they may perceive my spirit clear
" By the Lord's grace, who hath withdrawn the curtain
" Of darkness, making his bright realm appear."
He cut his brethren's hands off at these words,
And left them to the savage beasts and birds.

LV.

Then to the abbey they went on together,
Where waited them the abbot in great doubt.
The monks who knew not yet the fact, ran thither
To their superior, all in breathless rout,
Saying, with tremor, " Please to tell us whether
" You wish to have this person in or out?"
The abbot, looking through upon the giant,
Too greatly fear'd, at first, to be compliant.

LVI.

Orlando, seeing him thus agitated,
Said quickly, "Abbot, be thou of good cheer;
"He Christ believes, as Christian must be rated,
"And hath renounced his Macon false;" which here
Morgante with the hands corroborated,
A proof of both the giants' fate quite clear:
Thence, with due thanks, the abbot God adored,
Saying, "Thou hast contented me, oh Lord!"

LVII.

He gazed; Morgante's height he calculated,
And more than once contemplated his size;
And then he said, "Oh giant celebrated,
"Know, that no more my wonder will arise,
"How you could tear and fling the trees you late did
"When I behold your form with my own eyes.
"You now a true and perfect friend will show
"Yourself to Christ, as once you were a foe.

LVIII.

" And one of our apostles, Saul once named,
" Long persecuted sore the faith of Christ,
" Till one day by the Spirit being inflamed,
" 'Why dost thou persecute me thus?' said Christ;
" And then from his offence he was reclaimed,
" And went for ever after preaching Christ;
" And of the faith became a trump, whose sounding
" O'er the whole earth is echoing and rebounding.

LIX.

" So, my Morgante, you may do likewise;
" He who repents, thus writes the Evangelist,—
" Occasions more rejoicing in the skies
" Than ninety-nine of the celestial list.
" You may be sure, should each desire arise
" With just zeal for the Lord, that you'll exist
" Among the happy saints for evermore;
" But you were lost and damn'd to hell before!"

LX.

And thus great honour to Morgante paid
  The abbot: many days they did repose.
One day, as with Orlando they both stray'd,
  And saunter'd here and there, where'er they chose,
The abbot show'd a chamber, where array'd
  Much armour was, and hung up certain bows:
And one of these Morgante for a whim
Girt on, though useless, he believ'd, to him.

LXI.

There being a want of water in the place,
  Orlando, like a worthy brother, said,
"Morgante, I could wish you in this case
  "To go for water." "You shall be obey'd
"In all commands," was the reply, "straightways."
  Upon his shoulder a great tub he laid,
And went out on his way unto a fountain,
Where he was wont to drink below the mountain.

LXII.

Arrived there, a prodigious noise he hears,
Which suddenly along the forest spread;
Whereat from out his quiver he prepares
An arrow for his bow, and lifts his head;
And lo! a monstrous herd of swine appears,
And onward rushes with tempestuous tread,
And to the fountain's brink precisely pours,
So that the giant's join'd by all the boars.

LXIII.

Morgante at a venture shot an arrow,
Which pierced a pig precisely in the ear,
And pass'd unto the other side quite thorough,
So that the boar, defunct, lay tripp'd up near.
Another, to revenge his fellow farrow,
Against the giant rush'd in fierce career,
And reach'd the passage with so swift a foot,
Morgante was not now in time to shoot.

LXIV.

Perceiving that the pig was on him close,
He gave him such a punch upon the head
As floor'd him, so that he no more arose—
Smashing the very bone; and he fell dead
Next to the other. Having seen such blows,
The other pigs along the valley fled;
Morgante on his neck the bucket took,
Full from the spring, which neither swerved nor shook.

LXV.

The ton was on one shoulder, and there were
The hogs on t'other, and he brush'd apace
On to the abbey, though by no means near,
Nor spilt one drop of water in his race.
Orlando, seeing him so soon appear
With the dead boars, and with that brimful vase,
Marvell'd to see his strength so very great;—
So did the abbot, and set wide the gate.

LXVI.

The monks, who saw the water fresh and good,
Rejoiced, but much more to perceive the pork;
All animals are glad at sight of food:
They lay their breviaries to sleep, and work
With greedy pleasure, and in such a mood,
That the flesh needs no salt beneath their fork.
Of rankness and of rot there is no fear,
For all the fasts are now left in arrear.

LXVII.

As though they wish'd to burst at once, they ate;
And gorged so that, as if the bones had been
In water, sorely grieved the dog and cat,
Perceiving that they all were pick'd too clean.
The abbot, who to all did honour great,
A few days after this convivial scene,
Gave to Morgante a fine horse well train'd,
Which he long time had for himself maintain'd.

LXVIII.

The horse Morgante to a meadow led,
To gallop, and to put him to the proof,
Thinking that he a back of iron had,
Or to skim eggs unbroke was light enough;
But the horse, sinking with the pain, fell dead,
And burst, while cold on earth lay head and hoof.
Morgante said, "Get up, thou sulky cur!"
And still continued pricking with the spur.

LXIX.

But finally he thought fit to dismount,
And said, "I am as light as any feather,
"And he has burst—to this what say you, Count?"
Orlando answered, "Like a ship's mast rather
"You seem to me, and with the truck for front:—
"Let him go; Fortune wills that we together
"Should march, but you on foot, Morgante still"
To which the giant answered, "So I will.

LXX.

" When there shall be occasion, you shall see
  " How I approve my courage in the fight."
Orlando said, " I really think you'll be,
  " If it should prove God's will, a goodly knight,
" Nor will you napping there discover me :
  " But never mind your horse, though out of sight
" 'Twere best to carry him into some wood,
" If but the means or way I understood."

LXXI.

The giant said, " Then carry him I will,
  " Since that to carry me he was so slack—
" To render, as the gods do, good for ill;
  " But lend a hand to place him on my back."
Orlando answer'd, " If my counsel still
  " May weigh, Morgante, do not undertake
" To lift or carry this dead courser, who,
" As you have done to him, will do to you.

LXXII.

"Take care he don't revenge himself, though dead,
  "As Nessus did of old beyond all cure;
"I don't know if the fact you've heard or read,
  "But he will make you burst, you may be sure."
"But help him on my back," Morgante said,
  "And you shall see what weight I can endure:
"In place, my gentle Roland, of this palfrey,
"With all the bells, I'd carry yonder belfry."

LXXIII.

The abbot said, "The steeple may do well,
  "But, for the bells, you've broken them, I wot."
Morgante answered, "Let them pay in hell
  "The penalty, who lie dead in yon grot;"
And hoisting up the horse from where he fell,
  He said, "Now look if I the gout have got,
"Orlando, in the legs—or if I have force;"—
And then he made two gambols with the horse.

LXXIV.

Morgante was like any mountain framed ;
So if he did this, 'tis no prodigy ;
But secretly himself Orlando blamed,
Because he was one of his family ;
And fearing that he might be hurt or maim'd,
Once more he bade him lay his burthen by :
" Put down, nor bear him further the desert in.
Morgante said, " I'll carry him for certain."

LXXV.

He did ; and stow'd him in some nook away,
And to the abbey then return'd with speed.
Orlando said, " Why longer do we stay ?
" Morgante, here is nought to do indeed."
The abbot by the hand he took one day,
And said with great respect, he had agreed
To leave his reverence ; but for this decision
He wish'd to have his pardon and permission.

LXXVI.

The honours they continued to receive
  Perhaps exceeded what his merits claim'd:
He said, "I mean, and quickly, to retrieve
  "The lost days of time past, which may be blam'd;
"Some days ago I should have ask'd your leave,
  "Kind father, but I really was ashamed,
"And know not how to show my sentiment,
"So much I see you with our stay content.

LXXVII.

"But in my heart I bear through every clime,
  "The abbot, abbey, and this solitude—
"So much I love you in so short a time;
  "For me, from heaven reward you with all good,
"The God so true, the eternal Lord sublime!
  "Whose kingdom at the last hath open stood:
"Meanwhile we stand expectant of your blessing,
"And recommend us to your prayers with pressing."

LXXVIII.

Now when the abbot Count Orlando heard,
His heart grew soft with inner tenderness,
Such fervour in his bosom bred each word;
And, " Cavalier," he said, " if I have less
" Courteous and kind to your great worth appear'd,
" Than fits me for such gentle blood to express,
" I know I've done too little in this case;
" But blame our ignorance, and this poor place.

LXXIX.

" We can indeed but honour you with masses,
" And sermons, thanksgivings, and pater-nosters,
" Hot suppers, dinners (fitting other places
" In verity much rather than the cloisters);
" But such a love for you my heart embraces,
" For thousand virtues which your bosom fosters,
" That wheresoe'er you go, I too shall be,
" And, on the other part, you rest with me.

LXXX.

" This may involve a seeming contradiction,
" But you I know are sage, and feel, and taste,
" And understand my speech with full conviction.
" For your just pious deeds may you be graced
" With the Lord's great reward and benediction,
" By whom you were directed to this waste:
" To his high mercy is our freedom due,
" For which we render thanks to him and you.

LXXXI.

" You saved at once our life and soul: such fear
" The giants caused us, that the way was lost
" By which we could pursue a fit career
" In search of Jesus and the saintly host;
" And your departure breeds such sorrow here,
" That comfortless we all are to our cost;
" But months and years you could not stay in sloth,
" Nor are you form'd to wear our sober cloth;

LXXXII.

" But to bear arms and wield the lance; indeed,
  " With these as much is done as with this cowl,
" In proof of which the Scripture you may read.
  " This giant up to heaven may bear his soul
" By your compassion: now in peace proceed.
  " Your state and name I seek not to unroll,
" But, if I'm ask'd, this answer shall be given,
" That here an angel was sent down from heaven.

LXXXIII.

" If you want armour or aught else, go in,
  " Look o'er the wardrobe, and take what you choose
" And cover with it o'er this giant's skin."
  Orlando answered, " If there should lie loose
" Some armour, ere our journey we begin,
  " Which might be turn'd to my companion's use,
" The gift would be acceptable to me."
The abbot said to him, " Come in and see."

LXXXIV.

And in a certain closet, where the wall
  Was cover'd with old armour like a crust,
The abbot said to them, "I give you all."
  Morgante rummaged piecemeal from the dust
The whole, which, save one cuirass, was too small,
  And that too had the mail inlaid with rust.
They wonder'd how it fitted him exactly,
Which ne'er has suited others so compactly.

LXXXV.

'Twas an immeasurable giant's, who
  By the great Milo of Agrante fell
Before the abbey many years ago.
  The story on the wall was figured well;
In the last moment of the abbey's foe,
  Who long had waged a war implacable:
Precisely as the war occurr'd they drew him,
And there was Milo as he overthrew him.

LXXXVI.

Seeing this history, Count Orlando said
  In his own heart, "Oh God! who in the sky
"Know'st all things, how was Milo hither led?
  "Who caused the giant in this place to die?"
And certain letters, weeping, then he read,
  So that he could not keep his visage dry,—
As I will tell in the ensuing story.
From evil keep you the high King of Glory!

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

NOTE.

Note 1.

He gave him such a punch upon the head.
Page 143, lin_ _.

"Gli dette in sulla testa un gran punzone." It is strange that Pulci should have literally anticipated the technical terms of my old friend and master, Jackson, and the art which he has carried to its highest pitch. "*A punch on the head*," or "*a punch* in *the head*," "un punzone in sulla testa," is the exact and frequent phrase of our best pugilists, who little dream that they are talking the purest Tuscan.

LORD BYRON'S SPEECHES.

THE

PARLIAMENTARY SPEECHES

OF

LORD BYRON.

DEBATE ON THE FRAME WORK BILL, IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, FEBRUARY 27, 1812.

The order of the day for the second reading of this Bill being read,

LORD BYRON rose, and (for the first time) addressed their Lordships as follows :

MY LORDS ; the subject now submitted to your Lordships for the first time, though new to the House, is by no means new to the country. I

believe it had occupied the serious thoughts of all descriptions of persons, long before its introduction to the notice of that legislature, whose interference alone could be of real service. As a person in some degree connected with the suffering country, though a stranger not only to this House in general, but to almost every individual whose attention I presume to solicit, I must claim some portion of your Lordships' indulgence whilst I offer a few observations on a question in which I confess myself deeply interested.

To enter into any detail of the riots would be superfluous : the House is already aware that every outrage short of actual bloodshed, has been perpetrated, and that the proprietors of the Frames obnoxious to the rioters, and all persons supposed to be connected with them, have been liable to insult and violence. During the short time I recently passed in Nottinghamshire, not twelve hours elapsed without some fresh act of violence; and on the day I left the county I was informed that forty Frames had been broken the preced-

ing evening, as usual, without resistance and without detection.

Such was then the state of that county, and such I have reason to believe it to be at this moment. But whilst these outrages must be admitted to exist to an alarming extent, it cannot be denied that they have arisen from circumstances of the most unparalleled distress: The perseverance of these miserable men in their proceedings, tends to prove that nothing but absolute want could have driven a large, and once honest and industrious, body of the people, into the commission of excesses so hazardous to themselves, their families, and the community. At the time to which I allude, the town and county were burthened with large detachments of the military; the police was in motion, the magistrates assembled, yet all the movements, civil and military, had led to—nothing. Not a single instance had occurred of the apprehension of any real delinquent actually taken in the fact, against whom there existed legal evidence sufficient for

conviction. But the police, however useless, were by no means idle: several notorious delinquents had been detected; men, liable to conviction, on the clearest evidence, of the capital crime of Poverty; men, who had been nefariously guilty of lawfully begetting several children, whom, thanks to the times! they were unable to maintain. Considerable injury has been done to the proprietors of the improved Frames. These machines were to them an advantage, inasmuch as they superseded the necessity of employing a number of workmen, who were left in consequence to starve. By the adoption of one species of Frame in particular, one man performed the work of many, and the superfluous labourers were thrown out of employment. Yet it is to be observed, that the work thus executed was inferior in quality; not marketable at home, and merely hurried over with a view to exportation. It was called, in the cant of the trade, by the name of "Spider work." The rejected workmen, in the blindness of their ignorance, instead of rejoicing at these improvements in arts so beneficial to-

mankind, conceived themselves to be sacrificed to improvements in mechanism. In the foolishness of their hearts they imagined, that the maintenance and well doing of the industrious poor, were objects of greater consequence than the enrichment of a few individuals by any improvement in the implements of trade, which threw the workmen out of employment, and rendered the labourer unworthy of his hire. And it must be confessed that although the adoption of the enlarged machinery in that state of our commerce which the country once boasted, might have been beneficial to the master without being detrimental to the servant; yet, in the present situation of our manufactures, rotting in warehouses, without a prospect of exportation, with the demand for work and workmen equally diminished; Frames of this description tend materially to aggravate the distress and discontent of the disappointed sufferers. But the real cause of these distresses and consequent disturbances lies deeper. When we are told that these men are leagued together not only for the destruction of their own comfort,

but of their very means of subsistence, can we forget that it is the bitter policy, the destructive warfare of the last eighteen years, which has destroyed their comfort, your comfort, all men's comfort? That policy, which, originating with "great statesmen now no more," has survived the dead to become a curse on the living, unto the third and fourth generation! These men never destroyed their looms till they were become useless, worse than useless; till they were become actual impediments to their exertions in obtaining their daily bread. Can you, then, wonder that in times like these, when bankruptcy, convicted fraud, and imputed felony are found in a station not far beneath that of your Lordships, the lowest, though once most useful portion of the people, should forget their duty in their distresses, and become only less guilty than one of their representatives? But while the exalted offender can find means to baffle the law, new capital punishments must be devised, new snares of death must be spread for the wretched mechanic, who is famished into guilt. These men were willing to dig, but the spade was in other hands: they were

not ashamed to beg, but there was none to relieve them: their own means of subsistence were cut off, all other employments pre-occupied, and their excesses, however to be deplored and condemned, can hardly be subject of surprise.

It has been stated that the persons in the temporary possession of Frames connive at their destruction; if this be proved upon inquiry, it were necessary that such material accessories to the crime should be principals in the punishment. But I did hope, that any measure proposed by his Majesty's government, for your Lordships' decision, would have had conciliation for its basis; or, if that were hopeless, that some previous inquiry, some deliberation would have been deemed requisite; not that we should have been called at once without examination, and without cause, to pass sentences by wholesale, and sign death-warrants blindfold. But admitting that these men had no cause of complaint; that the grievances of them and their employers were alike groundless; that they deserved the worst; what inefficiency, what imbecility has been evinced in the method

chosen to reduce them! Why were the military called out to be made a mockery of, if they were to be called out at all? As far as the difference of seasons would permit, they have merely parodied the summer campaign of Major Sturgeon; and, indeed, the whole proceedings, civil and military, seemed on the model of those of the Mayor and Corporation of Garratt.—Such marchings and counter-marchings! from Nottingham to Bullwell, from Bullwell to Banford, from Banford to Mansfield! and when at length the detachments arrived at their destinations, in all "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," they came just in time to witness the mischief which had been done, and ascertain the escape of the perpetrators, to collect the "*spolia opima*" in the fragments of broken frames, and return to their quarters amidst the derision of old women, and the hootings of children. Now, though in a free country, it were to be wished, that our military should never be too formidable, at least to ourselves, I cannot see the policy of placing them in situations where they can only be made ridiculous. As the sword is the worst argument that can be

used, so should it be the last. In this instance it has been the first; but providentially as yet only in the scabbard. The present measure will, indeed, pluck it from the sheath; yet had proper meetings been held in the earlier stages of these riots, had the grievances of these men and their masters (for they also had their grievances) been fairly weighed and justly examined, I do think that means might have been devised to restore these workmen to their avocations, and tranquillity to the county. At present the county suffers from the double infliction of an idle military and a starving population. In what state of apathy have we been plunged so long, that now for the first time the House has been officially apprized of these disturbances? All this has been transacting within 130 miles of London, and yet we, "good easy men, have deemed full sure our greatness was a ripening," and have sat down to enjoy our foreign triumphs in the midst of domestic calamity. But all the cities you have taken, all the armies which have retreated before your leaders, are but paltry subjects of self congratulation, if your land divides against itself, and your dragoons and your

executioners must be let loose against your fellow citizens.—You call these men a mob, desperate, dangerous, and ignorant; and seem to think that the only way to quiet the "*Bellua multorum capitum*" is to lop off a few of its superfluous heads. But even a mob may be better reduced to reason by a mixture of conciliation and firmness, than by additional irritation and redoubled penalties. Are we aware of our obligations to a mob? It is the mob that labour in your fields and serve in your houses,—that man your navy, and recruit your army,—that have enabled you to defy all the world, and can also defy you when neglect and calamity have driven them to despair. You may call the people a mob; but do not forget, that a mob too often speaks the sentiments of the people. And here I must remark, with what alacrity you are accustomed to fly to the succour of your distressed allies, leaving the distressed of your own country to the care of Providence or—the Parish. When the Portuguese suffered under the retreat of the French, every arm was stretched out, every hand was opened, from the rich man's largess to

the widow's mite, all was bestowed to enable them to rebuild their villages and replenish their granaries. And at this moment, when thousands of misguided but most unfortunate fellow-countrymen are struggling with the extremes of hardships and hunger, as your charity began abroad it should end at home. A much less sum, a tithe of the bounty bestowed on Portugal, even if those men (which I cannot admit without inquiry) could not have been restored to their employments, would have rendered unnecessary the tender mercies of the bayonet and the gibbet. But doubtless our friends have too many foreign claims to admit a prospect of domestic relief; though never did such objects demand it. I have traversed the seat of war in the Peninsula, I have been in some of the most oppressed provinces of Turkey, but never under the most despotic of infidel governments did I behold such squalid wretchedness as I have seen since my return in the very heart of a Christian country. And what are your remedies? After months of inaction, and months of action worse than inactivity, at length comes forth the

grand specific, the never-failing nostrum of all state physicians, from the days of Draco to the present time. After feeling the pulse and shaking the head over the patient, prescribing the usual course of warm water and bleeding, the warm water of your maukish police, and the lancets of your military, these convulsions must terminate in death, the sure consummation of the prescriptions of all political Sangrados. Setting aside the palpable injustice, and the certain inefficiency of the Bill, are there not capital punishments sufficient in your statutes? Is there not blood enough upon your penal code, that more must be poured forth to ascend to Heaven and testify against you? How will you carry the Bill into effect? Can you commit a whole county to their own prison? Will you erect a gibbet in every field and hang up men like scarecrows? or will you proceed (as you must to bring this measure into effect) by decimation? place the country under martial law? depopulate and lay waste all around you? and restore Sherwood Forest as an acceptable gift to the crown, in its former condition of a

royal chase and an asylum for outlaws? Are these the remedies for a starving and desperate populace? Will the famished wretch who has braved your bayonets, be appalled by your gibbets? When death is a relief, and the only relief it appears that you will afford him, will he be dragooned into tranquillity? Will that which could not be effected by your grenadiers, be accomplished by your executioners? If you proceed by the forms of law where is your evidence? Those who have refused to impeach their accomplices, when transportation only was the punishment, will hardly be tempted to witness against them when death is the penalty. With all due deference to the noble Lords opposite, I think a little investigation, some previous inquiry, would induce even them to change their purpose. That most favourite state measure, so marvellously efficacious in many and recent instances, temporizing, would not be without its advantages in this. When a proposal is made to emancipate or relieve, you hesitate, you deliberate for years, you temporize and tamper with the minds of men; but a death-

bill must be passed off hand, without a thought of the consequences. Sure I am from what I have heard, and from what I have seen, that to pass the Bill under all the existing circumstances, without inquiry, without deliberation, would only be to add injustice to irritation, and barbarity to neglect. The framers of such a Bill must be content to inherit the honours of that Athenian lawgiver whose edicts were said to be written not in ink but in blood. But suppose it past; suppose one of these men, as I have seen them,—meagre with famine, sullen with despair, careless of a life which your Lordships are perhaps about to value at something less than the price of a stocking-frame—suppose this man surrounded by the children for whom he is unable to procure bread at the hazard of his existence, about to be torn for ever from a family which he lately supported in peaceful industry, and which it is not his fault that he can no longer so support—suppose this man, and there are ten thousand such from whom you may select your victims, dragged into court, to be tried for this new offence, by this new law;

still, there are two things wanting to convict and condemn him; and these are, in my opinion,—Twelve Butchers for a Jury, and a Jefferies for a Judge!

DEBATE ON THE EARL OF DONOUGHMORE'S MOTION FOR A COMMITTEE ON THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CLAIMS, APRIL 21, 1812.

My Lords; the question before the House has been so frequently, fully, and ably discussed, and never perhaps more ably than on this night, that it would be difficult to adduce new arguments for or against it. But with each discussion, difficulties have been removed, objections have been canvassed and refuted, and some of the former opponents of Catholic Emancipation have at length conceded to the expediency of relieving the petitioners. In conceding thus much, however, a new objection is started; it is not the time, say they, or it is an improper time, or there is time enough yet. In some degree I concur with those who say, it is not the time exactly; that time is passed; better had it been for the country, that the Catholics possessed at this moment their proportion

of our privileges, that their nobles held their due weight in our councils, than that we should be assembled to discuss their claims. It had indeed been better

> " Non tempore tali
> " Cogere concilium cum muros obsidet hostis."

The enemy is without, and distress within. It is too late to cavil on doctrinal points, when we must unite in defence of things more important than the mere ceremonies of religion. It is indeed singular, that we are called together to deliberate, not on the God we adore, for in that we are agreed; not about the king we obey, for to him we are loyal; but how far a difference in the ceremonials of worship, how far believing not too little, but too much (the worst that can be imputed to the Catholics), how far too much devotion to their God, may incapacitate our fellow-subjects from effectually serving their king.

Much has been said, within and without doors, of Church and State, and although those venerable words have been too often prostituted to the

most despicable of party purposes, we cannot hear them too often; all, I presume, are the advocates of Church and State, the Church of Christ, and the State of Great Britain; but not a state of exclusion and despotism, not an intolerant church, not a church militant, which renders itself liable to the very objection urged against the Romish communion, and in a greater degree, for the Catholic merely withholds its spiritual benediction (and even that is doubtful), but our Church, or rather our churchmen, not only refuse to the Catholic their spiritual grace, but all temporal blessings whatsoever. It was an observation of the great Lord Peterborough, made within these walls, or within the walls where the Lords then assembled, that he was for a "parliamentary king and a parliamentary constitution, but not a parliamentary God and a parliamentary religion." The interval of a century has not weakened the force of the remark. It is indeed time that we should leave off these petty cavils on frivolous points, these Lilliputian sophistries, whether our "eggs are best broken at the broad or narrow end."

The opponents of the Catholics may be divided into two classes; those who assert that the Catholics have too much already, and those who allege that the lower orders, at least, have nothing more to require. We are told by the former, that the Catholics never will be contented: by the latter, that they are already too happy. The last paradox is sufficiently refuted by the present as by all past petitions; it might as well be said, that the negroes did not desire to be emancipated, but this is an unfortunate comparison, for you have already delivered them out of the house of bondage without any petition on their part, but many from their task-masters to a contrary effect; and for myself, when I consider this, I pity the Catholic peasantry for not having the good fortune to be born black. But the Catholics are contented, or at least ought to be, as we are told; I shall therefore proceed to touch on a few of those circumstances which so marvellously contribute to their exceeding contentment. They are not allowed the free exercise of their religion in the regular army; the Catholic soldier cannot absent himself from the service of the Protestant

clergyman, and unless he is quartered in Ireland, or in Spain, where can he find eligible opportunities of attending his own? The permission of Catholic chaplains to the Irish militia regiments was conceded as a special favour, and not till after years of remonstrance, although an act, passed in 1793, established it as a right. But are the Catholics properly protected in Ireland? Can the Church purchase a rood of land whereon to erect a chapel? No! all the places of worship are built on leases of trust or sufferance from the laity, easily broken and often betrayed. The moment any irregular wish, any casual caprice of the benevolent landlord meets with opposition, the doors are barred against the congregation. This has happened continually, but in no instance more glaringly, than at the town of Newton-Barry, in the county of Wexford. The Catholics enjoying no regular chapel, as a temporary expedient, hired two barns; which being thrown into one, served for public worship. At this time, there was quartered opposite to the spot, an officer whose mind appears to have been deeply imbued with those prejudices which the Pro-

testant petitions now on the table, proved to have been fortunately eradicated from the more rational portion of the people; and when the Catholics were assembled on the Sabbath as usual, in peace and goodwill towards men, for the worship of their God and yours, they found the chapel door closed, and were told that if they did not immediately retire (and they were told this by a yeoman officer and a magistrate), the riot act should be read, and the assembly dispersed at the point of the bayonet! This was complained of to the middle man of government, the secretary at the Castle in 1806, and the answer was (in lieu of redress), that he would cause a letter to be written to the colonel, to prevent, if possible, the recurrence of similar disturbances. Upon this fact, no very great stress need be laid; but it tends to prove that while the Catholic church has not power to purchase land for its chapels to stand upon, the laws for its protection are of no avail. In the mean time, the Catholics are at the mercy of every "pelting petty officer," who may choose to play his "fantastic tricks before high heaven," to insult his God, and injure his fellow-creatures.

Every schoolboy, any foot-boy (such have held commissions in our service), any foot-boy who can exchange his shoulderknot for an epaulette, may perform all this and more against the Catholic by virtue of that very authority, delegated to him by his sovereign, for the express purpose of defending his fellow-subjects to the last drop of his blood, without discrimination or distinction between Catholic and Protestant.

Have the Irish Catholics the full benefit of trial by jury? They have not; they never can have until they are permitted to share the privilege of serving as sheriffs and under-sheriffs. Of this, a striking example occurred at the last Enniskillen assizes. A yeoman was arraigned for the murder of a Catholic named Macvournagh; three respectable uncontradicted witnesses deposed that they saw the prisoner load, take aim, fire at, and kill the said Macvournagh. This was properly commented on by the judge; but to the astonishment of the bar, and indignation of the court, the Protestant jury acquitted the accused. So glaring was the partiality, that Mr. Justice Osborne felt

it his duty to bind over the acquitted, but not absolved assassin, in large recognizances; thus for a time taking away his licence to kill Catholics.

Are the very laws passed in their favour observed? They are rendered nugatory in trivial as in serious cases. By a late act, Catholic chaplains are permitted in jails, but in Fermanagh county the grand jury lately persisted in presenting a suspended clergyman for the office, thereby evading the statute, notwithstanding the most pressing remonstrances of a most respectable magistrate, named Fletcher, to the contrary. Such is law, such is justice, for the happy, free, contented Catholic!

It has been asked in another place, why do not the rich Catholics endow foundations for the education of the priesthood? Why do you not permit them to do so? Why are all such bequests subject to the interference, the vexatious, arbitrary, peculating interference of the Orange commissioners for charitable donations?

As to Maynooth college, in no instance, except at the time of its foundation, when a noble Lord (Camden), at the head of the Irish administration, did appear to interest himself in its advancement; and during the government of a noble Duke (Bedford), who, like his ancestors, has ever been the friend of freedom and mankind, and who has not so far adopted the selfish policy of the day as to exclude the Catholics from the number of his fellow-creatures; with these exceptions, in no instance has that institution been properly encouraged. There was indeed a time when the Catholic clergy were conciliated, while the Union was pending, that Union which could not be carried without them, while their assistance was requisite in procuring addresses from the Catholic counties; then they were cajoled and caressed, feared and flattered, and given to understand that "the Union would do every thing;" but the moment it was passed, they were driven back with contempt into their former obscurity.

In the conduct pursued towards Maynooth college, every thing is done to irritate and perplex—

every thing is done to efface the slightest impression of gratitude from the Catholic mind ; the very hay made upon the lawn, the fat and tallow of the beef and mutton allowed, must be paid for and accounted upon oath. It is true, this economy in miniature cannot sufficiently be commended, particularly at a time when only the insect defaulters of the Treasury, your Hunts and your Chinnerys, when only those "gilded bugs" can escape the microscopic eye of ministers. But when you come forward session after session, as your paltry pittance is wrung from you with wrangling and reluctance, to boast of your liberality, well might the Catholic exclaim, in the words of Prior,—

"To John I owe some obligation,
"But John unluckily thinks fit
"To publish it to all the nation,
"So John and I are more than quit."

Some persons have compared the Catholics to the beggar in Gil Blas: Who made them beggars? Who are enriched with the spoils of their ancestors? And cannot you relieve the beggar when

your fathers have made him such? If you are disposed to relieve him at all, cannot you do it without flinging your farthings in his face? As a contrast, however, to this beggarly benevolence, let us look at the Protestant Charter Schools; to them you have lately granted 41,000l.: thus are they supported, and how are they recruited? Montesquieu observes on the English constitution, that the model may be found in Tacitus, where the historian describes the policy of the Germans, and adds, "this beautiful system was taken from the woods;" so in speaking of the charter schools, it may be observed, that this beautiful system was taken from the gypsies. These schools are recruited in the same manner as the Janissaries at the time of their enrolment under Amurath, and the gypsies of the present day with stolen children, with children decoyed and kidnapped from their Catholic connexions by their rich and powerful Protestant neighbours: this is notorious, and one instance may suffice to shew in what manner.—The sister of a Mr. Carthy (a Catholic gentleman of very considerable property) died, leaving two girls, who were immediately marked out as pro-

selytes, and conveyed to the charter school of Coolgreny; their uncle, on being apprised of the fact, which took place during his absence, applied for the restitution of his nieces, offering to settle an independence on these his relations; his request was refused, and not till after five years' struggle, and the interference of very high authority, could this Catholic gentleman obtain back his nearest of kindred from a charity charter school. In this manner are proselytes obtained, and mingled with the offspring of such Protestants as may avail themselves of the institution. And how are they taught? A catechism is put into their hands, consisting of, I believe, forty-five pages, in which are three questions relative to the Protestant religion; one of these queries is, "Where was the Protestant religion before Luther?" Answer, "In the Gospel." The remaining forty-four pages and a half regard the damnable idolatry of Papists!

Allow me to ask our spiritual pastors and masters, is this training up a child in the way which he should go? Is this the religion of the Gospel before

the time of Luther? that religion which preaches "Peace on earth, and glory to God?" Is it bringing up infants to be men or devils? Better would it be to send them any where than teach them such doctrines; better send them to those islands in the South Seas, where they might more humanely learn to become cannibals; it would be less disgusting that they were brought up to devour the dead, than persecute the living. Schools do you call them? call them rather dunghills, where the viper of intolerance deposits her young, that when their teeth are cut and their poison is mature, they may issue forth, filthy and venomous, to sting the Catholic. But are these the doctrines of the Church of England, or of churchmen? No, the most enlightened churchmen are of a different opinion. What says Paley? "I perceive no reason why men of different religious persuasions should not sit upon the same bench, deliberate in the same council, or fight in the same ranks, as well as men of various religious opinions, upon any controverted topic of natural history, philosophy, or ethics." It may be answered, that Paley was not strictly orthodox; I know nothing of his ortho-

doxy, but who will deny that he was an ornament to the Church, to human nature, to Christianity?

I shall not dwell upon the grievance of tithes, so severely felt by the peasantry, but it may be proper to observe, that there is an addition to the burthen, a per centage to the gatherer, whose interest it thus becomes to rate them as highly as possible, and we know that in many large livings in Ireland, the only resident Protestants are the tithe proctor and his family.

Among many causes of irritation, too numerous for recapitulation, there is one in the militia not to be passed over, I mean the existence of Orange lodges amongst the privates; can the officers deny this? And if such lodges do exist, do they, can they tend to promote harmony amongst the men, who are thus individually separated in society, although mingled in the ranks? And is this general system of persecution to be permitted, or is it to be believed that with such a system the Catholics can or ought to be contented? If they are,

they belie human nature; they are then, indeed, unworthy to be any thing but the slaves you have made them. The facts stated are from most respectable authority, or I should not have dared in this place, or any place, to hazard this avowal. If exaggerated, there are plenty as willing, as I believe them to be unable, to disprove them. Should it be objected that I never was in Ireland, I beg leave to observe, that it is as easy to know something of Ireland without having been there, as it appears with some to have been born, bred, and cherished there, and yet remain ignorant of its best interests.

But there are, who assert that the Catholics have already been too much indulged; see (cry they) what has been done, we have given them one entire college, we allow them food and raiment, the full enjoyment of the elements, and leave to fight for us as long as they have limbs and lives to offer, and yet they are never to be satisfied! Generous and just declaimers! To this, and to this only, amount the whole of your arguments, when stript of their sophistry. Those personages re-

mind me of a story of a certain drummer, who being called upon in the course of duty to administer punishment to a friend tied to the halberts, was requested to flog high; he did—to flog low, he did—to flog in the middle, he did—high, low, down the middle, and up again, but all in vain, the patient continued his complaints with the most provoking pertinacity, until the drummer, exhausted and angry, flung down his scourge, exclaiming, "the devil burn you, there's no pleasing you, flog where one will!" Thus it is, you have flogged the Catholic high, low, here, there, and every where, and then you wonder he is not pleased. It is true, that time, experience, and that weariness which attends even the exercise of barbarity, have taught you to flog a little more gently, but still you continue to lay on the lash, and will so continue, till perhaps the rod may be wrested from your hands, and applied to the backs of yourselves and your posterity.

It was said by somebody in a former debate (I forget by whom, and am not very anxious to remember), if the Catholics are emancipated,

why not the Jews? If this sentiment was dictated by compassion for the Jews, it might deserve attention, but as a sneer against the Catholic, what is it but the language of Shylock transferred from his daughter's marriage to Catholic emancipation—

> "Would any of the tribe of Barrabbas
> "Should have it rather than a Christian."

I presume a Catholic is a Christian, even in the opinion of him whose taste only can be called in question for his preference of the Jews.

It is a remark often quoted of Dr. Johnson (whom I take to be almost as good authority as the gentle apostle of intolerance, Dr. Duigenan), that he who could entertain serious apprehensions of danger to the Church in these times, would have "cried fire in the deluge." This is more than a metaphor, for a remnant of these antediluvians appear actually to have come down to us, with fire in their mouths and water in their brains, to disturb and perplex mankind with

their whimsical outcries. And as it is an infallible symptom of that distressing malady with which I conceive them to be afflicted (so any doctor will inform your Lordships), for the unhappy invalids to perceive a flame perpetually flashing before their eyes, particularly when their eyes are shut (as those of the persons to whom I allude have long been), it is impossible to convince these poor creatures, that the fire against which they are perpetually warning us and themselves, is nothing but an *ignis fatuus* of their own drivelling imaginations. What rhubarb, senna, or "what purgative drug can scour that fancy thence?"—It is impossible, they are given over, theirs is the true

"Caput insanabile tribus Anticyris.

These are your true Protestants. Like Bayle, who protested against all sects whatsoever, so do they protest against Catholic Petitions, Protestant Petitions, all redress, all that reason, humanity, policy, justice, and common sense, can urge against the delusions of their absurd delirium. These are the persons who reverse the fable of

the mountain that brought forth a mouse; they are the mice who conceive themselves in labour with mountains.

To return to the Catholics, suppose the Irish were actually contented under their disabilities; suppose them capable of such a bull as not to desire deliverance, ought we not to wish it for ourselves? Have we nothing to gain by their emancipation? What resources have been wasted? What talents have been lost by the selfish system of exclusion? You already know the value of Irish aid; at this moment the defence of England is intrusted to the Irish militia; at this moment, while the starving people are rising in the fierceness of despair, the Irish are faithful to their trust. But till equal energy is imparted throughout by the extension of freedom, you cannot enjoy the full benefit of the strength which you are glad to interpose between you and destruction. Ireland has done much, but will do more. At this moment the only triumph obtained through long years of continental disaster has been achieved by an

Irish general; it is true he is not a Catholic; had he been so, we should have been deprived of his exertions; but I presume no one will assert that his religion would have impaired his talents or diminished his patriotism, though in that case he must have conquered in the ranks, for he never could have commanded an army.

But while he is fighting the battles of the Catholics abroad, his noble brother has this night advocated their cause, with an eloquence which I shall not depreciate by the humble tribute of my panegyric, whilst a third of his kindred, as unlike as unequal, has been combating against his Catholic brethren in Dublin, with circular letters, edicts, proclamations, arrests and dispersions— all the vexatious implements of petty warfare that could be wielded by the mercenary guerillas of government, clad in the rusty armour of their obsolete statutes. Your Lordships will, doubtless, divide new honours between the Saviour of Portugal, and the Dispenser of Delegates. It is singular, indeed, to observe the difference between our foreign and domestic policy; if Catholic

Spain, faithful Portugal, or the no less Catholic and faithful king of the one Sicily (of which, by the by, you have lately deprived him), stand in need of succour, away goes a fleet and an army, an ambassador and a subsidy, sometimes to fight pretty hardly, generally to negotiate very badly, and always to pay very dearly for our Popish allies. But let four millions of fellow-subjects pray for relief, who fight and pay and labour in your behalf, they must be treated as aliens, and although their "father's house has many mansions," there is no resting place for them. Allow me to ask, are you not fighting for the emancipation of Ferdinand the Seventh, who certainly is a fool, and consequently, in all probability, a bigot; and have you more regard for a foreign sovereign than your own fellow-subjects, who are not fools, for they know your interest better than you know your own; who are not bigots, for they return you good for evil; but who are in worse durance than the prison of an usurper, inasmuch as the fetters of the mind are more galling than those of the body.

Upon the consequences of your not acceding to the claims of the petitioners, I shall not expatiate: you know them, you will feel them, and your children's children when you are passed away. Adieu to that Union so called, as "*Lucus a non lucendo*," a Union from never uniting, which, in its first operation gave a death-blow to the independence of Ireland, and in its last may be the cause of her eternal separation from this country. If it must be called a Union, it is the union of the shark with his prey; the spoiler swallows up his victim, and thus they become one and indivisible. Thus has Great Britain swallowed up the parliament, the constitution, the independence of Ireland, and refuses to disgorge even a single privilege, although for the relief of her swollen and distempered body politic.

And now, my Lords, before I sit down, will his Majesty's ministers permit me to say a few words, not on their merits, for that would be superfluous, but on the degree of estimation in which they are held by the people of these realms. The esteem in which they are held has

been boasted of in a triumphant tone on a late occasion within these walls, and a comparison instituted between their conduct, and that of noble Lords on this side of the House.

What portion of popularity may have fallen to the share of my noble friends (if such I may presume to call them), I shall not pretend to ascertain; but that of his Majesty's ministers it were vain to deny. It is, to be sure, a little like the wind, "no one knows whence it cometh or whither it goeth," but they feel it, they enjoy it, they boast of it. Indeed, modest and unostentatious as they are, to what part of the kingdom even the most remote, can they flee to avoid the triumph which pursues them? If they plunge into the midland counties, there will they be greeted by the manufacturers, with spurned petitions in their hands, and those halters round their necks recently voted in their behalf, imploring blessings on the heads of those who so simply, yet ingeniously, contrived to remove them from their miseries in this to a better world. If they journey on to Scotland, from Glasgow to Johnny

Groat's, every where will they receive similar marks of approbation. If they take a trip from Portpatrick to Donaghadee, there will they rush at once into the embraces of four Catholic millions, to whom their vote of this night is about to endear them for ever. When they return to the metropolis, if they can pass under Temple Bar without unpleasant sensations at the sight of the greedy niches over that ominous gateway, they cannot escape the acclamations of the livery, and the more tremulous, but not less sincere, applause, the blessings "not loud but deep" of bankrupt merchants and doubting stock-holders. If they look to the army, what wreaths, not of laurel, but of night-shade, are preparing for the heroes of Walcheren. It is true there are few living deponents left to testify to their merits on that occasion; but a "cloud of witnesses" are gone above from that gallant army which they so generously and piously dispatched, to recruit the "noble army of martyrs."

What if in the course of this triumphal career (in which they will gather as many pebbles as

Caligula's army did on a similar triumph, the prototype of their own), they do not perceive any of those memorials which a grateful people erect in honour of their benefactors; what although not even a sign-post will condescend to depose the Saracen's head in favour of the likeness of the conquerors of Walcheren, they will not want a picture who can always have a caricature; or regret the omission of a statue who will so often see themselves exalted in effigy. But their popularity is not limited to the narrow bounds of an island; there are other countries where their measures, and above all, their conduct to the Catholics, must render them pre-eminently popular. If they are beloved here, in France they must be adored. There is no measure more repugnant to the designs and feelings of Bonaparte than Catholic emancipation; no line of conduct more propitious to his projects, than that which has been pursued, is pursuing, and, I fear, will be pursued, towards Ireland. What is England without Ireland, and what is Ireland without the Catholics? It is on the basis of your tyranny Napoleon hopes to build his

own. So grateful must oppression of the Catholics be to his mind, that doubtless (as he has lately permitted some renewal of intercourse) the next cartel will convey to this country cargoes of Sèvres–china and blue ribands (things in great request, and of equal value at this moment), blue ribands of the Legion of Honour for Dr. Duigenan and his ministerial disciples. Such is that well-earned popularity, the result of those extraordinary expeditions, so expensive to ourselves, and so useless to our allies; of those singular inquiries, so exculpatory to the accused, and so dissatisfactory to the people; of those paradoxical victories, so honourable, as we are told, to the British name, and so destructive to the best interests of the British nation: above all, such is the reward of a conduct pursued by ministers towards the Catholics.

I have to apologise to the House, who will, I trust, pardon one, not often in the habit of intruding upon their indulgence, for so long attempting to engage their attention. My most decided opinion is, as my vote will be, in favour of the motion.

DEBATE ON MAJOR CARTWRIGHT'S PETITION, JUNE 1, 1813.

LORD BYRON rose and said:

My Lords, the Petition which I now hold for the purpose of presenting to the House, is one which I humbly conceive requires the particular attention of your Lordships, inasmuch as, though signed but by a single individual, it contains statements which (if not disproved) demand most serious investigation. The grievance of which the petitioner complains, is neither selfish nor imaginary. It is not his own only, for it has been, and is still felt by numbers. No one without these walls, nor indeed within, but may to-morrow be made liable to the same insult and obstruction, in the discharge of an imperious duty for the restoration of the true constitution of these realms, by petitioning for reform in parliament. The petitioner, my Lords, is a man whose long life has been spent in one unceasing struggle for the liberty of the subject, against that undue

influence which has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished; and whatever difference of opinion may exist as to his political tenets, few will be found to question the integrity of his intentions. Even now oppressed with years, and not exempt from the infirmities attendant on his age, but still unimpaired in talent, and unshaken in spirit—"*frangas non flectes*"—he has received many a wound in the combat against corruption; and the new grievance, the fresh insult of which he complains, may inflict another scar, but no dishonour. The Petition is signed by John Cartwright, and it was in behalf of the people and parliament, in the lawful pursuit of that reform in the representation, which is the best service to be rendered both to parliament and people, that he encountered the wanton outrage which forms the subject matter of his Petition to your Lordships. It is couched in firm, yet respectful language—in the language of a man, not regardless of what is due to himself, but at the same time, I trust, equally mindful of the deference to be paid to this House. The petitioner states, amongst

other matter of equal, if not greater importance, to all who are British in their feelings, as well as blood and birth, that on the 21st January, 1813, at Huddersfield, himself and six other persons, who, on hearing of his arrival, had waited on him merely as a testimony of respect, were seized by a military and civil force, and kept in close custody for several hours, subjected to gross and abusive insinuation from the commanding officer, relative to the character of the petitioner; that he (the petitioner) was finally carried before a magistrate and not released till an examination of his papers proved that there was not only no just, but not even statutable charge against him; and that, notwithstanding the promise and order from the presiding magistrates of a copy of the warrant against your petitioner, it was afterwards withheld on divers pretexts, and has never until this hour been granted. The names and condition of the parties will be found in the Petition. To the other topics touched upon in the petition, I shall not now advert, from a wish not to encroach upon the time of the House; but I do most sincerely call the attention of your Lordships to its

general contents—it is in the cause of the parliament and people that the rights of this venerable freeman have been violated, and it is, in my opinion, the highest mark of respect that could be paid to the House, that to your justice, rather than by appeal to any inferior court, he now commits himself. Whatever may be the fate of his remonstrance, it is some satisfaction to me, though mixed with regret for the occasion, that I have this opportunity of publicly stating the obstruction to which the subject is liable, in the prosecution of the most lawful and imperious of his duties, the obtaining by Petition reform in parliament. I have shortly stated his complaint; the petitioner has more fully expressed it. Your Lordships will, I hope, adopt some measure fully to protect and redress him, and not him alone, but the whole body of the people insulted and aggrieved in his person, by the interposition of an abused civil and unlawful military force between them and their right of petition to their own representatives.

His Lordship then presented the Petition from Major Cartwright, which was read, complaining

of the circumstances at Huddersfield, and of interruptions given to the right of petitioning, in several places in the northern parts of the kingdom, and which his Lordship moved should laid on the table.

Several Lords having spoken on the question.

LORD BYRON replied, that he had, from motives of duty, presented this Petition to their Lordships' consideration. The noble Earl had contended that it was not a Petition but a speech; and that, as it contained no prayer, it should not be received. What was the necessity of a prayer? If that word were to be used in its proper sense, their Lordships could not expect that any man should pray to others. He had only to say, that the Petition, though in some parts expressed strongly perhaps, did not contain any improper mode of address, but was couched in respectful language towards their Lordships; he should therefore trust their Lordships would allow the Petition to be received.

END OF VOLUME XVI.